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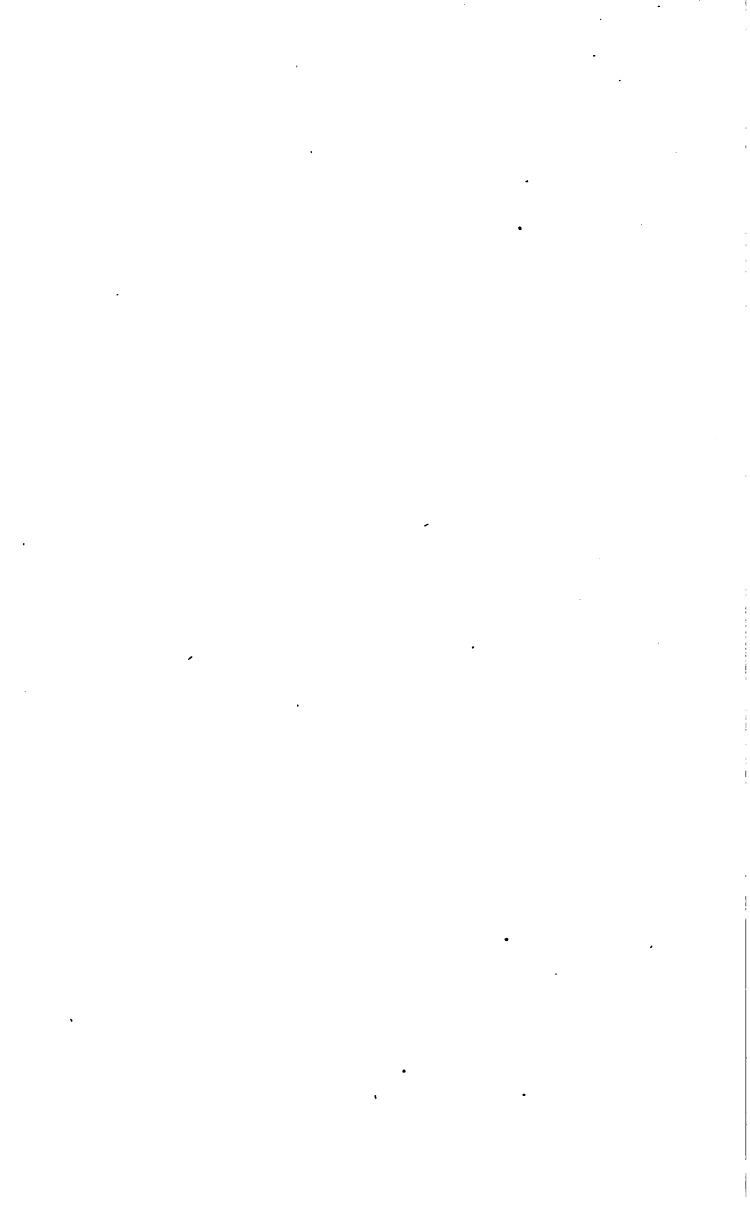
The gift of

Miss Emma F. I. Dunston

ston D26











M. Brown delin.

Forst sculp.

This piece of Bread in my hand must be paid for with the Wages of my n hole days labour. and therefore you must be content to share with me the little I have been able to earn. See page 12.

T H E
CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

TRANSLATED FROM THE
FRENCH OF M. BERQUIN;

C O M P L E T E
I N F O U R V O L U M E S.

ORNAMENTED WITH FRONTISPIECES.

A NEW CORRECTED EDITION;
WITH ADDITIONS.

V O L. I.

L O N D O N:

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS Work, upon its first Appearance in the English Language, having met with the most favourable Reception, and been universally approved as one of the properest Books that could be put into the Hands of Children; the Publisher has been induced to bring forward a Second Edition of it, but in a State considerably improved; for besides the Insertion of many original Pieces not to be found in the former Edition, the present has been corrected throughout with the most scrupulous Regard to Expression and Uniformity, and may therefore be looked upon as almost entirely a new Translation.

P R E F A C E

O F T H E

T R A N S L A T O R,

THOUGH the Task of writing to improve the Minds of Children may be less productive of literary Fame than many other Studies, yet in its real Importance and Utility, it yields to none, even of the sublimest Speculations. To impress the Infant Mind with a Love of Decency and Virtue, to fortify it against the Influence of Prejudice and Corruption, and at once to gratify the Curiosity and improve the Reason, is an Undertaking which would not disgrace the most enlightened Understanding. If the Eye of the Philosopher can be gratified in merely tracing the Progress of organized Bodies, from their earliest Periods of Existence, to perfect Maturity, how much greater must be the Pleasure of considering the successive Development of the noblest Work of Providence, the human Mind! A common Eye, indeed, may view with Indifference the Sports and Agitations of Children; their Joys, their Grievs, their Passions and their Hopes, may appear too trivial to engage its Attention; not so the Man whose Feeling renders him alive to all the Interests of the Species, whose

Penetration

Penetration enables him to foresee the mighty Revolutions which may be produced by the Virtues or Vices of an Individual. It was thus the philosophic Eye remarked in the youthful Alexander that vast Ambition which was to ravage the Globe, and change the Fate of Nations; it was thus that Popedius Silo discovered in the Infant Cato that stubborn and inflexible Virtue, which so long opposed the Tide of Cæsar's Fortune, and supported the dying Liberties of Rome.

But if the simple Consideration of future Greatness or distinguished Virtue be thus agreeable to a cultivated Mind, how much more interesting must be the Spectacle, when we consider ourselves as constituting no trifling Part of the future Drama. In this Light may every Man justly consider himself, who devotes his Talents and his Assiduity to the Service of the rising generation. How truly noble are those Exertions which are thus directed to the Service of human Nature, in the Discharge of the most important, though ~~last~~ attractive Duties; and which, neglecting Fame, can offer up Ambition itself, a voluntary Sacrifice to the Interest of Posterity.

The Author of the present Work may deservedly rank among the foremost of this deserving Class. His Merit as a Writer is so well established upon the Continent, and even in our own Country, that it is almost superfluous to say any Thing upon the Subject. His easy and elegant Pen seems to be particularly adapted to describe Nature in its most beautiful Forms. The lively Passions, the volatile Tastes, the glowing Colours, and the sportive Graces of blooming Infancy,

vi PREFACE OF THE TRANSLATOR.

are all at his Command. But here, for once, the Copy may be allowed to exceed the Original. His elegant Pencil seems to have given a Consistency and Permanency which Nature had denied. Under such a Master nothing is cold or inanimate ; the very Caprices and Levities of Infancy become interesting Scenes, which gradually warm the Heart, and captivate the Attention. The lighter and more sportive Parts of his Work, exhibit all the opening Graces of the young Thalia ; while Melpomene herself blushes with Astonishment to find the variable Passions and short-lived Distresses of an Infant Theatre so nearly resemble her own.

We flatter ourselves, therefore, that we shall offer no unacceptable Present to the Public, in giving a complete Translation of all the Works of the admired M. BERQUIN. As to the Accuracy of the Translation, it becomes us to be silent ; nor do we pretend to any higher Merit than that of being faithful Imitators of a great Original. It will be a sufficient Reward for all our Labours, if they tend to naturalize so excellent a Work in our own Country ; and if we can flatter ourselves with having thus contributed to form the Hearts, and improve the Understandings, of the rising Generation.

Dec. 22, 1786.

T H E

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

THE following Work has a double Object in view, to amuse Children, and at the same Time to incline them naturally to Virtue, by always presenting it to them under the most amiable Form. Instead of those extravagant Fictions, those romantic and marvellous Tales, which have so long contributed to lead the Imaginations of Children astray, we here exhibit to them only such Adventures as they may be Witnesses to in private Life every Day. The Sentiments with which the Author endeavours to inspire them are not above their Capacities, and he represents them accompanied only by their Equals, their Parents, their Play-fellows, the Servants who are always about them, and the Animals familiar to their View. They express themselves in their own native Simplicity of Language, and in Proportion as they are affected by the Incidents described, they indulge the free Movement of their little Passions. Their Punishments are made the Consequences of their own proper Faults, and their Rewards consist in the Pleasure which they derive from their good Actions. Every Thing here disposes them

them to love Virtue for the Sake of their own Happiness, and to deter them from Vice as from a Source of Sorrows and Mortification.

It is, perhaps, needless to remark, that this Work is equally calculated for Children of either Sex. The Difference of their Tastes and Characters is not yet at their Age sufficiently strong to require to be differently delineated. Besides, Care has been taken to bring Children of both Sexes together as often as possible, in order to produce that Union and Intimacy which we are so pleased to see subsist between Brothers and Sisters.

The Author has endeavoured to introduce a Variety in the different Pieces which compose each Volume. There is not one of them, the Effect of which has not previously been tried on Children more or less advanced in Age and Understanding, and every Thing has been retrenched that did not seem sufficiently to interest their Feelings. Each Volume of this Work will contain little Dramas, in which Children, are the principal Characters, in order that they may early learn to acquire a free unembarrassed Countenance, a Gracefulness of Attitude and Deportment, and an easy Manner of delivering themselves before Company. Besides, the Performance of these Dramas will be a domestic Recreation and Amusement. The Parents having always some Part to perform in them, will taste the pleasing Delight of partaking in the Diversions of their young Family; and from the Gratitude of the latter, and the Satisfaction of the Parent, both will be mutually attached

attached to each other by a Bond of additional Tenderness.

Independent of the moral Utility of this Work, with Respect to Children, it is obvious that there cannot be a more proper one to instruct them early in delivering their native Language with Ease and Propriety. The greater Part of those Books which are first put into their Hands, are either above their Comprehension, or totally remote from their Ideas and Sentiments. All the Objects, on the contrary, here held up to their View, being of a Nature sufficiently interesting to excite their Curiosity, they will of course take Pleasure in the easy Study of a Work, which may render them familiar to the innocent Turn of Thought and Expression adapted to their Age, and applied to describe their Amusements, their Pursuits, and their Necessities.



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THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND*.

THE LITTLE BROTHER.

FANNY arose one morning very early, intending to go and gather some flowers in the garden, and to make a nosegay of them to carry to her mama, who was then in bed. As she was just preparing to go down stairs, Mr. Glassford her father entered her chamber smiling, and took her up in his arms, saying, "Good morning, my dear Fanny! come along with me directly; I am going to shew you something which you will certainly be very glad to see." Fanny eagerly asked, "What is it, papa?" "God has given you a little brother last night," answered he. "A little brother? Ah! where is he? Let me see him! Pray carry me to him directly!" Her father opened the door of the chamber in which her mother lay. There was beside the bed a strange woman whom Fanny had never before seen in the house, and who was wrapping up the new-born infant in its swatches. Fanny asked a thousand questions, to which her father answered as well as he was able; and thought he had satisfied her curiosity in every thing, when she said to him, "Papa, who is that old woman? how she binds my little brother up! Are not you afraid that she will hurt him?"

Mr. G. Oh, no; never fear. It is an honest woman that I have sent for to take care of him.

Fanny. But he belongs to mama. Has she seen him yet?

* A book has appeared, under this title, written by Mr. WEISSE, one of the most celebrated poets of Germany. Select passages from it, as well as from the works of Messrs. CAMPE and SALZMANN, will be introduced in the following performance.

THE LITTLE BROTHER.

Mrs. G. (drawing back the curtain of her bed.) Yes, Fanny, I have seen him, Tell me, are not you glad to see him?

Fanny. Oh, indeed I am, mama. You have given me a very pretty young companion! what a cunning little face he has! and all red, as if he had just been running. Papa, will you let him play with me?

Mr. G. That is not possible, my dear, he cannot stand upon his little legs. You see how weak they are.

Fanny. Oh dear! the little legs! I see it will be a long time before we shall run about together.

Mr. G. All in good time. He must first learn to walk; and then you will soon be able to play and jump together in the garden.

Fanny. Shall we? O my poor little fellow! I must give you something to make you fond of me. Hold; I have a little picture in my pocket. There, take that. What is the matter, papa? the little monkey will not have it. He holds his little fists shut.

Mr. G. He does not know how to use them yet. We must wait a few months.

Fanny. Is that the case? aha! my little man, I will give you all my play-things. Well! are you glad of that? answer me. He seems to smile. Call me Fanny! What, wont you speak?

Mr. G. He will not be able to speak these two years. But Fanny, take care that you do not disturb your mama with too much talk.

Fanny. Ah! papa, look there, his face is quite changed; see, he cries; certainly it is because he is hungry. Be quiet then, my little man, and I will go get you something nice.

Mr. G. Do not trouble yourself, my dear, about his victuals. He has no teeth yet. How should he be able to eat?

Fanny. Cannot he eat? What will he live upon then? Must he die?

Mrs. G. No my child. God has given me milk in my breast for the nourishment of thy little brother. He is very weak as yet; but after some time you shall see how he will tumble about on the floor, like a little lamb.

Fanny. How I long to see that! But only look what a pretty tiny head! I dare not touch it.

Mr. G.

Mr. G. You may touch it; but very gently.

Fanny. Oh! quite gently. Oh dear! how soft it is! like a ball of cotton.

Mr. G. Every little child has such a head as your brother.

Fanny. If he was to fall he would break it all to pieces.

Mrs. G. Certainly. But we will take good care to hold him, so that he shall not fall.

Mr. G. Do you know, Fanny, that five years ago you were as little as he?

Fanny. As little as he! Oh, papa, you are joking.

Mr. G. No, my dear; nothing is more true.

Fanny. Yet I do not remember it.

Mr. G. That I believe. Do you remember when I had this carpet put on the floor?

Fanny. Why it has always been as it is now.

Mr. G. Not at all. I had this carpet laid down at the very time when you were as little as your brother.

Fanny. Indeed! then I never took notice of it.

Mr. G. Little babies never take notice of what passes where they are. When your brother shall be as old as you, ask him if he remembers that you tried this day to make him learn to pronounce your name. You will then see if he recollects it.

Fanny. What, and did I suck at mama's breast too?

Mr. G. Certainly. If you knew all the pains that she has taken for you! In the first place you were so weak that you could scarce take any nourishment. We were afraid every moment that you would die before our faces. Your mother used to say, My poor infant! if she should fall into a fit! and believe me she took infinite pains to get you to suck a few drops of milk.

Fanny. Ah, dear mama! it was you then that taught me to feed myself?

Mr. G. Yes, my child. Then after your mother had succeeded in making you take to the breast of yourself, you grew fat and good-humoured. Such were her cares for near two years, every day and every hour of the day. Sometimes, when your mother was fallen asleep merely through fatigue, you would disturb her rest by your cries. Then would she be obliged to rise and run to your cradle. My dear Fanny, would she say, while she endeavoured to

4 THE LITTLE BROTHER.

quiet you, surely thou must be thirsty, and then she would take you to her breast.

Fanny. And was my head at that time as soft as my brother's?

Mr. G. Just the same, my dear.

Fanny. What mine! that is so hard now? Oh dear, I must have broken it a thousand times.

Mr. G. Ah! child; we took so much care of you. Your mother for a time renounced every pleasure, and kept from all company, on purpose not to lose you a moment from her sight. As often as business, that was absolutely indispensable, obliged her to go out, she was in continual apprehension for you. My dear Grace, she would say to your nurse, I give Fanny into your care, to look to her as if it were your own child; and she was continually making the good woman presents, to induce her to take more particular care of you.

Fanny. Ah! my dear good mama!—But was there ever a time, papa, when I could not run? I that can run so well now. See; in three or four steps I am across the room. Who was it that taught me this?

Mr. G. Thy mother and I. We put a bandage of velvet well stuffed about your head, that if you happened to fall you might not hurt yourself. We then held you by leading-strings to assist your first attempts in walking, and every day we went into the garden upon the grass-plot, where placing ourselves opposite to each other, at a little distance, we set you down betwixt us, standing all alone, and held out our arms to invite you to come sometimes to me, sometimes to the other. Your slightest stumble would make our blood run cold. It was by often repeating these trials that we taught you to walk.

Fanny. I could never have thought that I gave you so much trouble. Was it you too that taught me to speak?

Mr. G. Yes; for that again you are indebted to us. I used to take you upon my knees, and repeat to you the words papa and mama, until you were able to lisp them to me again. Every word that you can speak this day we taught you in the same manner. I dare say you can recollect that it was we also who shewed you how to read.

Fanny. Oh! I remember that perfectly. You had me placed every day at dinner between you; and at the dessert, a plate of raisins was set upon the table, and some small squares

squares marked with the letters. Whenever I was so lucky as to name them perfectly, you always gave me some raisins. Oh! it was a very pretty play.

Mr. G. If we had not taken all these pains with you, if we had left you to yourself, what would have become of you?

Fanny. I should have been dead a long time ago. Ah, the dear good papa and mama!

Mr. G. And yet you sometimes vex your papa; you are sometimes disobedient to mama!

Fanny. I will never be so any more as long as I live. I did not know how much you had done for me.

Mr. G. Take notice of the attention that we shall pay to your little brother, and then say to yourself, "I too have given my parents the same trouble."

This conversation made a lively impression upon Fanny; and when she saw all the tenderness which her mother testified for her little brother; all the anxiety that she felt for his health; the patience which she exerted in endeavouring to make him take to his nourishment; how much she was afflicted whenever she heard him cry; with what tender solicitude her father relieved her of some part of her fatigue, and how both one and the other took infinite pains in teaching the infant to walk and speak; she would say in her own mind, My dear parents have taken the same trouble with me. This reflexion inspired her with so much affection and gratitude towards them, that she ever after faithfully observed the promise which she had made, never voluntarily to cause them the slightest uneasiness.

THE FOUR SEASONS.

AH! if it would always continue to be winter! said a young Florio, who was just returned from sliding, and was amusing himself in the garden with making men of snow. Mr. Gardener his father, hearing these words, said to him, My dear, thou wilt do me a pleasure to write down that wish on my tablets. Florio complied, and wrote while his hand trembled with cold. The winter passed away, and spring succeeded. Florio was walk-

ing along with his father beside a border in the garden, where the hyacinth, auricula and narcissus were in perfect bloom. He felt the most lively pleasure in breathing their perfume, and admiring their fresh and vivid colours. These are the productions of Spring, said Mr. Gardener to him. They are beautiful, but of very short duration. Oh! replied Florio, that it were always Spring! Be so good as to write that wish in my tablets. Florio obeyed while his heart beat with joy. The Spring very soon made room for Summer. Florio, one fine day, went out to take a walk with his parents and some of his young acquaintance to a neighbouring village. Their walk afforded them a prospect sometimes of green corn fields, waving smoothly like a calm sea lightly agitated by the breeze; and sometimes of meadows enamelled with a thousand flowers. On every side they beheld young lambs at play, and the high spirited colts and fillies sporting round their dams. They eat cherries, strawberries, and other fruits of the season, and passed the whole day in amusing themselves in the fields. Do not you think, Florio, said Mr. Gardener as they were returning to town, that the Summer too hath its pleasures! Oh! replied he, I wish it would last all the year; and at the request of his father he wrote down this wish too on his tablets. At length the Autumn arrived. All the family went to spend a day in the country, at harvest time. The weather was not quite so hot as in Summer; the air was mild, and the sky clear. The gardens and orchards were loaded with fruits. The round plump melons from their rich beds diffused a delicious odour; and the branches of the pear-trees bent under the weight of the finest pears. This was a day of feasting for Florio, who loved nothing so much as grapes, melons and peaches; and he had the additional pleasure of gathering them himself. This fine season, said his father to him, will soon pass away. Winter is advancing towards us very fast, to deprive us of the Autumn. Ah! answered Florio, I wish it would stop short in its approach, and Autumn never leave us.

Mr. Gard. Should you be glad of that, Florio?

Florio. Oh! very glad, papa, I promise you.

But, replied his father, taking out his tablets, cast your eye a little on what is written here. Read it out!

Florio.

Florio. (reads.) *Oh! if it would always continue to be Winter!*

Mr. Gard. Now let us look a few leaves farther.

Florio. (reads.) *Oh, that it were always Spring!*

Mr. Gard. And on the next leaf what do we find?

Florio. (reads.) *I wish that the Summer would last all the year.*

Mr. Gard. Do you recollect whose hand this is?

Florio. It is mine.

Mr. Gard. And what was your wish but just now?

Florio. That the Winter would stop short in its approach, and Autumn never leave us.

Mr. Gard. This is something particular. In the Winter, you desired that it might be always Winter; in the Spring, that it might always be Spring; in Summer, that that season would always continue; and now, in Autumn, you wish that it may always be Autumn. Do you reflect what conclusion may be drawn from all this?

Florio. That all the seasons of the year are good.

Mr. Gard. Yes, my son, they are all blest with plentiful increase, and variety of pleasures: and God knows much better how to govern the system of nature than we, limited beings as we are. If it had depended only on thee last Winter, we should never have had any more Spring, nor Summer, nor Autumn. Thou wouldest have covered the earth with eternal snows, and never felt any other pleasure than that of sliding, or making men of snow. Of how many other enjoyments wouldest thou not have been deprived by such a disposition of things? we are happy that it is not in our power to regulate the course of nature. Every thing would be lost which was intended for our happiness, if our own rash vows were heard.

T H E S N O W.

AFTER many deceitful promises of its return, Spring at length arrived. A gentle breeze warmed the air. The snow was seen to melt, the fields to resume their verdure, and the flowers to bud forth. The singing of birds was heard on every side. Little Louisa was already gone

got to the country with her father. She had heard the first songs of the blackbird and the linnet, and she had gathered some of the earliest violets. But the weather changed once more. There arose suddenly a violent north-wind, that whistled through the groves, and covered the roads with snow. Little Louisa went to bed that night shivering with cold, and blessed God for having given her so comfortable a shelter from the inclemency of the air. Ah! what a sight when she arose the next morning! Every thing was perfectly white. There had fallen during the night so great a quantity of snow, that it was knee-deep in the roads. This made Louisa quite dull. The little birds appeared still more so. The ground being every where covered to a great depth, they were not able to find the least grain or worm to appease their hunger. All the feathered inhabitants of the grove took refuge in the towns and villages, to seek the relief of man. Numerous flocks of sparrows, linnets, chaffinches and larks, alighted in the streets and court-yards of houses, and scraped with their claws and bills into every heap of rubbish, to find if possible some nourishment. There came near fifty of these guests into the yard of the house where Louisa was. She saw them, and returned quite afflicted into her father's chamber. What is the matter, my dear? said he. Ah! papa, answered she, there they are, all in the yard. The poor little birds that sung so cheerfully only two days ago. They seem to be quite harrowed with cold, and to ask for something to eat. Will you let me give them a little corn? With the greatest pleasure, said her father. The barn was on the other side of the way: thither she ran, accompanied by her governess, to get a few handfuls of corn and hemp-seed, and came immediately back to scatter it in the yard. The little birds approached, fluttering about her in great numbers, and picking up every grain. Louisa amused herself in looking at them, and was quite delighted with the sight. She went to ask her papa and mama to come and view them also, and to partake of her satisfaction. But these handfuls of grain were soon picked up. The birds then flew up to the house-top, and seemed to eye Louisa wistfully, as if they would have said, "Hast thou nothing more to give us?" Louisa understood their language. She flies like lightning to seek more grain. In crossing the way she

she met a little boy, who had not a heart quite so compassionate as hers. He was carrying in his hand a cage full of birds, and was shaking it so carelessly that the poor little creatures were thrown every moment with their heads against the wires. This sight gave Louisa pain. What are you going to do with those birds? said she to the little boy. I do not know yet, answered he. I am trying to sell them, and if nobody will buy them I shall feast my cat upon them at home. Your cat! replied Louisa: Your cat? Oh! what an ill-natured boy! As to that, they would not be the first that she has munched alive. So, dangling his cage as before, he was setting off at a great pace, when Louisa called him back, and asked how much he would have for his birds? I will sell them, said he, three for a penny, and there are eighteen of them. Well then, said Louisa, they are mine. So bidding the little boy to follow her, she ran to her papa, and asked his permission to purchase those birds. Her father granted it with pleasure, and even gave his daughter an empty room for the reception of her little guests. Jack (that was the name of the ill-natured boy) went away very well satisfied with his bargain, and told all his companions that he knew a little miss who would buy birds. In a few hours there came so many little country boys to Louisa's door that one would have thought it the entrance to a market. They all crowded round her, climbing upon each other, and holding up their cages with both hands, each hoping to obtain the preference for his birds. Louisa purchased all that were brought before her, and had them carried into the chamber where the first were. Night came. It was a long time since Louisa had gone to bed so well pleased in her mind. Am not I very happy, said she to herself, in being able to save the lives of so many innocent creatures, and to give them food? When Summer comes, I will go into the fields and groves, and all my little guests will sing their sweetest songs to thank me for the care that I have taken of them. With this reflexion she went to sleep, and dreamed that she was in a grove of trees of the finest verdure, which were all covered with birds chirping as they flattered from bough to bough, or engaged in feeding their young ones. The happy Louisa smiled in her sleep. She rose very early to go and feed her little friends in the aviary and in the yard. But she

was not now so happy as she had been the day before. She knew how much money she had put into her purse, and that there could not remain much of it by this time. If this snowy weather should last some few days longer, said she, what will become of the other birds? The wicked little boys will give them alive, as they are, to their cats! and for want of a small sum of money I shall not be able to save them. Full of these sorrowful ideas she draws her purse out slowly in order to count her little treasure once more; but how great is her astonishment to feel her purse heavy! She opens it and finds it full of pieces of coin, of every sort indiscriminately, up to the very strings. She runs immediately to her father, and relates the incident to him with transports of pleasure and surprise. Her father took her to his bosom, kissed her, and shed tears of joy upon the cheeks of Louisa. My dear child, said he, thou hast never made me so happy as in this moment. Continue to relieve the little creatures that thou shalt see in distress, and in proportion as thy purse is diminished, thou shalt find it filled again. What joyful news for Louisa! She ran immediately to her aviary, with her apron-full of hemp-seed and corn. All the birds came fluttering round her, and looked with eager eyes for their breakfast. After feeding them, she next went down into the yard, and bestowed a plentiful meal upon the famished birds that were there. She saw herself now engaged in the support of almost an hundred dependents. This afforded her such a pleasure! Her dolls and playthings never had given her half so much. In the afternoon, as she put her hand into the bag of hemp-seed, she found a note with these words: *The inhabitants of the air fly towards thee, O Lord! and thou givest them their food; thou openest thy hand, and fillest all things living with plenteousness.* Her father had followed her. She turned to him, and said, I am now therefore like God. The inhabitants of the air fly towards me, and when I open my hand, I fill them with plenteousness. Yes, my dear, said her father, every time that thou doest good to any creature, thou art like God. When grown up thou shalt assist thy fellow-creatures as thou now doest the birds, and thou shalt then resemble God much more. Ah, what happiness for a mortal to be able to act like God! During a week, Louisa continued to extend her bounty, and feed

feed every thing that was hungry about her. At length the snow melted, the fields resumed their verdure, and the birds, which before had not dared to quit the neighbourhood of the houses, now turned their flight toward the grove. But those that had been put into the aviary remained there confined: they saw the sun, flew up against the window, pecked at the glass, but in vain; their prison was too strong for them. Louisa could not as yet imagine what made them so uneasy. One day, as she was taking them their food, her father entered a few moments after her. She was very happy to see that he was desirous of being witness to her pleasure. My dear Louisa, said he, why do these birds seem so uneasy? I should imagine that they want something. May not they, perhaps, have left in the fields companions whom they would now be glad to see again? You are right, papa; they seem to be dull ever since the return of the fine weather. I will go and open the window, and let them fly away. I think thou wouldest not do amiss, replied her father. Thou wilt diffuse joy through all the country. These little prisoners will go to find their friends once more, and will fly to meet them, as thou dost to meet me when I have been absent some time from home. Before he had finished speaking, the windows were all thrown up: the birds perceived it, and in two minutes there did not remain a single one of them in the room. Some were seen to skim along the ground; others to soar up into the air; some to perch upon the neighbouring trees, and others to fly backwards and forwards before the windows with chirpings of joy. Louisa went every day to walk in the fields. She saw and heard numbers of birds on every side. At one time a lark would rise up before her feet, and sing its sprightly strain while it mounted to the clouds. At another time a linnet, perched upon the highest branches of a tree, chirped forth its song. And whenever she observed any one to distinguish itself by the sweetness of its music, Louisa would say, There is one of my little guests: one may know by its voice that it has been well fed last Winter.

A R T H U R.

Poor labourer, of the name of Bernard, had six young children, and found himself much at a loss to maintain them. As an addition to his misfortune, the season proved to be unfavorable, and consequently bread dearer than the year before. Bernard worked day and night, yet in spite of his labours could not possibly earn money enough to provide food (even of the most scanty sort) for six hungry children. He was reduced to extremity. Calling therefore one day his little family together, with tears in his eyes he said to them, My children, bread is risen so dear that, with all my exertions, I am not able to earn sufficient for your subsistence. See how I am circumstanced. This piece of bread, my hand must be paid for with the wages of my whole labour, and therefore you must be content to share among the little that I have been able to earn. There is only will not be sufficient to satisfy you all; but at least there will be enough to prevent your perishing with want. The poor man could say no more: he lifted up his face to heaven, and wept. His children wept also, each one said within himself, O Lord, come to our aid, unfortunate infants that we are! Help our dear father, and suffer us not to perish for want! Bernard divided the bread into seven equal shares: he kept one for himself, and distributed the rest amongst his children. One of them, named Arthur, refused to take his part, and said, I cannot eat any thing, father; I am too sick. Do you take my part, or divide it amongst the rest. My poor child! what is the matter with thee? Bernard, taking him up in his arms, I am sick, said Arthur; very sick. I would go to bed. Bernard carried him to bed, and the next morning, overcome with sorrow, he went to a physician, and begged of him for charity to come and see his sick child, and attend to him. The physician, who was a man of great pity, went to Bernard's house, though he was very sure being paid for his visits. He approached Arthur's bed, felt his pulse, but could not thereby discover any thing of illness. He found him, however, very weak, and,

and, in order to raise his spirits, was going to prescribe a cordial draught; but Arthur said, Do not order any thing for me, sir! I could take nothing that you should prescribe for me.

Physician. Could not take it! why not, pray?

Arthur. Do not ask me, sir: it is not in my power to tell you.

Phys. What hinders thee, child? Thou seemest to me to be an obstinate little boy.

Arth. I assure you, doctor, it is not from obstinacy.

Phys. It may be so: however, I shall not persevere; but I will go and ask the reason from your father, who will perhaps not be so mysterious.

Arth. Ah! I beseech you, do not let my father know any thing of it.

Phys. Thou art a very unaccountable child! but I must certainly acquaint your father with this, since you will not confess the truth.

Arth. O dear! by no means, sir: I will rather explain every thing to you myself. But first I beg that my brothers and sisters may quit the room.

The physician ordered the children to withdraw, and then Arthur continued: Alas! sir, in this hard season, my father can scarcely earn on every day a loaf of coarse bread. He divides it amongst us. Each of us can have but a small part, and he will hardly take any for himself. It makes me unhappy to see my little brothers and sisters suffer hunger. I am the eldest, and have more strength than they: I like better, therefore, not to eat any, that they may divide my share amongst them. This is the reason why I pretended that I was sick, and could not eat; but I entreat you not to let my father know this!

The physician wiped his eyes, and said, But, my dear little friend, art thou not hungry?

Arth. Yes, sir, I am hungry, sure enough; but that does not give me so much pain as to see my family suffer.

Phys. But you will soon die if you take no nourishment.

Arth. I am sensible of that; but I shall die contented. My father will have one mouth less to feed; and when I shall be with God, I will pray him to give bread to my little brothers and sisters.

The

The humane physician was melted with pity and admiration on hearing the generous child speak thus. Taking him up in his arms, he clasped him to his heart, and said, No, my dear little friend, thou shalt not die! God, who is the father of us all, will take care of thee and of thy family. Return him thanks that he hath led me hither. I shall come back very soon. He hastened therefore to his own house, and ordering one of his servants to take a quantity of provisions of all sorts, returned with him immediately to Arthur and his famished little brothers. He made them all sit down at table, and eat heartily, until they were satisfied. It was a delightful sight for the good physician, to behold the joy of those innocent creatures. On his departure, he bid Arthur not to be under any concern, for that he would provide for their necessities; which promise he faithfully observed; and furnished them every day with a plentiful subsistence. Other charitable persons also, to whom he related the circumstance, imitated his generosity. Some sent them provisions, some money, and others clothes and linen, insomuch that very few days passed before this little family had more of every thing than was sufficient for their wants.

As soon as Bernard's landlord was informed of what the generous little Arthur had suffered for his father and his brothers, filled with admiration at such nobleness of soul, he sent for Bernard, and addressed him thus: You have an admirable son; permit me to be his father also. I will allow you an annuity out of my own pocket, and Arthur, with all your other children, shall be maintained at my expence, in whatever professions they shall chuse. If they make use of this establishment to their own advantage, I will charge myself with the care of their fortunes.

Bernard returned to his house transported with joy, and throwing himself on his knees, blessed God for having given him so worthy a child.

C A R O L I N E.

MRS. P——, a young married lady, as much distinguished for the elegant charms of her wit, as for the delicacy of her sentiments, and the respectability of her character, was one day reproving Pamela, her eldest daughter, for a slight fault very pardonable at her age. Pamela, touched with the tender manner in which her mother delivered the reproof, shed tears of sorrow and affection. Caroline, who was then but three years old, seeing her sister weep, climbs up the steps of her chair, in order to reach her; with one hand she takes her handkerchief, and wipes her sister's eyes, and with the other slips into her mouth a piece of sweetmeat from her own. I think, an able painter might make a charming picture on this subject.

THE LITTLE FIDDLER,

A DRAMA, in one ACT.

C H A R A C T E R S.

MR. MELFORT,

CHARLES, - - -

his Son.

SOPHIA, - - -

his Daughter,

GODFREY, - - -

his Nephew.

AMELIA RICHMOND, }

and CHARLOTTE, }

Friends of Sophia.

JONAS, - - -

*the Little Fiddler.**Scene, Mr. Melfort's House.*

S C E N E I.

Charles and Godfrey.

Charles. HARK ye, cousin. You must do me a favour.

Godfrey. Come, let us see what it is? Thou hast always something or another to ask me.

Charles. It is because you are the cleverer of the two. You know the translation of that fable of Phædrus, that our tutor has given me for a task.

Godfrey. What, have you not finished it yet?

Charles. How do you think that I should have finished it, when I have not begun it?

Godfrey. You have not had time then to do it from twelve o'clock till four?

Charles. You shall see now whether that was possible. At eleven o'clock I could not help taking a turn or two in the garden, in order to get an appetite for my dinner. We were at table an hour. Then to sit down and study immediately after one's meals, you know how dangerous papa's doctor says that is. So, as I had made a hearty dinner, I had occasion for a good deal of exercise to digest it, you know.

Godfrey. Well, now at least you have had exercise enough; and before dark there is more time than you want to finish your task.

Charles. You do not consider that just now I must go to my writing.

Godfrey. But since your writing-master is not come—

Charles. I shall wait for him. It would be spoiling every thing to confound my hours of business.

Godfrey. Well then, after your writing, you have still some of the afternoon and the whole evening.

Charles. I shall not have a minute. My sister expects the two Miss Richmonds to come to see her.

Godfrey. It is not on your account that they come.

Charles. No. But then I must help my sister to entertain them.

Godfrey. What will hinder you when the young ladies go away?—

Charles. O yes, indeed! to work by candle-light, and spoil my eyes. Yet my translation must be ready by to-morrow morning.

Godfrey. Well! whether it is or no, what is that to me?

Charles. And would you see me, then, reprimanded by my tutor and my papa?

Godfrey. You always know how to get the better of me. Come, let me see, where is this task?

Charles. Above stairs in my room, on the table. I will go for it, or rather come you along with me.

Godfrey. Do you go first: I shall follow you immediately.

diately, I see your sister coming this way. She wanted to speak with me.

Charles. But do not you go and tell her any thing of this ; you understand me.

SCENE II.

Sophia and Godfrey.

Sophia. Well, cousin, what have you and my brother been conversing about? He has certainly been playing you one of his old tricks.

Godfrey. No, but he has been making me one of his old requests. He wants me as usual to perform his task for him against to-morrow.

Sophia. And is my papa never to be informed of his idleness?

Godfrey. I shall not undertake that office. You know that ever since your mama's death, my uncle's health has been so precarious, that the least emotion makes him ill for some days. Besides, his generosity supports me; and he might think that I wished to hurt your brother in his esteem.

Sophia. Well then, I shall talk to my brother the first opportunity.—But do you know what I had to say to you? The Miss Richmonds are coming to see me to-day, and you must assist us in our amusements.

Godfrey. Oh! I shall certainly do my best, cousin.

Sophia. Ah! here they are.

SCENE III.

Godfrey, Sophia, Amelia and Charlotte Richmond.

Sophia. Ah! how do you do, my dear Friends! *(They salute each other, and curtsy to Godfrey who bows to them.)*

Charlotte. It seems an age, since I saw you last.

Amelia. Indeed it is a long time.

Sophia. I believe, it is more than three weeks. *(Godfrey draws out the table, and gives them chairs.)*

Charlotte. Do not give yourself so much trouble, Master Godfrey.

Godfrey. Miss, I only do my duty.

Sophia.

Sophia. Oh, I am very sure Godfrey does it with pleasure, (*gives him her hand.*) I wish my brother had a little of his complaisance.

S C E N E IV.

Godfrey, Sophia, Amelia, Charlotte, Charles.

Charles. (*without taking notice of the Miss Richmonds*) This is very pretty of you, Godfrey, to let me wait so long while you are playing the fine gentleman here.

Godfrey. I thought I should be the last person in the company to whom you would direct your compliments.

Charles. Oh! do not be angry, ladies; I shall be at your service presently.

Amelia. Oh, pray do not hurry yourself, Mr. Charles. (*Charles takes Godfrey aside, and while the young ladies converse together, draws a paper from his pocket, which he gives him.*)

Charles. There it is; you understand me.

Godfrey. Six lines! a great task indeed! are not you ashamed?

Charles. Hilt! hold your tongue.

Godfrey. Ladies, if you give me leave, I will just step out for a few minutes.

Charlotte. We shall expect your return with impatience.

Sophia. Since you are going out, cousin, pray bid Jenny bring us in tea.

S C E N E V.

Charles, Sophia, Amelia, Charlotte.

Charles. (*throwing himself into an arm-chair*) Soh! I shall take possession of this.

Sophia. I think it would have been civil to ask leave.

Charles. Your leave, perhaps?

Sophia. I am not the only person here.

Charlotte. I see your brother counts us as nothing.

Amelia. He thinks certainly that he does us a great deal of honour in keeping us company.

Charles. Oh! I know that you could do without my company; but I could not so easily deprive myself of yours.

Sophia.

Sophia. There at least is the appearance of a compliment. Though, I believe, to say the truth, the tea should come in for the greatest part of it.

Charles. You are very right, my dear sister, in not thinking that I stay at least on your account.

Sophia. Oh! as to that, I have too humble an opinion of my own merit. All that I *should* take pride in, is, that I am sister to so polite a young gentleman. (*Jenny brings the tea, and sets it before Sophia.*)

Charles. Let me pour it out, pray do.

Sophia. No, no, that is my business; you are a little too awkward. If you want to do something, hand these ladies their cups.

Amelia. Not so much sugar for me.

Sophia. Help yourself, my dear, to your liking. (*hands her a cup and the sugar basin. Charles takes a cup for himself, and gets hold of the sugar.*) Charles, you have got three great lumps already.

Charles. Why, that is not too much. I like it pretty sweet. (*takes several bits one after another, till his sister gets the sugar basin out of his hands.*)

Sophia. Are not you ashamed, brother? You see there will be none left for us.

Charles. Well, do not you know the way to the sugar canister?

Sophia. My brother would think he had done wrong if he saved his sister any trouble.

Charles. No; but if you went for it, I should have the pleasure of being alone with these ladies.

Amelia. Do you hear that, Sophia? Now will you say that your brother is not perfectly polite?

Sophia. (*having collected all the cups before her, and filled them again.*) Charles, hand Amelia this cup. (*Charles takes the cup, and in handing it to Amelia, spills the tea upon her slip.—They all rise hastily.*)

Sophia. There is an instance of his politeness. (*aside to Charles.*) I dare swear, thou ill-natured creature, that was done on purpose.

Amelia. O dear! what will my mama say? and what shall we do?

Charlotte. This is only the second time that she has had on this slip. Make haste; a glass of clean water.

Sophia

Sophia. No; I have heard that it is better to rub it with a dry linen cloth. Here is a handkerchief quite clean. *(They go to assist Amelia. Charlotte holds her slip, and Sophia rubs it. Meantime Charles remains at table, quite unconcerned, drinking his tea.)*

Charlotte. There, it begins to disappear: you must let it dry.

Amelia. By good luck, it is in a fold where one will not think of looking.

Charles. *(aside)* That is not my fault.

Sophia. There, look now Charlotte; I do not think it will be observed.

Charlotte. If I had not seen the spot before—

Amelia. Very true. However, Mr. Charles, another time I shall beg you to spare yourself the trouble of waiting on me.

Sophia. Come, ladies, let us take our places again. *(Going to pour out the tea, she finds the tea-pot empty; looks angrily at Charles.)* Well! this is a piece of ill manners that I could not have imagined. Would ye believe it, ladies? while we were so much concerned, he has taken all the tea. However, stop a moment, I will go and order more.

Charlotte. No, there has been quite enough; I could not drink another drop.

Amelia. The misfortune of my slip, has taken away my thirst.

Charles. But I beg you will make no ceremony. They can soon bring us more.

Amelia. Really I think you should have known beforehand that your brother was to be one of the company.

Sophia. Those who are not invited should at least wait until it were their turn.

Charlotte. Let us not say any more about it. It does not give me the least concern.

Sophia. Well, what shall we do now? Ah, here is our friend Godfrey. He will help us to fix on some amusement.

Charles. *(mimicking her)* Our friend Godfrey!—But ladies I must speak to him before you. *(Goes to meet Godfrey, while the young ladies are conversing together.)*

SCENE VI.

Amelia, Charlotte, Sophia, Godfrey, Charles.

Charles. (to *Godfrey*.) Well, have you done it?

Godfrey. There; take it, and blush for your idleness.—
Well, Ladies, have you fixed upon any amusement?

Amelia. No, we waited for you to determine us.

Godfrey. I have a little musician below stairs at your service. If you give me leave, I will call him up to sing you a song, or to play if you chuse to dance.

Sophia. A little musician! where is he? where is he?

Charlotte. We must own, Master Godfrey knows how to amuse his company.

Godfrey. At the same time that we amuse ourselves, we shall do an act of charity; for the poor little fellow has no livelihood but his violin.

Charles. And who will pay him, Master Godfrey? He talks and acts as if the King were his cousin, and he has not a farthing all the while.

Sophia. Are not you ashamed, brother?

Godfrey. Let him go on, cousin, he does not offend me. It is no crime to be poor. I am the liker my little musician, who is for all that a very good boy. I will give him six-pence that I have remaining in my purse; and he has promised to play for that all the evening.

Charlotte. We will make a collection to pay him.

Amelia. Yes, yes; we shall club.

Godfrey. Shall I go for him? he waits below at the door.

Sophia. By all means, my dear cousin, and make haste.
(*Godfrey goes out; meantime Jenny brings in a cake upon a plate.*)

SCENE VII.

Amelia, Charlotte, Sophia, Charles.

Charles. I was only going to cut it up. (*Charles goes to take the place from Jenny. Sophia prevents him.*)

Sophia. I shall save you the trouble; you would cut it up so well, I suppose, that we should have no more of the cake than we had of the tea. (*She divides it and bands it round.*)

Charles. (after taking his share.) Who is to have the piece that is left?

Sophia. What! is my cousin to have none?

Amelia. I would rather give him my part.

Charlotte. And I mine.

Charles. (with a sneer.) He is exceedingly happy.

Sophia. Can you see nothing but his cake to envy him?

SCENE VIII.

Amelia, Charlotte, Sophia, Charles, Godfrey, (leading in Jonas by the hand, who has his violin under his arm.)

Godfrey. Give me leave to present you my young performer.

Charlotte and Amelia. He is a smart little fellow.

Sophia. Where do you come from, my man?

Jonas. I come from the wolds of Yorkshire, ma'am.

Amelia. La! what has made you come thus far?

Jonas. Because my poor father is blind, and cannot work. So we travel the country, and I support him with my fiddle.

Sophia. Well, will you give us a specimen of your performance?

Jonas. That I will with all my heart: but my skill is not very great.

Godfrey. Play your best; at any rate it will be well enough for me, and these ladies will be so good as to pardon you if you should play a little out of tune. (*Jonas tunes his violin. Amelia in the mean time taking the plate presents the remainder of the cake to Godfrey. He bows, takes the plate, and holds it in his hand without touching the cake, while he listens to Jonas. The latter begins by playing the air of the following song; then sings.*)

I.

PITY the early hardships of a boy

Whose tender hands maintain an helpless fire;

Alas! no other means can he employ,

But that compassion which their wants inspire.

II.

Pity their lot, who would not importance,

Chill penury implores the scanty boon;

Long

Long years of toil have dimm'd the father's eyes,
The other's weakness that resource denies.

III.

Oh! let their hardships touch the bounteous breast,
Relieve the aged fire and helpless boy;
A little bread were wealth to the distressed,
Alas! 'tis all their pressing wants enjoy.

Godfrey. (*giving him his hand.*) Poor child! then you are both in great distress?

Jonas. Alas! we are so; but with my fiddle I hope that we shall never be destitute. If we should be sick, God Almighty will take care of us; and if we die, we shall want nothing but a little spot of earth which may be had any where.

Godfrey. But my poor little boy, perhaps thou art hungry. Hold, here, take my cake.

Jonas. Oh! no, my pretty master, eat it yourself; a bit of bread serves me.

Godfrey. No, you shall have this; I can eat bread as well as you.

Jonas. Well, Sir, I thank you; but I will not eat it now. I will share it with my poor father; he is not used to taste such good things.

Sophia. Your poor father, say you? here; you shall give him my part.

Charlotte. And take mine too.

Amelia. And mine.

Jonas. Oh! no, no; keep your cakes my sweet young ladies. One piece is enough for me. We are not used to fill our bellies with sweet things.

Charles. (*ironically.*) He is right; that would spoil his fine voice.

Sophia. Nobody has asked you for yours.

Charles. Oh, I have dispatched that long ago.

Godfrey. Come, my man; will you taste your cake first?

Jonas. Oh! no, Master. Since you are so good as to give it me, allow me to wrap it up in my handkerchief and take it home.

Sophia. Stop a moment, I will give you a piece of linen cleaner than that, and meantime you may lay your cake in the window.

Jonas.

Jonas. I will, my good young lady. I come here to play upon the fiddle, not to eat.

Amelia. I should wish to dance a minuet with Master Godfrey. Can you play any?

Jonas. Whatever you please. A minuet, a jig, or a country dance.

Amelia. Let us have the minuet first. (*Godfrey takes Amelia by the hand to dance.*)

Charlotte. Why cannot we both dance, (*advancing towards Charles.*) Mr. Charles?

Charles. Excuse me, miss, I can't dance.

Sophia. Yet he has learned full two years.

Charles. I am not in a capering humour to-day.

Charlotte. (*curtysing to him.*) So then I am refused.

Sophia. Come, cousin, lend me your hat. (*to Charlotte*) I shall have the honour, ma'am, to be your beau.

Amelia. Then if we were to dance a double minuet?—

Godfrey. Miss, I am at your service. (*They dance a double minuet, after which Charlotte goes to take out Godfrey.*)

Charlotte. Mr. Godfrey, now I will dance with you.

Godfrey. I shall be happy, miss, to have that honour.

Amelia. And now, Sophia, I will be your beau.

Sophia. As this goes, I find I must lose my cousin; however, these ladies have the first title to your complaisance. (*They dance another minuet, during which Charles goes to the window, takes Jonas's cake, and slips out of the room.*)

Sophia. (*to Godfrey who wipes his face.*) Ah! you give it up; you must own that we have stronger feet than you gentlemen.

Godfrey. It is because you are much nimbler.

Amelia. (*to Godfrey.*) If your cousin had been as complaisant as you, we should soon have overmatched you; for then one of us could take breath while the other two danced. (*They all look round for Charles.*)

Charlotte. Ah! he is gone; so much the better.

Jonas. Shall I play another tune or two?

Godfrey. No; that is enough; unless, ladies, you would choose more. The poor little fellow will be glad to go and earn something elsewhere. I have already told you how little I have in my purse; and Charles has gone off without paying.

Charlotte. We will all contribute as well as you.

Amelia.

Amelia, Certainly, we mean it. (*takes out her purse.*) There, Master Godfrey, is my purse.

Charlotte. And here is mine.

Sophia. Hold, cousin, here is a shilling: keep your money, and this will do for us both.

Godfrey. No, no, *Sophia*, I have a right to pay first. (*They gather the money, and give it to Jonas.*)

Jonas. I will never take all that; this young Gentleman promised me only six-pence.

Godfrey. Take the whole, my man; we are very happy to be able to do you a service.

Jonas. God Almighty reward you. (*To Sophia*) Now, Miss, if you would please to give me a piece of old linen to wrap up the cake that you have made me take.

Sophia. I had quite forgot it. (*runs to a drawer, and takes out a handkerchief.*) There; it is a little worn, but it will do very well for your purpose.

Jonas. May Heaven repay you for your generosity. (*goes to the window for the cake.*)

Jonas. (*sorrowfully.*) It is not here.

Sophia. What a sad boy is that! he certainly has taken this poor child's cake.

Jonas. Do not be concerned, my sweet young Lady, I am only sorry to lose it on account of my poor father.

Godfrey. If Charles were not your brother, his greediness should cost him dear; but *Jonas's* father must not be a loser however. My dear *Sophia*, lend me that six-pence that you were going to pay for me just now.

Sophia. No, cousin, I will have the merit of it all to myself. (*to Jonas.*) There, my lad, is six-pence; buy another cake for your father. (*Charlotte and Amelia feel in their purses.*)

Charlotte. Hold, here are some more halfpence.

Amelia. Take this too.

Jonas. Oh dear, no; this is too much.

Godfrey. (*taking him by the hand affectionately.*) How unhappy I am not to have any thing more to give thee! But I am an orphan, and subsist like thee upon the generosity of others.

Jonas. (*to Godfrey.*) I wish that you had not brought me here, or that you would take back your money.

Godfrey. Do not be uneasy as to me. Farewel. Go and try to earn something elsewhere.

Jonas. (to *Sophia*, as he is going.) But, take your handkerchief, my good young Lady:

Sophia. No, keep it if you have occasion for it.

Jonas. May Heaven preserve you all in good health, and make you still more amiable than you are. (goes out.)

S C E N E IX.

Sophia, Charlotte, Amelia and Godfrey.

Sophia. Can you imagine any thing more shameful than the behaviour of Charles?

Amelia. He should not play these pranks if I were his sister.

Charlotte. I am sorry he has destroyed all the pleasure that we had in doing a service to this poor little boy.

Amelia. However, he is not ill off at present; the cake has been pretty well made up to him.

Godfrey. Very true; thanks to your generosity. But that does not justify the behaviour of Charles. Besides, poor Jonas might have had the one without losing the other.

Sophia. It is you, cousin, that have suffered most upon the whole. You have deprived yourself of your share, that my good-for-nothing brother might eat it. (a knocking is heard at the door.)

Amelia, Charlotte, Sophia, Godfrey, Jonas,

Godfrey. Here is our little fiddler again. What is the matter, my man?

Jonas. (crying.) Oh dear! oh dear! Help! I am ruined. (The children gather round him.)

Sophia. What has happened to you then?

Jonas. The whole of my poor subsistence—all that I had to maintain myself and my father—see, see here—my little violin—it is broken all to pieces, and your handkerchief and your money—all is gone—he has taken it all from me.

Godfrey. Who has broken your violin? who has taken your money?

Jonas. 'Twas he—'Twas he that took my cake

Sophia. What, my brother? Is it possible?

Godfrey. Charles?

Charlotte. It cannot be.

Amelia.

Amelia. O the wretch!

Jonas. Yes, it was he, it was he. As I was going out of the street-door, he came up to me and asked if I had been paid for my playing, as otherwise he meant to pay me. Oh, yes, that I have, said I, and even overpaid. How came they by so much money? says he. Let me see what they have given you. So I, silly fool that I was—I should have remembered the cake; but I thought no more of that, I was so overjoyed to carry home so much money to my father. Besides I had not counted it, and was desirous to know the sum. So I laid my fiddle down on the ground beside me, and took out the handkerchief. See here, said I to him, what I got more than was promised me at first; one of the young misses gave it me. I had tied up all my money in the handkerchief, and was going to undo the knot, when he snatched at it. I guessed his roguery. So he pulled one way and I another, when all at once, seeing where my fiddle lay on the ground, he stamped on it with both his feet. I loosed my hold and let go the handkerchief, and so he got it from me and ran away. Both my fiddle and the bow are broke, and now I have neither handkerchief nor money. O my father! my poor father! What will become of us?

Sophia. Why really I do not know.—I have nothing more in the world. O cousin!

Charlotte. Here are some few halfpence. It is all that I have about me.

Jonas. My sweet miss, I thank you; but that will not buy me a fiddle. O my poor father! he had it more than fifteen years.

Amelia. Take this too. It is the very last farthing I have.

Sophia. (Runs to her drawer.) Here is my thimble; it is gold. Run and sell it, my poor little man. I have an ivory one that will serve me.

Godfrey. No; keep your thimble, cousin. Stop, my boy, I can assist you. (Takes out his buckles, and gives them to him.) I have another pair of pinchbeck. You will certainly get twelve shillings for these. I can give them away, for they are my own. My godfather made me a present of them for my birth-day.—(Sophia offers him her thimble, and Godfrey his buckles. Jonas hesitates.)

28 THE LITTLE FIDDLER.

Jonas. No; I will have none of them. My father would think that I had stolen them.

Sophia. Take my thimble at least.

Godfrey. Wont you take my buckles? you will make me angry. Take them I say.

Jonas. Oh dear, would you have me deprive you of your ornaments?

Godfrey. Do not be uneasy about that. God will repay me, perhaps, more than I give you. Your father wants bread. I have no father to maintain.

Sophia. Go, go, and take care of yourself.

Jonas. At least take back your thimble.

Sophia. No; it is not mine now.

Charlotte. If you ever pass our way, I will do something for you.

Amelia. 'Tis in — Square; any body will shew you Mr. Richmond's.

Jonas. Oh! great folks seldom ask me into their houses. I am sometimes, perhaps, taken down into the kitchen.

Sophia. Well, enough of this. Your father probably is uneasy on your account, and ours may return very soon.

Jonas. How, miss! your papa? Do you expect him soon?

Sophia. Yes, go your ways, else the rogue who took your handkerchief and money may take this from you too.

Jonas. But I hope you are very sure not to be scolded.

Godfrey. No, no, never fear. Good bye!

Jonas. (*As he goes out.*) The good-natured little souls!

S C E N E XI.

Sophia, Charlotte, Amelia, Godfrey.

Charlotte. I am very sorry that you have deprived yourself of your buckles, Master Godfrey.

Amelia. You have set us a good example.

Godfrey. I only followed that of Sophia. I should be happy in the opportunity of doing a good action if it had not been furnished by the mean behaviour of Charles. With what pleasure shall I now look at my pinchbeck buckles!

S C E N E

SCENE XII.

Mr. Melfort, Sophia, Amelia, Charlotte, Godfrey, Jonas.

The children get close together. Sophia and Godfrey cast a side look at Jonas, and whisper each other.)

Mr. Melf. *(to the Miss Richmonds.)* Your servant, ladies! I thank you for the honour that you have done my daughter. But give me leave to hear, in your presence, what this boy has to say. He was waiting for me upon the stairs, and cannot leave me, he says, until he has spoken to me before you—*(to Jonas)* Come, what have you to say?

Jonas. *(to Sophia and Godfrey.)* My good young master and miss, I beg you, for heaven's sake, not to be angry with me; but I cannot help speaking, and it would be ill done of me to keep what you have made me take, without the consent of your papa. I know very well that children have nothing of their own to give away.

Mr. Melf. What is all this?

Jonas. I am going to tell you, sir. This young master called me from his window to come in and play upon my violin for these ladies. There was another little gentleman too along with them; very handsome, but a very ill-natured rogue.

Mr. Melf. What! my son?

Jonas. I beg pardon. That word escaped me. Well; I played my best, what tunes I knew, and this good little company were so kind as to bestow me a piece of cake, with a handkerchief to wrap it up, and almost a handful of money besides. I do not know how much.

Mr. Melf. Well?

Jonas. Well, that ill-natured little gentleman took away the cake, which I was intending to carry to my poor father who is blind. That I should not have minded; but he slips out of the room, and when I was going away quite overjoyed with my little bundle, he watches me in the passage, takes the handkerchief with all the money from me by force, and breaks my violin in pieces. Look ye, there it is, *(crying.)* All my riches, that supported me and my father.

Mr. Melf. Is it possible? Such a malicious ill-natured action!—What! my Son?—

Charlotte. His behaviour in every thing else makes this very probable. Ask Sophia herself.

Mr. Melf. Go, my man; do not be afflicted: I will indemnify you. But is that all?

Jonas. No sir; only hear me. Being in such trouble, I returned to tell these good little gentlefolks the whole affair. They had not money enough to pay for the damage: so this pretty miss gives me her gold thimble, and this young gentleman his silver buckles. I could not possibly keep them: my father would have thought that I had stolen them. I knew you were coming home, so I waited to return them to you, and here they are.—But I have no fiddle now. O my fiddle! O my poor father!

Mr. Melf. What an account thou hast given me! Is it thou or you, my generous children, whom I should most admire? Excellent boy! in extreme indigence, to lose all; and yet, from the fear of doing wrong, to run the risque of letting a father whom you love perish with hunger.

Jonas. Is it so great a matter not to be a rogue? No, no; one never thrives on ill-gotten bread. It is what my father and mother have often told me. If you would only please to buy me another fiddle, that will make amends for all. Whatever more the thimble and buckles would have brought, God Almighty will repay me.

Mr. Melf. Your father and you must be endowed with extraordinary uprightness of heart, not even to suspect the depravity of others! God will make use of me as an instrument to impart his blessings to you. You shall stay here; and for the first you shall wait upon Godfrey: Afterwards we will see what we can do better for you.

Jonas. What! wait upon this little angel of a gentleman. Oh! I should be delighted (*bows to Godfrey*.) But, no; (*sorrowfully*) I cannot leave my father all alone. Without me, how would he do to live? What! should I be in abundance, and he die for want? Oh! no.

Mr. Melf. Excellent child! and who is thy father?

Jonas. An old blind labourer, whom I supported by playing on the fiddle. It is true, he seldom eats, nor I neither, any thing else but a piece of bread with some milk. But God always gives us enough for the day, and

we

we take no care for the morrow : he provides for that also.

Mr. Melf. Well, I will take care of thy father and, if he chuses, I will get him into an alms-house, where old and infirm people are well maintained. You may go and see him there whenever you please.—(*Jonas, after an exclamation of joy, runs about the room, quite transported.*)

Jonas. O goodness ! What, my dear father ! No ; that will make him die with joy. I cannot stop any longer, but must go for him and bring him here.—(*Runs out.* *Sophia and Godfrey take Mr. Melfort's hands. They wipe their eyes.*)

SCENE XIII.

Mr. Melfort, Sophia, Amelia, Charlotte, and Godfrey.

Mr. Melf. O my dear children ! how happy would this day have been for me, if, while I admire the generosity of your sentiments, the idea of my son's unworthiness did not intervene to poison my happiness ! But, no ; it should not affect it. God has given me another son in thee, my dear Godfrey. If you are not so by birth, yet you are by the ties of blood, and by congenial worthiness of heart. Yes, you shall be my son.—But where is Charles ? Go, seek him, and bring him hither to me immediately.—(*Godfrey goes out.*)

Sophia. It is almost an hour since we saw him. While the little boy was playing a minuet to us, he disappeared with his piece of cake.

Godfrey. (returning.) He was seen going into a confessor's not far off. I have told John to go for him.

Mr. Melf. Children step into my study. I wish to know what answer he will have the assurance to make me. When I want your testimony, I shall call you.

Charlotte and Amelia. Then we shall take our leave.

Mr. Melf. No, my dears ! I will send word to your papa and mama, that you will spend the rest of the evening with us. Probably the generous little Jonas and his old father will be our guests also. I have occasion for something to assuage the cruel wound that Charles has given my heart, and I know of nothing more salutary than the conversation of such amiable children as you.

Sophia (listening.) I think I hear Charles coming.—(*Mr. Melfort opens his study-door. The children withdraw.*)

SCENE XIV.

Mr. Melfort.

I have long dreaded a discovery of this disagreeable nature, but could never have suspected him of any thing so horrid. It is, perhaps, still not too late to correct his vices. Alas! why am I obliged to try a desperate remedy!

SCENE XV.

Mr. Melfort, Charles.

Charles. What are your commands, papa?

Mr. Melfort. Where have you been? Were you not in your chamber?

Charles. Our tutor is gone out. Godfrey was below stairs. So, after having studied all the afternoon, I grew tired of being alone.

Mr. Melf. Why did not you go, as well as Godfrey, and join the little company that I found with your sister?

Charles. And so I did: but those misses treated me so ill—

Mr. Melf. How? you astonish me.

Charles. At first they drank tea, but without asking me to have a drop. On the contrary, they shewed me the spite in the world. Then Godfrey picked up a little beggar brat in the street, and brought him to play the fiddle to them. He gave him some of the cake that was brought up to them, and me not a bit. They danced, but not one of the ladies would dance with me, though there were three of them, and no gentleman but Godfrey. What could I do here? I went down to the door to look at the people passing by.

Mr. Melf. Only to the door? What was it then that passed at the corner of the street, between a little fiddler and you? I have been told that you beat him and broke his violin, and that he went away crying.

Charles. Yes, that is true, papa; and if I had not been very good-natured, I should have got a constable to put him in bridewell. You shall hear, sir. When I saw him go out, I said to myself, I must give this poor creature something

something too for his trouble, for I know that Godfrey has nothing of his own, and a beggar is but ill paid with only a morsel of cake. So I took some money out of my purse which I gave him, and he drew out a handkerchief to put it in. I perceived that it was one of my sister's handkerchiefs; you may see the mark. I begged him very civilly to return it, which he would not. So I took him by the collar, and we struggled together, and by accident I put my foot upon his fiddle.

Mr. Melf. (*With indignation.*) Hold your tongue, base liar! I cannot bear to hear you.

Charles. (*Drawing near to him, and going to take him by the hand.*) Why, my dear papa, what makes you angry?

Mr. Melf. Be gone, wicked creature, out of my sight! you shock me. (*He calls the children from the study.*)

S C E N E XVI.

Mr. Melfort, Sophia, Amelia, Charlotte, Charles, Godfrey.

Mr. Melf. Come hither, my children! I will see none but those who merit my affection. As for you, quit my presence for ever. But no, stop. You shall receive your sentence first. (*To Sophia and Godfrey.*) You have heard his charges against you.

Sophia. Yes, papa; and if it were not necessary for our own justification, I would say not a word against him, for fear of increasing your anger.

Charles. Do not believe any thing that she will tell you.

Mr. Melf. Be silent. I have already had a proof of thy detestable falshood. Lying is the high road to theft and murder. Thou hast already committed the first crime, and perhaps wantest only strength to attempt the other. Go on, Sophia.

Sophia. In the first place, he has done no business at all this afternoon. It was Godfrey that wrote his translation for him.

Mr. Melf. Is this true?

Godfrey. I cannot deny it.

Sophia. Then he spilt a dish of tea upon Amelia's slip; and while we were busy in wiping it, he remained at table, and emptied the tea-pot. There was not a drop left

left for us. These young ladies are witnesses (*pointing to the Miss Richmonds.*) As to the cake—

Mr. Melf. That is enough. All your baseness is discovered. Go up into your chamber for this day: to-morrow morning I will put you out of the house. I will give you time enough to amend before you return, and if that experiment does not succeed, there are not wanting methods to dispose of incorrigible reprobates, who disturb society by their misdeeds. Godfrey, tell John to see that he keeps his room. You will give orders in the mean time that your tutor be sent to me as soon as he returns.

Sophia and Godfrey. (*interceding for him.*) Dear papa!—
Dear uncle!

Mr. Melf. I will not hear a word in his favor. He who is capable of taking from the poor by force the earnings of his industry, of breaking the instrument of his livelihood, and of seeking to justify such actions by falsehood and calumny, should be turned out of the society of men. I thank God that he has left me still two such excellent children as you. You shall be my consolation henceforward, and with you I will endeavour to make myself as happy this evening as the father of so unprincipled a son can be.

THE CANARY-BIRD.

CANARY-BIRDS to sell! Who'll buy my Canary-birds? Fine Canary-birds! Thus cried a man passing by the house of little Jessy. Jessy heard him: she ran to the window, and looking into the street, saw that it was a bird-seller who carried upon his head a large cage full of Canary-birds. They jumped so nimbly from perch to perch, and chirped so sweetly, that Jessy, in the eagerness of her curiosity, was near falling out of the window, while she endeavoured to have a nearer view of them. Will you buy a Canary-bird, miss? said the birdman to her. Perhaps I may, answered Jessy; but that does not depend on me entirely. Stop a little; I will go and ask my papa's leave. The man promised to stop, and seeing a bulk on the other side of the street, laid down his cage there and stood by the side of it. Jessy in the mean time ran

ran to her father's chamber, and entered it quite out of breath, crying, Come here, papa! quick! make haste!

Mr. Gower. And what is the hurry?

Jessy. There is a man in the street that sells Canary-birds. I dare say he has more than a hundred. He carries a great cage quite full of them on his head.

Mr. Gower. And why does that make you so glad?

Jessy. Ah! papa; because—that is if you give me leave—I should like to buy one.

Mr. Gower. And have you money enough?

Jessy. O yes, in my purse.

Mr. Gower. But who will feed the poor bird?

Jessy. I will, papa, myself. You'll see, it will be glad to be my bird.

Mr. Gower. Ah! I am afraid——

Jessy. Of what, papa?

Mr. Gower. That you will let him die of hunger or thirst.

Jessy. I let him die of hunger or thirst? Oh! no, certainly I sha'nt. Nay, I will never touch my own breakfast, before my bird has had his.

Mr. Gower. Jessy! Jessy! you know you are very giddy! and then you have only to neglect him one day.

Jessy promised her father so fairly; she coaxed him so much, and pulled his coat-skirt so often, that Mr. Gower consented at last to his daughter's request. He crossed the street, leading her by the hand; and when they came up to the cage, they chose the prettiest Canary-bird in it; a male, of the most lively yellow, with a little black tuft upon his head. Who was ever so happy as Jessy then? She held her purse to her father, that he might pay for the bird. Mr. Gower then took money out of his own, to buy a handsome cage with drawers, and a water-cup of crystal. Jessy had no sooner given the Canary-bird possession of its little palace, than she ran to every part of the house, calling her mama, her sisters and all the servants, and shewing them the bird which her father had been so good as to buy her. When any of her little friends came to see her, the first words were, do you know I have the prettiest Canary Bird in the world? he is as yellow as gold, and has a little black crest like the plumes of mama's hat. Come, I will shew him to you; his name is Cherry. Cherry was quite happy under

Jessy's care. The first thing that she thought of in the morning was to give him fresh grain and the clearest water. Whenever there was any cake at table, Cherry had his part of it first. She had always some bits of sugar in store for him, and his cage was garnished with fresh greens of one sort or another. Cherry was not ungrateful to all these attentions. He soon learned to distinguish Jessy; and the moment he heard her step in the room, what fluttering of his wings! what incessant chirpings! Jessy almost devoured him with kisses. At the end of a week he began to sing, and produced the most delightful music. Sometimes he swelled his little notes to such a length, that one would have thought he must expire from fatigue; then, after pausing a moment, he would begin again sweeter than ever, with a tone so clear and brilliant that he could be heard all over the house. Jessy passed whole hours in listening to him as she sat by his cage. She sometimes would let her work fall out of her hands to gaze at him, and, after he had entertained her with a sweet song, she regaled him in her turn with a tune upon the bird-organ which he would endeavour to imitate. These pleasures, however, became familiar to Jessy. Her father, one day, made her a present of a book of prints. She was so agreeably taken up with it that Cherry was something the less minded. He would chirp the moment that he saw Jessy, though ever so far off; but Jessy heard him not. Almost a week had passed since he had either had fresh greens or biscuit. He repeated the sweetest airs that Jessy had taught him, and composed new for her, but in vain. The truth was, Jessy's thoughts were otherwise engaged. Her birth-day came on, when her godfather gave her a great jointed doll. This doll, which she called Columbine, completely banished all thoughts of Cherry. From morning till night she was busied with nothing but dressing and undressing Miss Columbine a hundred times, talking to her, and carrying her up and down the room. The poor bird was very happy to get some food towards evening. Sometimes it happened that he was obliged to wait for it till the next day. At length, one day when Mr. Gower was at table, and cast his eye accidentally upon the cage, he saw the Canary-bird lying upon its breast and panting for breath. Its feathers were ruffled, and it seemed contracted all of a lump. Mr. Gower

THE CANARY-BIRD.

went close up to it; but no more fond chirpings! poor little creature had scarce strength enough to breathe. Jessy, cried Mr. Gower, what is the matter with your Canary-bird? Jessy blushed. Why, papa—somehow, I forgot;—and all in a tremble she ran to fetch the box of feed. Mr. Gower took down the cover and examined the drawer and the water-cup. Ah! Cherry had not a single grain, nor a drop of water. poor bird! cried Mr. Gower; thou art fallen into my hands! If I had foreseen this, I should never have bought thee. All the company rose from table, holding up their hands, and crying, The poor bird! Mr. Gower put some feed into the drawer, and filled the cup with water, but had much difficulty in bringing Cherry to life. Jessy left the table, and went up into her chamber, crying, and made her handkerchief quite wet with her tears. The next day Mr. Gower ordered the bird to be carried out of the house, and given as a present to the son of Mr. Mercer, his neighbour, who was counted a very careful boy, and would pay more attention to his bird than Jessy had done. But, to hear the little girl's complaints and expressions of sorrow! Ah! my dear papa, my poor Cherry! Indeed I promise you faithfully, papa, that I will never forget him a single moment as long as I live. Only leave him with me this once. Mr. Gower suffered himself at length to be touched with Jessy's entreaties, and gave her back the Canary-bird, but without a severe reprimand for her negligence, and a strictest injunction as to the future. This poor little creature, says he, is shut up, and therefore not able to provide for its own wants. Whenever you want any thing, you can ask for it; but Cherry cannot make people understand his language. If ever you let him suffer from hunger or thirst again—— At these words Jessy shed a flood of tears. She took her papa's hand and kissed it, but her grief was so full that she could not utter a word. Jessy was once more mistress of Cherry, and Cherry was sincerely reconciled with Jessy. About a month after Mr. Gower was obliged to go into the country for some days with his lady. Jessy, Jessy, said he, in parting with his daughter, I earnestly recommend poor Cherry to your care. Her parents were scarcely got into the carriage when Jessy ran to the cage, and carefully provided

bird with every thing necessary. In a few hours after, her time began to hang heavy. She sent for some of her little acquaintance, and soon recovered her cheerfulness. They went out to walk together, and at their return spent part of the evening in playing at blind-man's buff and four corners. After that they danced. In fine, the little company broke up very late, and Jessy went to bed quite fatigued. The next morning she awoke by break of day, and began thinking on the amusements of the evening before. If her governess had let her, she would have run as soon as she got up, to see the Miss Marshalls, but was obliged to wait till after dinner. However, she had scarcely finished it, before she desired to be conducted to their house: and Cherry!—he was obliged to stay at home alone, and to fast. The following day was also spent in amusements: and Cherry!—he was forgotten again. It was the same the third day: and Cherry!—who could think of him in the midst of such diversions? The fourth day, Mr. and Mrs. Gower returned from the country. Jessy had thought very little about their return. Her father had scarce kissed her and enquired after her health, before he asked, How is Cherry? Very well, cried Jessy, a little confused; and she ran towards the cage to carry him some water. Alas! the poor little creature was no more. He was laid upon his back, with his wings spread and his bill open. Jessy screamed out and wrung her hands. Every one in the house ran up, and was eye-witness of the disaster. Ah! poor bird! cried Mr. Gower; how painful has thy death been! If I had wrung thy head off the day that I went to the country, thou wouldest have had but the pain of a moment, whereas now thou hast endured for several days the pangs of hunger and thirst, and hast died in a long and cruel agony. However, thou art still happy in being delivered from the hands of so pitiless a guardian. Jessy would have hid herself in the bowels of the earth: she would have given all her play-things, and all her pocket-money, to purchase the life of Cherry; but it was then too late. Mr. Gower took the bird, and had its skin stuffed and hung up from the ceiling. Jessy did not dare to look at it: her eyes were filled with tears whenever she chanced to perceive it, and every day she entreated her father to remove it from her sight. Mr. Gower did not consent,

consent, till after many supplications on her part; and whenever Jeffy shewed any mark of inattention or giddiness, the bird was hung up again in its place, and every body would say in her hearing, Poor Cherry! what a cruel death you suffered!

THE CHILDREN WHO WOULD BE THEIR OWN MASTERS.

Camillus. **A**H! Papa, how I should wish to be big! to be as big as you.

Mr. Orpin. And why should you wish so, my dear?

Cam. Because then I should not be under any body's command, and might do whatever came into my head.

Mr. Orpin. I suppose, then, you would do wonders.

Cam. That I should, I promise you.

Mr. Orpin. And do you wish also, Julia, to be free to do whatever you please?

Julia. Yes indeed, papa.

Cam. Oh! if Julia and I were our own masters!

Mr. Orpin. Well, children, I can give you that satisfaction. After to-morrow morning you shall have the liberty of conducting yourselves entirely according to your own fancy.

Cam. Ah! you are jesting, papa.

Mr. Orpin. No, I speak quite seriously. To-morrow, neither your mother, nor I, nor in short any body in the house, shall oppose your inclinations.

Cam. What pleasure shall we feel to have our necks out of the yoke!

Mr. Orpin. That is not all. I do not intend to give you this privilege for to-morrow only: it shall continue until you come of yourselves and request me to assume my authority again.

Cam. At that rate we shall be our own masters a long while.

Mr. Orpin. Well, I shall be glad to see you able to conduct yourselves: so prepare to become great folks to-morrow.

The next day came. The two children, instead of rising at seven o'clock as usual, lay in bed till near nine. Too much sleep makes us heavy and listless. This was the

40. THE CHILDREN WHO WOULD

the case with Camillus and Julia. They awoke at length uncalled, and got up in an ill-humour. However, they pleased themselves a little with the agreeable idea of acting in whatever manner they liked the whole day. Come, what shall we do first? said Camillus to his sister, after they had dressed themselves and breakfasted.

Julia. Why, we'll go and play.

Cam. At what?

Julia. Let us build houses with cards.

Cam. Oh! that is very dull amusement. I am not for that.

Julia. Will you play at blind-man's buff?

Cam. What, only two of us?

Julia. Well, at drafts, or at fox and geese.

Cam. You know I cannot bear those games that oblige one to sit still.

Julia. Well, then mention some to your own liking.

Cam. Then we'll play at riding on a stick.

Julia. Ay, that is pretty play for a little girl!

Cam. We'll play then, if you like, at horses. You shall be the horse, and I will be coachman.

Julia. Oh, yes! to lash me with your whip as you did t'other day. I have not forgot that.

Cam. I never do it willingly; but the thing is, you won't gallop.

Julia. Ay, but that hurts me: so I won't play at any such game.

Cam. You won't? won't you? Well! let us play at hounds and hare. I will be the huntsman, and you shall be the hare. Come, make ready; I shall set off.

Julia. Pshaw! I'll have none of your hunting. You do nothing but tread upon my heels, and punch me in the sides.

Cam. Well, since you do not chuse any of my games, I'll never play with you again. Do you hear that?

Julia. Nor I with you. Do you hear that too?

At these words they quitted the middle of the room, where they were standing, and retired each into a corner, and there remained a considerable time without looking at or speaking to each other. They were still in a pout, when the clock strack ten. The forenoon would soon pass over; therefore Camillus at length approaching his sister said, "I must do every thing that you like. Well then,

then, I will play at drafts with you for twelve chefnuts a game."

Julia. I have no chefnuts: and besides you know you owe me a dozen already. You should pay me those first.

Cam. Yes, I owed them to you yesterday; but I do not owe any thing to-day.

Julia. And pray how did you come to be quit?

Cam. Nobody has a right to ask any thing of those who are their own masters.

Julia. Very well! I shall tell my papa of your cheating.

Cam. But papa has no power over me now.

Julia. If that be the case, I won't play.

Cam. Then you may do as you like.

They go away pouting again to the farther ends of the room from each other. Camillus began to whistle, Julia to sing. Camillus tied knots on his whip, and cracked it: Julia dressed her doll, and began a conversation with it. Camillus grumbled, and Julia sighed. The clock struck again. They had another hour less to play in. Camillus, in a pet, threw his whip out of the window: Julia tossed her doll into a corner. They look at each other, not knowing what to say. At length Julia breaks silence: "Come, Camillus, I will be your horse."

Cam. There now, that is right! I have a long string for the bridle. See here. Put it into your mouth.

Julia. No, not into my mouth. Tie it round my waist, or fasten it to my arm.

Cam. How you talk! Did you ever see horses have the bit any where but between their teeth?

Julia. But I am not a real horse.

Cam. Well, but you should do just the same as if you were,

Julia. I do not see any occasion for that.

Cam. I suppose you think that you know more about it than I do, who am all the day in the stable. Come, take it the right way.

Julia. You have been trailing it about in the dirt all the week. No, I'll never put it into my mouth.

Cam. Then I won't have it any where else. I would rather not play at all.

Julia. Just as you like!

A third fit of pouting, more sullen and peevish than before. Camillus goes for his whip: Julia takes up her doll. But the whip refuses to crack: the doll's dressing goes all wrong. Camillus sighs, Julia weeps. This interval brought on dinner-hour; and Mr. Orpin came to ask them, if they chose to have it served up. But what is the matter with you? said he, seeing them both quite dull. Nothing, papa, answered the children, and wiping their eyes, followed their father into the dining-room. The dinner this day consisted of a number of dishes, and a bottle of wine was opened for each of the children. My dear children, said Mr. Orpin, if I had still my former authority over you, I would forbid you to taste all these dishes, and particularly to drink wine. At least, I would desire you to be very sparing of them, because I know how dangerous wine and high-seasoned food are to children. But ye are now your own masters, and may eat and drink whatever ye fancy. The children did not wait to be told this twice. The one swallowed great bits of meat without bread; the other took sauce in whole spoonfuls: and they drank full bumpers of wine, without remembering to mix water with it. My dear, whispered Mrs. Orpin to her husband, they will make themselves sick. I fear they will, my dear, answered Mr. Orpin; but I would rather that they should learn for once at their own expence how much one may suffer from ignorance, than by a premature attention deprive them of the fruits of so important a lesson. Mrs. Orpin saw her husband's intention, and therefore suffered our thoughtless little couple to indulge their greediness. The cloth was now removed. The children had stuffed as long as they were able, and their little heads began to be heated. Come with me, Julia, cried Camillus, and took his sister with him into the garden. Mr. Orpin thought proper to follow them unobserved. There was a little pond in the garden, and at the edge of the pond a small boat. Camillus had a mind to go into it. Julia stopped him. You know, said she, that we must not go there. Must not? answered Camillus. Do you forget that we are our own masters? Oh! that is true, said Julia: so, giving her hand to her brother, they both went into the boat. Mr. Orpin drew nearer to them, but did not chuse to discover himself yet. He knew that the

the pond was not deep. Even if they fall in, said he to himself, I shall not have much trouble in getting them out. The two children wished to disengage the boat from the bank, and push it out towards the middle of the pond; but they were not able to untie the knots of the rope which held it fast. Since we cannot sail, said the giddy Camillus, we may at least balance ourselves. So, striding across the boat, he began to press it down, first on one side, then on the other. Their heads being a little dizzy, it was not long before their legs failed them: They laid hold of each other to support themselves, and fell both *plump* upon the side of the boat, and from thence into the water. Mr. Orpin flew like lightning from the place where he had been hid. He threw himself into the water, seized his rash children one in each hand, and brought them back into the house, half dead with terror. They felt themselves violently sick while they were undressing and rubbing with cloths. At length they were put each in a warm bed: they fell alternately into a stupor and convulsions: they complained of a dreadful head-ach and pains in the bowels, were seized with frequent fainting fits, and in the intervals with shudderings, sickness of the stomach, and difficulty of breathing. In this deplorable condition they passed the rest of the day: they sobbed and wept, till at length they fell fast *asleep* through weariness. Early the next morning their father entered their chamber, and asked how they had passed the night. Very ill, answered both in a feeble voice: we could not lie easy in bed, and feel a sickness yet in the head and stomach. Poor children, how I pity you! But, added he a moment after, what will ye do with your liberty to-day? Ye remember that ye enjoy it still. Oh! no, no, answered both eagerly. And why, my little friends? Ye said, the other day, that it was so disagreeable to be subject to the direction of others. We have been well punished for our folly, replied Camillus. And shall take warning for a long time, added Julia.

Mr. Orpin. Ye will not be your own masters then, any longer?

Camillus. No, no, papa: we would rather be told by you what to do.

Julia. It will be much better for us both.

Mr.

Mr. Orpin. Think well of what ye say; for, if I resume my authority, I inform you before-hand, that my very first orders will be disagreeable to you.

Cam. No matter, papa; we are ready to do whatever you shall think proper.

Mr. Orpin. Well, I have here a yellow powder, called rhubarb. It has an unpleasing taste, but is excellent for those who have hurt their stomachs by excess. Since ye consent to follow my orders, I command you instantly to take this powder. Let me see you obey!

Cam. Oh! yes, yes, papa.

Julia. I would take it, though it were as bitter as foot.

Mr. Orpin gave them the medicine, and the children, without making, as formerly, any grimaces, endeavoured each to excel the other in taking it with a chearful countenance. This remedy happily had its effect, and they both recovered very soon. After that, whenever their parents would terrify them with threats of punishment, they would say, We shall let you be your own masters! and the children felt more terror from this threat than many others to whom one should say, I will put you in prison!

THE BUSHES.

ONE fine evening in the month of May, *Mr. Ogilby* was sitting with *Algernon*, his son, upon the side of a small hill, from whence he pointed out to him the beauties of nature as they lay before him. The setting sun, in taking his last adieu, seemed to have clothed every thing in a robe of purple. They were roused from this pleasing meditation by the chearful song of a shepherd who was driving back his bleating flock from a neighbouring field. On each side of his road there grew up thorn-bushes which no sheep approached without leaving upon them some part of her fleece. Little *Algernon* grew quite angry at those robbers. Do you see, papa, cried he, those bushes, how they rob the sheep of their wool? Why did God make those ill-natured brambles? or why do not all men join with one accord to destroy them? If the poor sheep come back this same way again, they will leave the
rest

rest of their clothing upon them. But, no; I will rise to-morrow at break of day, and come with my bill-hook, and snip-snap, cut all those briars down to the ground. You shall come with me, papa, and bring a little axe, and the whole shall be finished before breakfast.

We will think of your project, answered Mr. Ogilby. But in the mean time do not be unjustly angry with those bushes. Remember what we do about Lammas.

Alger. What do we do then? papa.

Mr. Ogilby. Have not you seen the shepherds arm themselves with great shears, and rob the trembling sheep not of a few locks of wool only, but of their whole fleece?

Alger. That is very true, papa, because they want it to make themselves clothes; but those bushes rob them out of mere spite, and without having the least occasion for it.

Mr. Ogilby. You don't know what purpose these bits of wool may serve to them; but supposing that they served none, has a person any right to appropriate a thing to himself, merely because he wants it?

Alger. But I have heard you say, papa, that sheep naturally lose their fleeces about that time of the year; then it is much better to take it for our use, than to suffer it to fall off quite useless.

Mr. Ogilby. Your remark is just. Nature hath given all beasts a clothing, and we are obliged from them to borrow ours, unless we chuse to go quite naked and remain exposed to the inclemency of the Winter.

Alger. But a bush has no occasion for clothing. So you see, papa, we must not give up our design. I shall certainly cut all these thorns down to-morrow. You will come along with me, won't you?

Mr. Ogilby. With all my heart. Come then, now for to-morrow morning by break of day.

Algernon, who thought himself already an hero, merely from the thought of destroying with his little arm this legion of robbers, could hardly sleep, taken up as he was with his victories of the next day. Scarce had the cheerful singing of the birds that perched on the trees near his windows announced the return of the dawn, before he hastened to awake his father. Mr. Ogilby; on the other hand, though indifferent as to the fate of the thorn-bushes, yet, pleased with the opportunity of shewing to his son the beauties of the opening day, was no less eager to quit his

his bed. They dressed themselves hastily, took their instruments, and set forward on the expedition. Algernon went before with an air of triumph, and Mr. Ogilby had some difficulty to keep up with him. As they approached the bushes, they saw a number of little birds flying backwards and forwards amongst them, and fluttering about the branches. Softly! said Mr. Ogilby to his son. Let us suspend our vengeance for a moment, for fear of disturbing those innocent creatures. Let us go up again to that part of the hill where we sat yesterday evening, and examine what it is that those birds seem to seek so busily. They went up the hill, seated themselves, and looked on. They saw that the birds were employed in carrying away those bits of wool in their beaks, which the bushes had torn from the sheep the evening before. There came multitudes of yellow-hammers, chaffinches, linnets and nightingales, who loaded themselves with this plunder. What is the meaning of that? cried Algernon, quite astonished. It means, replied his father, that Providence takes care of the smallest creatures, and furnishes them with every expedient for their happiness and preservation. You see, the poor birds find here a lining for the habitation which they prepare for their young. They make ready, you see, a very comfortable bed for themselves and their little family. Thus the honest thorn-bush, against which you were so easily provoked yesterday, unites the inhabitants of the air with those of the earth. He takes from the rich his superfluities, to satisfy the wants of the poor. Will you come now, and cut him down? Heaven forbid, cried Algernon. Thou art right, my son, replied Mr. Ogilby. Let him flourish in peace, since he makes so generous a use of his conquests.

J O S E P H.

THERE lived once in Bristol a crazy person whose name was Joseph. He never went out without having five or six wigs on his head at once, and as many muffs upon each of his arms. Though his senses were disordered, he was not mischievous, and must be teased a long time to be put in a passion. Whenever he walked

the streets, a number of troublesome little boys would come out of the houses and follow him, crying, Joseph! Joseph! how do you sell your wigs and your muffs? Some of them were even so ill-natured as to throw stones at him. Though Joseph commonly bore all these insults very quietly, yet he was sometimes so tormented that he would fall into a fury, and take up stones or handfuls of dirt to throw at the rabble of boys. Such a combat as this happened one day before the house of Mr. Denham. The noise drew him to the window, and he beheld with grief his own son Henry engaged in the fray. As soon as he perceived this, he shut down the sash, and went into another chamber. At dinner, Mr. Denham said to his son, Who was that man that you was running and hallooing after?

Henry. You know him very well, papa. It is the crazy man called Joseph.

Mr. Denham. Poor man! What can have occasioned this misfortune to him?

Henry. They say that it was a lawsuit for a great estate. He was so grieved at losing it that he has lost his senses too.

Mr. Denham. If you had known this man at the very time when he was stripped of his estate, and if he had said to you, My dear Henry, I am unfortunate; I have just lost an inheritance which I long enjoyed peaceably; all my property is gone to support the expence of a law-suit; I have now neither town-house nor country-house; in short, nothing upon earth left. Would you have laughed at him then?

Henry. God forbid! who could be so wicked as to laugh at a man in his misfortunes! I should much rather have endeavoured to comfort him.

Mr. Denham. What, then, is he happier now, when he has lost his reason besides?

Henry. On the contrary, he is much more to be pitied.

Mr. Denham. And yet this day you insult and throw stones at an unfortunate man, whom you would have endeavoured to comfort when he was less an object of pity.

Henry. My dear papa, I have done wrong; forgive me!

Mr.

Mr. Denham. I pardon you willingly, if you are sorry for your fault. But my pardon is not sufficient. There is another whose forgiveness you have still to ask.

Henry. You mean Joseph.

Mr. Denham. And why Joseph?

Henry. Because I offended him.

Mr. Denham. If Joseph had retained his senses, it would certainly be his pardon that you should demand; but as he is not able to understand what is meant by pardon, it were useless to address yourself to him. Yet you think that every one should ask pardon of those whom he has offended?

Henry. So you have taught me, papa.

Mr. Denham. And do you know who it is that has commanded us to have compassion upon the unfortunate?

Henry. God.

Mr. Denham. And yet you have not shewn compassion to poor Joseph: on the contrary, you have aggravated his misery by your insults. Do you think that such conduct does not offend God?

Henry. Yes, I acknowledge it, and will ask forgiveness of him to-night in my prayers.

Henry kept his word; he repented of his fault, and at night asked pardon of God from the bottom of his heart. And he not only ceased to trouble Joseph for several weeks himself, but he hindered also others of his comrades from insulting him. In spite of his fair resolutions, however, he happened one day to mix in the rabble of boys who were following him. 'Tis true, it was purely out of curiosity, and only to see the tricks that they played upon this poor man. Now and then he could not refrain from hallooing like the rest, Joseph! Joseph! and by degrees came to be the foremost in the mob. At length Joseph's patience being tired by the shouts that pursued him, he turned short about, and taking up a large stone, threw it at him with such violence that it grazed his cheek, and almost cut off part of his ear. Henry returned home all over blood, and roaring heartily. It is a just punishment on you from God, said Mr. Denham. But, replied Henry, Why have I alone been hurt, while my companions, who used him much worse than I did, have not been punished? The reason is, answered his father, that you knew better than the others, what a fault you were committing

committing, and consequently your offence was more criminal. It is very just that a child who knows the commands of God, and of his father, should be doubly punished, whenever he has such a disregard of his duty as to violate them.

THE LITTLE GLEANER.

A DRAMA, in one ACT.

CHARACTERS.

LORD BEVIL.

MARCELLUS,

HARRIET,

MRS. JENNINGS.

EMILY,

HARDY,

his Son.

his Daughter.

her Daughter.

Bailiff to Lord Bevil.

SCENE. *A new reaped field, on which remain still several sheaves of corn. On one side appears a nobleman's seat; on the other several cottages, and other objects that adorn a rural prospect.*

SCENE I.

(The stage represents a field of corn covered with sheaves.)

Emily, *(holding with both hands a basket full of ears of corn. She sits down near a sheaf.)*

COME, this is not a bad beginning! what joy will this be for my poor mother! *(She lays her basket on the ground, and looks at it with an air of satisfaction.)* That old reaper! how good-natured he was to fill my basket! I might have run about here and there all the day, and never have picked up so much as half of this. God reward him for it! but here are still some ears upon the ground: if I could only glean a handful or two—*(She presses down the corn ears in her basket with both hands.)* I can make it hold them by pressing down a little, and besides, I have my apron. *(She rises, takes the two corners of her apron in one hand, and prepares to put into it with the other the ears of corn that she gathers, when a noise*

is heard.) O dear! Yonder is a man coming towards me, who seems to be angry. Yet I do not think that I have done any harm.

S C E N E II.

Emily, Hardy.

Hardy, (seizing her by the arm.) Ah! little thief! have I caught you at it?

Emily. What do you say, sir? I am not a thief. I am an honest little girl, I can tell you that.

Hardy. An honest little-girl! you an honest little girl! *(Snatches the basket out of her hands.)* What have you got in this then, my honest little girl?

Emily. Ears of corn, as you see.

Hardy. And did these ears of corn grow in your basket?

Emily. Ah! if they grew there, I should not have occasion to take so much trouble in gathering them up and down the fields.

Hardy. Then they are stolen?

Emily. Pray, sir, do not treat me so ill. I would rather die of hunger, and my mother too, than do what you say.

Hardy. Blood! why they did not throw themselves into your basket of their own accord, did they?

Emily. Oh dear! you terrify me with your swearing. But only hear me. I went to glean down in yonder field, and there was a good-natured old man who saw me at work. Poor child! said he, how she labours! I will assist her. There were some sheaves lying in the field, and he pulled out of them whole handfuls of ears, which he threw into my basket. What is given to the poor, said he, God repays; and—

Hardy. Aha! I understand you. The old man in that field below filled your basket with ears that you have been pulling here out of our sheaves. Heh!

Emily. Nay, then you may go and ask himself. He can tell you.

Hardy. I go and ask him! yes, you may wait for that. I have caught you here; that is enough.

Emily. But when I tell you that I have not touched a single sheaf! the few ears that I have in my apron, I picked

picked up from the ground, because I thought that was allowed. However, if you do not choose that I should, I am ready to return them. There, these are yours.

Hardy. No, no; these shall remain with the other, and you shall remain with the basket, wherever it goes. Come follow me to the house of correction.

Emily. (*Frightened.*) How! You don't say so, my dear sir!

Hardy. Oh! yes, your dear sir! but I should be much dearer if I let you escape, should I not? To the house of correction I say, come, come along!

Emily. Ah! pray, for God's sake!—I have picked up nothing here but the handfuls of ears that I returned to you. What would my poor mother say, if I should not go home the whole day, and if she heard that I had been put in prison? it would be enough to kill her.

Hardy. A great loss! the parish would be well rid of her.

Emily. (*Begins to cry.*) Ah! if you knew what a good mother she is, and how poor we are! you would pity us.

Hardy. I am not here to pity people. I am here to take them up, when they trespass upon my lord's grounds, and to clap them in prison.

Emily. But when one has done nothing, when one is innocent as I am?—

Hardy. Oh! yes, tell me of your innocence! what, come here and steal a whole basket full of corn, and then tell me a thousand lies! come, come, walk along!

Emily. Ah! my dear sir, have compassion on me. Take my basket if you will; alas! my little store will hardly make you much richer. But let me go, I entreat you; if not on my own account, at least for the sake of my poor mother. I am all the comfort and help that she has.

Hardy. If I let you go, it is not on account of your mother at least, that I can tell you; I could wish her a hundred miles off: it is only on your own, because your whimpering has moved me a little. But do not expect to have your basket too; the law seizes on it as forfeit. Then, at sessions, their worships will lay on a swinging fine, and if that is not paid, off to prison, and turn out of the village. (*Takes the basket upon his shoulder. Emily weeps bitterly and kneels to him.*) Go, do not tease me,

or you will see what is to be got by that! (*goes off muttering.*) Only see, if one were not always to be on the watch after them, little as they are, they would run away, I do believe, with the fields themselves.

S C E N E III.

Emily (alone.)

(*She sits down on the ground and rests her head upon a sheaf. For some moments, she weeps in silence; at last she rises and looks about her.*) Ah! he is gone; the ill-natured man! he has carried away what was all my satisfaction. I have lost every thing; my ears of corn, my pretty basket and all; and besides, who knows what they will do to my poor mother and me? (*After a short pause.*) How happy those little birds are. They at least are permitted to come and take some grains for their food, and I—but who knows whether some ill-natured man, like this, be not watching them now, to kill them with his gun. I will frighten them all away, and then I will go myself; for, perhaps, they would punish me for having rested my head on this sheaf.—But what two children are those coming this way?

S C E N E IV.

Marcellus, Harriet, Emily (wiping her eyes.)

Marc. Aha! was it you then, little girl, that the bailiff surprized just now, stealing the ears of corn from our sheaves? (*Emily sobs, but cannot answer.*)

Harriet, (looking at her attentively, and taking her brother aside.) She seems to be a very good little girl, Marcellus. See how she cries! Do not reproach her any more! that will afflict her worse; and it is not worth while, for a few ears of corn that she has picked up—(*Goes to her.*) My poor child, what makes you cry?

Emily. Why, they accuse me unjustly; and perhaps you think me in fault.

Marc. Then you are not in fault?

Emily. No, indeed, you may believe me. I went into that field down there to glean. An old reaper took pity on my fatigue, and filled my basket with ears of corn. I then

then came here, to pick up a few others that I saw scattered about. Your ill-natured bailiff found me near this sheaf, and accused me of stealing. He took away my basket, and would have carried me to prison, if my entreaties and tears for my mother had not at length prevailed on him to let me go.

Harriet. Ah! I should be glad to see him dare to molest you! We have a good papa, who does not suffer any ill to be done to the poor, and who would soon have released you.

Marc. Ay, and who will very soon make him give you back your basket. I promise you that.

Emily, (joyfully.) O dear! do you think so, my sweet little master?

Harriet. Marcellus and I will go, and will so beg of him—Do not be uneasy. He is never so well pleased with us as when we speak to him in favour of poor people. And besides, we could get you your basket again without speaking to him.

Emily. Ah! how happy you are, my pretty little miss, not to want help from any body, and even to be able to help others!

Marc. Are you very poor then, my little girl?

Emily. One must needs be poor, that comes here glean-
ing, with so much trouble, what is to make a little bread.

Harriet. What! is it for bread that you come gathering the ears of corn? I thought that you intended to toast the grains on a hot fire-shovel, and so to eat them, as my brother and I do sometimes when nobody sees us.

Emily. O dear! no. My mother and I intended to beat the corn out of those ears, and to give it to the miller, that we might have flour to make bread.

Harriet. But, my poor child, you could not have much out of that, and it would not last you very long.

Emily. Why, suppose we had only enough for a day or two, my mother and I should have a day or two the more to live.

Marc. Well! that you may have another day certain, I will give you this shilling which I have kept the last of all my money because it is quite new.

Emily. Ah! my good little master! So much money! No, no, I dare not take it.

Harriet (smiling.) So much money! Take it, never fear! If I had my purse about me I would give you much more; but I keep it for you, and you shall not be a loser.

Marcellus, (still holding out the money.) Come, take it! *(Emily blushes, receives the money, and curtsies to him without speaking.)*

Marc. This is doing only half. I will run as fast as I can after our bailiff, and make him give me back the basket, or else——

Emily. Oh! sir, do not give yourself that trouble. You have promised to assist me, that is enough for me.

Harriet. Tell me, where do you live?

Emily. Just by, in the village.

Marc. We never saw you before; and yet we come here along with papa every year, about harvest-time.

Emily. We have been here only a week, and live with a good old woman called Margaret who has shewed much friendship to my mother; Oh! a great deal of friendship indeed.

Harriet. What, old Margaret?

Marc. Why, we know her. She is the widow of a poor weaver who was out of work. My papa makes her come sometimes to weed in the garden.

Harriet. Will you take me to your mother's?

Emily. It would be too great an honour for her. A young lady of quality, like you——

Harriet. No, no; our papa will not let us think ourselves to be any better than other people, and if you have no other reason——

Emily. None at all; so far from it, you may help me to comfort her for the loss of my basket and my corn. And then, that naughty man that threatened us——

Marc. Fear none of his threats! While my sister is going with you to your mother's, I will run after him, and I think——You will come back here again?

Emily. If you chuse it, my good young master.

Marc. Your basket shall be here before you return.

Emily. Perhaps I shall bring my mother with me, to thank you.

Harriet. Come along! let us hasten to find her! *(Takes Emily by the hand, and goes out with her.)*

S C E N E

S C E N E V.

Marcellus (alone.)

How happy are my sister and I, not to be obliged, like this poor child, to go about picking up ears of corn for our food. Really, this little girl speaks as if she were born to something better. She has not that dirty vulgar appearance of other cottage girls. Oh! certainly papa will oblige me so far.—But here he comes along with Hardy. That is clever! here comes the basket too.

S C E N E VI.

Marcellus, Lord Bevil, and Hardy.

Marc. (running up to his father.) Ah! dear papa, how glad I am to meet you!—*(To Hardy.)* Give me this basket!

Hardy. Softly! softly, sir! You will pull my arm off!

Lord Bevil. What do you want with that basket, Marcellus?

Marc. It belongs to a poor little girl from whom this wicked Hardy took it, as well as the ears of corn that had been given her. You shall hear the whole, papa.

Hardy. So, so, one is wicked then for doing one's duty, and for not assisting rogues in their dishonesty! Why does my lord give me wages?

Lord Bevil. I have often told you, Hardy, it is for hindering vagrants from haunting my grounds and incommoding my labourers, but not for seizing poor people and dragging them to prison: far less, if they be honest persons, reduced by necessity to seek a mite of nourishment from my superfluity, and who meddle with nothing but a few ears of corn that lie scattered after a rich harvest.

Hardy. In the first place, I do not hinder them to glean as much as they will, after the corn is in; but while there is one sheaf on the ground——

Marc. (ironically.) Why do not you say too, after the fields are fallow, or covered with snow? There is a great deal to pick up, indeed, after the harvest is got home!

Hardy. You do not understand these affairs, master.— In the next place, who can answer to us that these are not thieves?

Marc. Thieves! bless me, thieves! The little girl told me that she had not taken a single ear of corn here, and that it was an old reaper in the next field who filled her basket for her.

Hardy. That is good! she told you: as if there was a word of truth in what those gentry say! I caught her here close by a sheaf.

Lord Bevil. Pulling out the ears of corn?

Hardy. I won't say so much as that. But how do I know what she had been doing before I came up? And then is not all that story false of an old reaper who filled her basket for her? Oh! it is very like the country people here; those folks are so charitable!

Marc. Now I'll maintain that those ears of corn were given her, for she told me so: and so good a little girl I am sure would not tell a story.

Hardy. And pray, master, have you never told a story? yet we all look upon you to be an excellent young gentleman.

Marc. Do you hear, papa, how this fellow Hardy treats me? (*to Hardy, angrily.*) No, if I told stories I should be a wicked boy; but I do not, nor this good little girl neither. And it is you that are a——

Lord Bevil. Softly, Marcellus; I am thus far satisfied with your defence. We should believe all men honest, until we are convinced of the contrary. But we should never be in a passion with those who are of a different opinion: we should rather endeavour to bring them by gentleness to a more satisfactory and just way of thinking.

Hardy. No, no, my Lord, it is much better to believe all men wicked, until we see beyond a possibility of doubting that they are honest; that is much the wisest maxim. Whenever I meet an ox in my road, I always suppose him to be mischievous, and get out of his way. It may happen that he is not dangerous, but I run no risque in being cautious. The surest way is always the best.

Lord Bevil. If all men had your manner of thinking, with whom could we live? And what dealings could ever have subsisted between you and me, if instead of putting you into an honest service upon my estate, in order to af-

ford

ord a livelihood to a disbanded old soldier, I had given you up to the magistrate as a vagrant, having neither discharge nor certificate?

Hardy. Yes, that is very true; but it is also true that I am an honest man.

Lord Bevil. I do not keep you in my service but because I am persuaded of that: but I had no foundation for believing it at first, except your word and your countenance.

Marc. My dear papa, if you depend upon one's word and countenance, you will much sooner believe our little girl than Hardy.

Hardy. Ay, Master! look at my face. Your papa will certainly be well satisfied with the countenance of your little girl, if it conveys so favourable an impression as mine does.

Marc. Oh! yes, it becomes you very well with that bear's face, to——

Lord Bevil. Fie, Marcellus!—Hardy, do you know this little girl?

Hardy. Yes, my Lord; I know her and I do not know her. I know that she has been here about ten days with her mother; but how or why they came here, the overseers can best inform you. And to speak my mind freely, it is ill done of them to receive such folks into the parish to increase the expence of the poor's rate.

Marc. Well then, I'll take that expence upon me; yes I.

Hardy. Why, have you any thing of your own, Sir?

Marc. If I have nothing, my papa has enough.

Hardy. In the mean time, all the parish murmurs; but when once you grease the fist of people in office, (*imitates the action of counting money*) for I am pretty sure the overseers——

Marc. Look ye there, if he is not speaking ill of the overseers! it would be well done to tell them.

Lord Bevil. Softly, child. I see, Hardy, it is impossible to cure your suspicious temper; so that I am inclined to suspect too, in my turn. You judge that this little girl has filled her basket here, because you found her in my field near a sheaf. You judge that the overseers would receive a bribe, because they have admitted a poor family into the village. Well then, I judge that you

only kept this child's basket, because she had no money or tobacco to give you; and that in such case you would have freely released her.

Hardy. How, my Lord! can you imagine?—

Lord Bevil. Why may not I think of you, as you allow yourself to think of others?

Hardy. Well, my Lord, I had better hold my tongue. And were I to see those beggars carry away your fields, your groves and your meadows—Shall I take this basket to the steward?

Marc. Oh no, no, dear papa, I beg it as a favour.

Lord Bevil. Hardy, you will carry it to the poor woman's house, and make an apology to the little girl.

Hardy. An apology? my Lord, an apology? can you think of such a thing? I go and make her an apology! for what?

Marc. For what? for having given her so much uneasiness without cause, and for having affronted her by accusing her of a base action.

Hardy. If they have not an apology nor basket until I—

Lord Bevil. Hardy, if I had been guilty of injustice to you, I should never hesitate to make amends. And to convince you of it, I will go myself: I will carry back the basket, and make an apology in your name.

Hardy. Or, rather do you Master Marcellus take that charge upon you.

Marc. Oh! with all my heart. Papa, the little girl is to come back presently with Harriet, who is gone to comfort her mother. I must wait for her.

Hardy. In that case, I have no business here. (*He goes off muttering.*) I see we shall have so many beggars in this village, that we must soon go begging ourselves.

SCENE VII. •

Lord Bevil, Marcellus.

Marc. Papa, do you hear what he says?

Lord Bevil. Yes, my dear: I am willing to excuse his humours.

Marc. But how can you keep so ill-natured a man?

Lord

Lord Bevil. He is not ill-natured, my dear; but his overmuch zeal to serve us leads him astray. He is most faithfully attached to me, and fulfils his duty punctually.

Marc. But then, if he is unjust?

Lord Bevil. You heard him say, that he did not think he was. His only fault is, that he follows his orders too literally, and that he has not discernment enough to make the proper distinctions between persons and circumstances.

Marc. Pray, papa, explain that to me.

Lord Bevil. With pleasure, my dear. When I fixed him in his employment, I gave him in charge to rid my grounds of vagrants, and to carry all such, when found upon them, before a justice. This order could only regard those wretches who live by thefts and robberies, or should come to defraud or molest my tenants.

Marc. Ah! I understand. Whereas he looks upon all those as rogues who subsist upon the charity of others, and never informs himself whether old age, sickness, or inevitable misfortunes, have reduced them to that condition.

Lord Bevil. Very right, my dear boy! for circumstances alter things exceedingly. For instance, you did not shew sufficient reflexion in your dispute with him. Can you tell whether the mother of this little girl is not a dishonest person? whether the little girl herself has not told you an untruth, and actually stolen those ears of corn out of my sheaves?

Marc. No, my dear papa, that is impossible!

Lord Bevil. Why impossible? are you clearly informed of every thing? Do you know who she is, who her mother is, and with what view they have come here?

Marc. Ah! if you had only seen her! if you had only heard her speak! her language, her countenance, her tears! Then she is so poor as to have occasion for a handful of corn-ears to make her bread. Need one know more than this? Should I let a poor person perish with hunger, because I do not know as yet whether he merits my assistance?

Lord Bevil. Let me kiss thee, my dear boy! Preserve always these generous dispositions towards the poor, and God will bless thee, as he has blessed me, for the same sentiments, by giving birth to them in thy young heart. Mercy is always preferable to severity. A want of feeling can only lead to injustice; and if he who solicits our compassion does not merit it, the fault is his, not ours.

Marc. But, my dear papa, it is not prudent to commit to such men as Hardy an office which puts it in one's power to be unjust.

Lord Bevil. You would be right, my son, if I had left to him alone the power of condemning or acquitting. He can at most commit but a slight injury, which it is easy to remedy; and this inconvenience is unavoidable. To judge of things according to the principles of equity, I have in my steward a man of good understanding, upright and noble in his sentiments. He gave me a favourable account of the little girl and her mother, as soon as they were first received into the village, and informed me that they live with old Margaret, who is a very honest woman.

Marc. But what if Hardy had beat the little girl, as he threatened her?

Lord Bevil. Nothing could have carried him so far. I have forbidden him, on pain of losing his place, to strike any person whatsoever, even those whom he should surprise in doing any thing amiss; and he rigorously pursues the orders that I give him.

Marc. Ah! papa, here is my sister returning with the little girl.

S C E N E VIII.

Lord Bevil, Marcellus, Harriet Emily.

Marc. (running with the basket to Emily.) Here, my little girl, here is your basket. There has not been a single ear of it touched.

Emily. O my dear basket! how much am I obliged to you, my good little master! (*perceiving Lord Bevil.*) Who is that gentleman?

Harriet, (running towards her father, and jumping up to embrace him.) This is our good papa.

Marc. Oh! he is a good papa, indeed, that I can assure you; so that you have nothing to fear. Come, I'll introduce you to him. (*Coming forward.*) He has scolded old Hardy well, for treating you as he did.

Emily, (advances, respectfully towards Lord Bevil and curtsies to him.) I beg pardon, my Lord, for the liberty—but your Lordship's children are so good!

Lord

Lord Bevil, (aside.) Marcellus was right. Whoever looks on her cannot doubt her innocence. That graceful air, her manner of speaking, are proofs of no vulgar education.

Emily, (in a low voice to Marcellus and Harriet.) Have I made your papa angry? He is talking to himself.

Lord Bevil, (overhearing her.) No, my dear. If my children have behaved well to you, they have done no more than you appear to merit.

Harriet. Nor than she does really merit, papa. Ah! if you had seen her mother!

Lord Bevil. Who is your mother, my dear? By what means did you come to these parts? and how do you live?

Emily. We live—indeed I can scarce tell how. We live upon little or nothing. We spend the day, and sometimes the night, in spinning and working at the needle, to get us bread. Old Madge affords my mother lodging; and they sent me to-day into the fields to glean; but, indeed, my first attempt has not turned out well.

Marc. (in a whisper to Emily.) Better than you think! my sister will get papa's leave, that you shall have ears of corn without gleaning.

Lord Bevil. But where did you live before?

Emily. At Richmond, which is a few miles off. Living was too dear there. So old Margaret persuaded my mother to come to her, and offered her house-room for nothing.

Lord Bevil, (aside.) If people who are so poor exercise humanity to each other, what duties have not we to fulfil? *(to Emily.)* Is your father living; what is his profession?

Marc. I will lay a wager he is no working man.

Harriet. And so will I, especially since I have seen her mother.

Emily, (confused.) My father?—I have none. Indeed I never saw him. He died before I was born. Ah! if he was living now—

Lord Bevil. And do not you know who he was? What was his name?

Emily. My mother will inform you better than I.

Lord Bevil. Could I speak with her?

Harriet.

Harriet. Oh yes, papa, she is coming herself. She only begged a moment's time to put herself in order.

Lord Bevil. And who brought you up?

Emily. My mother entirely my lord. She taught me to read and write. She instructs me in my religion, and gives me some lessons in drawing.

Lord Bevil. In drawing! I have not a doubt remaining. This is a branch of some good family reduced by misfortunes to necessity.

Harriet. Ah! here she comes.

Marc. Is this she?

Lord Bevil, (aside.) I am impatient to clear up this mystery. This child recalls to my mind features that are well known to me, but whose I cannot recollect.

SCENE IX.

Lord Bevil, Mrs. Jennings, Marcellus, Harriet, Emily.

Emily, (running to meet her mother, who appears confused on seeing Lord Bevil.) Come, mama, do not be afraid! this is the papa of those two amiable children that shewed us so much good-nature; and he is very kind too, as kind as his children. *(Mrs. Jennings advances modestly. Harriet eagerly takes her hand, and draws her on towards her father.)*

Harriet. Oh! my papa knows all.

Mrs. Jenn. May I flatter myself that your lordship has not suspected my little Emily?—

Lord Bevil. The sight alone, madam, of you and your daughter is sufficient to convey the most favourable opinion of you both.

Marc. Is her name Emily? Oh! papa, it is easy to see that she was not born to be a gleaner.

Mrs. Jenn. The laws of necessity are sometimes severe, and as long as we do nothing dishonourable—

Lord Bevil. Nobody should blush for poverty; it may be found united to every virtue. But may I take the liberty, madam, to ask your name?

Harriet. Her name is Mrs. Lambert.

Mrs. Jenn. I should not disguise my real name from your lordship. I find myself, indeed, under the necessity of disclosing it to you, in order to justify myself in your

your lordship's opinion, for the state to which you see me reduced. Yet I should wish (*looking at the children*) to make this avowal to you without witnesses; not that I blush for my humble situation, but if my name was known, I should fear to meet among the lower class, some ungenerous souls, who would perhaps take a pleasure in mortifying me, because they sometimes see those who are in prosperity behave with the same want of generosity to themselves.

Marc. Well, I shall not listen

Harriet. And I will never mention a word of it, I assure you. Whoever you are, Emily shall always be my friend.

Lord B. Be assured, Madam, I should not enquire these particulars without being strongly interested in them; and unless I were resolved to make amends for the injustice of fortune.

Mrs. Jenn. I was born of a good family, though little favoured by fortune. I passed my youth in London, as companion to a Lady of the first rank. Eight years ago I became acquainted with Mr. Jennings, a lieutenant-colonel in the army, who had come to spend some months in town.

Lord B. (eagerly) Jennings! Jennings!

Mrs. Jenn. He conceived an affection for me, and his good qualities prejudiced me in his favour. I gave him my hand, and a few days after our marriage we retired to a small estate which he had in Dorsetshire.

Lord B. 'Tis the same! 'tis the same! I can trace his features in the face of this child.

Mrs. Jenn. How! my Lord.

Lord B. Go on, Madam, I conjure you.

Mrs. Jenn. I will be as brief as possible. We were beginning to enjoy, in a peaceful retirement, the happiness of a most tender union. But alas! the fatigues of the service had impaired my husband's health, and a severe illness seizing him, put an end to his life in a few days. (*sweeps*)

Harriet, (to Emily.) Poor child! you became an orphan very soon.

Emily. Ah, me; before I was even born.

Mrs. Jenn. He left me pregnant of this child whom you see. She was born in sorrow. As soon as my husband's

band's brothers, who were hard-hearted worldly men, saw that there was no male heir, they took possession of his property; and as we had delayed from day to day the formal attestations requisite to put our marriage articles in force, I was obliged to be satisfied with whatever they thought proper to allow for the subsistence of me and my daughter.

Lord B. Their ungenerous avarice gives room to suppose that the sum was small and could not last you long.

Mrs. Jenn. It sufficed to maintain me for a few years in Dorsetshire, during which time I continued to flatter myself with the expectation of obtaining a small jointure. But at length seeing all my hopes frustrated, I took the resolution of returning to London to my former benefactress. On my arrival, I learned that she had died a short time before. Having then no other resource than to sell what remained of my clothes and jewels, and to work with my own hands for a subsistence, I retired to Richmond, to live private and unknown. And there I met some time ago a woman whom I had formerly known, and who lives in this village.

Harriet. That is old Margaret, papa.

Mrs. Jenn. She had been servant to the Lady whom I mentioned. My attention to her during a severe illness attached her strongly to me. I explained my situation to her, and she proposed to me to come and live here, where I might enjoy a still more obscure retreat. I am indebted much to her hospitality, and as she has no relation to perform the last offices for her, she has given me to understand that I shall succeed to the possession of her little cottage. You see, my Lord—

Lord B. 'Tis enough, Madam. This generous woman shall not surpass me in gratitude. It gives me inexpressible joy to be able to repay a debt which I have contracted to your worthy husband.

Mrs. Jenn. How, my Lord, have you known my husband!

Marc. The father of this good little Emily?

Harriet. O my dear Emily, I see we shall keep you with us. But what is the matter? do you cry?

Emily. It is only for joy.

Lord B. To your husband I owe my life. How happy am I then in being able to repay that kindness to his wife and his child! I served under him last war. In a

dangerous engagement one of the enemy's horsemen had his sword lifted over me at a time when I was quite spent with fatigue, so that I must have perished if my brave lieutenant-colonel had not saved my life by rushing upon him at the very moment.

Mrs. Jenn. I know him well by this description. He was as brave as he was generous.

Lord B. Some days after, I was sent with a detachment upon a very dangerous expedition. We were surrounded and forced to yield after a long resistance. My baggage had been plundered, so that I was stript of both clothes and money. Colonel Jennings being informed of my situation procured me a recommendation to the enemy's general. Through his exertions I obtained every assistance requisite whilst under cure for a deep wound that I received. I was more than two years in recovering; and when we were ordered home, had barely time to pay him a visit of acknowledgment before I was obliged to go on board immediately for the West-Indies. I married there to my advantage; and in consequence of that circumstance, returned to England about six years ago. I was preparing to fly to him, when I heard that he was no more. I little thought that his wife and daughter experienced that reverse of fortune in which I am grieved to find you at present.

Mrs. Jenn. Good God! by what wonderful ways hast thou conducted me hither!

Marc. What, your father saved papa's life?

Harriet. How dearly we ought to love you?

Lord B. Come hither, Emily; thou shalt find in me the father whom thou hast lost. My children, too, have occasion for a second mother to replace her whom death has taken from them. The education that you have given your amiable child, (*Emily goes close up to him, and takes his hand*) shows me, Madam, how worthy you are to fill so delicate an employ. I shall take every necessary precaution that you may not have to dread a second time, the unforeseen strokes of adversity. (*To Emily, who still holds his hand*) Yes, my little dear, I will make no difference between you and my own children. You are the living image of your generous father, and are as worthy of my affection as he was of my gratitude.

Mrs. Jenn.

Mrs. Jenn, (with emotion.) How shall I answer, my Lord, to so much kindness! I have only tears to express what I feel.

Harriet, (embracing her.) My dear new mama! will you always be with us then, as well as Emily? You shall see how glad we will be to obey you.

Marc. Yes, and Emily shall be my other sister. She will certainly not go any more to glean. Ah! ill-natured Hardy, how I shall laugh at you now!

Mrs. Jenn. My dear little lambs! with what joy you fill my heart! Instead of one child then, I have now three; and no mother shall equal me in attention and tenderness to them. *(to Lord Bewil)* Will your Lordship permit me to go and impart these happy tidings to my good friend Margaret? I almost fear that she will die with joy.

Lord B. Nothing is more just, Madam; meantime I will go and order an apartment to be prepared for you at my house.

Harriet. Papa, will you give me leave to go with Emily and my new mama?

Marc. And me too, papa; I should wish to accompany them.

Lord B. With pleasure my dear children. Afterwards you will bring Mrs. Jennings and her daughter to our house, without forgetting good old Margaret whom I invite also to come and dine with us.

Marc. (to Emily, who is going to take the basket) No, Emily, this is not fit for you to carry now. Let the basket remain here.

Emily. Oh! Sir! I would not give this basket for any thing in the world. To it I owe my own happiness and my mother's; the happiness of knowing you; and in short my life and well-being. No, my dear little basket, I shall never blush to carry you. *(She lifts it up with difficulty.)*

Harriet. At least take the ears of corn out, it will be lighter.

Emily. No, no. They are mine. For the good old reaper gave them to me, whatever Hardy might say. I will make a present of them to old Margaret.

Lord B.

Lord B. She shall not be forgot next harvest, and from this day forward shall be assured of bread for her whole life.

Mrs. Jenn. May heaven reward you in your children for these acts of generosity!

CECILIA AND MARIAN.

BEFORE the sun had risen above the horizon to enliven with his splendor one of the finest mornings of the spring, young Cecilia went down into her father's garden to taste with more appetite, as she roved through its walks, the sweetness of a little cake of which she intended to make her breakfast.

Every thing that could add to the beauties of the rising day united to charm her. The pure breath of zephyr, while it diffused a calm around, refreshed every sense. Her palate was feasted with sweets; her eye with the lively freshness of the springing verdure; her smell with the balmy perfume of a thousand flowers; and that her ear alone might not be without its share of delight, two nightingales perching near her on the top of a green arbour, charmed her with their morning song. Cecilia was so transported with all these delicious sensations that her fine eyes were bedewed with a moisture which, however, rested on her eye-lids without dropping in tears. Her heart felt a soft emotion and was impressed with feelings of tenderness and benevolence. All at once this agreeable calm was interrupted by the sound of steps, and a little girl came forward towards the same walk, eating with great appetite a piece of coarse brown bread. As she, too, came into the garden for amusement, her eyes wandered from one object to another, without being fixed on any; so that she came close up to Cecilia before she perceived her. On seeing who it was, she stopped short a moment, and looked down; then like a young deer that is frightened, and almost as swift as one, she ran back again with all her speed. Stop, stop, cried Cecilia, wait for me; why do you run away? But these words made the little wild creature fly still faster. Cecilia pursued -

sued ; but, as she was less used to running, could not possibly come up with her. Luckily the little stranger had turned up another walk ; and that in which Cecilia was led directly to the garden gate. Cecilia, as sensible as she was pretty, slipped softly along by a close hedge that bordered the walk, and reached the end of it just as the little girl was going to pass by. She caught hold of her unawares, crying, Ah ! now you are my prisoner. Oh ! I have you fast, you cannot escape now. The little girl struggled to get out of her hands. Do not be ill-natured, said Cecilia to her ; if you knew how well I mean to use you, I am sure you would not be so shy. Come, my good child, come along with me for a moment. These friendly words, and still more, the gentle tone of voice with which they were pronounced, encouraged the little stranger, and she followed Cecilia into a summer-house that was near.

Is your father alive ? said Cecilia, making her sit down beside her.

Marian. Yes, Miss.

Cec. And what does he follow ?

Marian. Any trade at all to earn his bread. He came to day to work in your garden, and has brought me with him.

Cec. Oh ! I see him down there, upon the lettuce bed. It is fat Thomas. But what are you eating for your breakfast ? Let me see ; I want to taste your bread. Oh dear ! how it scrapes my throat ! Why does not your father give you better than this ?

Marian. Because he has not so much money as your papa.

Cec. But then he earns some by his work, and he could afford you household bread, or else something along with this to make it palatable.

Marian. Yes, if I was his only child ; but there are five of us, and we all eat heartily ; and then one wants a frock, and another a jacket, and that makes my father quite at a loss what to do. Sometimes he says, 'tis all in vain for me to work, I shall never earn enough to feed and clothe this young fry.

Cec. Then you never eat any plum cake ?

Marian. Plum cake ? what is that ?

Cec. See, here is some in my hand.

Marian.

Marian. La! I never saw any before in my life.

Cec. Taste a little of it. Don't be afraid. You see I eat it.

Marian, (joyfully.) Oh! dear Miss, how good it is.

Cec. I believe so. My good girl, what is your name?

Marian, (rising, and making her a low curtsy.) Marian, Miss, at your service.

Cec. Well, my good Marian, stop here for me a moment. I am going to ask something from my governess for you, and will return immediately. But don't you go away.

Marian. Oh! no; I am not afraid of you now.

Cecilia ran to her governess and begged her to give her some currant jelly for a little girl who had nothing but dry bread for breakfast. The governess was pleased with the good-nature of her amiable pupil. She gave her some in a cup, and a small roll at the same time; and Cecilia ran with all her speed to carry Marian this breakfast. Well, said she as she came up, have I made you wait long; Here, my good child, take this; lay down your brown bread, you will eat enough of that another time.

Marian, (tasting the jelly, and licking her lips.) It is like sugar. I never tasted any thing so sweet.

Cecilia. I am glad that you like it. I was pretty sure it would please you.

Marian. What, do you eat such as this every day? Ah! we poor people do not know what it is to taste it.

Cec. I am sorry for that. Hark ye, come to see me now and then, I will always give you some. But bless me, how healthy you look! Are you never sick?

Marian. Sick, what I? no never.

Cec. Do you never catch cold? or feel your head stuffed?

Marian. What sickness is that?

Cec. When one is always coughing, and blowing one's nose.

Marian. Oh, yes, that happens to me sometimes, but it is not a sickness.

Cec. And do they make you keep your bed then?

Marian. Ha! ha! my mother I dare say would make a fine noise if I were to take it in my head to be lazy.

Cec. Why, what work can you do? You are so little.

Marian.

Marian. Must not I go in the winter to get straw for our cow, and dry sticks to make the pot boil? and in summer must I not go to weed the corn, and in harvest time to glean and pull hops? Ah, Miss, we are never at a loss for work.

Cec. And are your sisters, too, as healthy as you?

Marian. Oh! we are all hearty, and as full of play as little mice.

Cec. Well, now I am glad of that; I was at first afraid that God took no care of so many poor children; but since you have your health, I see that he has not forgotten you. I am very well, too, in health, though certainly not so strong as you; but, child, you go barefoot; why do not you wear shoes and stockings?

Marian. Because it would cost my father too much money, if he was to give them to us all; so he gives none of us any.

Cec. And are not you afraid of hurting yourself?

Marian. I never once mind it. God almighty made the soles of my feet hard, like shoes.

Cec. I should not like to lend you mine; but how comes it that you have left off eating?

Marian. The time has past away in talk. I must now go and gather some greens for our cow. It will soon be eight o'clock, and she waits for her breakfast.

Cec. Well; take the rest of your roll with you; stop a moment; I will take out the crumb, and you shall put the jelly into the hollow of the crust.

Marian. I will carry it to my youngest sister. Oh! she will not be nice about it; she won't leave the least crumb, when once she tastes it.

Cec. Now I love you better than ever for thinking of your little sister.

Marian. I never get any thing good but I give her part. Good bye miss.

Cec. Good bye Marian; but remember to come here to-morrow at the same hour.

Marian. If my mother does not send me somewhere else, I'll warrant I shall not fail.

Cecilia had now tasted the happiness of doing good. She walked a little longer in the garden, thinking how happy she had made Marian, how grateful Marian had shewed herself, and how pleased her little sister would be

to taste currant jelly. What will it be, said she, when I give her some ribbands and a necklace. Mama gave me some the other day that were pretty enough; but I am tired of them now. Then I'll look in my drawers for some old things to give her. We are just of a size, and my slips would fit her charmingly. Oh! how I long to see her well dressed.

Next morning Marian slipped into the garden again. Cecilia gave her some gingerbread that she had bought for her. Marian did not fail to come every day, and Cecilia thought of nothing but new dainties to give her. When her pocket-money was out, she begged her mama to order her something out of the pantry, and her mother consented with pleasure. It happened however, one day, that Cecilia received an answer which grieved her. She was entreating her mother to advance her a little of her weekly allowance to buy shoes and stockings for Marian, that she might not go barefoot. No, my dear Cecilia, answered her mother. And why, mama? I will tell you at dinner my reasons for wishing that you would be a little more sparing towards your favourite. Cecilia was surprized at this refusal. She never longed so much for dinner-time as that day. At length they sat down to table. Dinner was half over before her mother spoke a word concerning Marian. At length, however, a dish of shrimps that was served up furnished Mrs. Allen with an opportunity of beginning the conversation thus.

Mrs. A. Ah! here is my Cecilia's favourite dish, is it not? I am glad they have brought some up to-day.

Cec. Yes, mama, I like shrimps very well, and at this season they are good.

Mrs. A. I dare say that Marian would like them still better than you do.

Cec. Ah! my poor Marian! I suppose she has never seen any. If she was only to look at these long whiskers, she would be frightened; oh! so frightened! I think I see her running away with all her speed. Mama, if you will give me leave, I should be curious to see how she would look. There, I will take only two for her, two of the smallest.

Mrs. A. I am almost unwilling to consent to your request.

Cec.

Cec. Why so, mama? You that do good to every body? I asked you this morning, too, for a little money to buy shoes and stockings for Marian, and you refused me. Marian surely must have vexed you. Has she done any mischief in the garden? oh! I shall be sure to scold her.

Mrs. A. No, my dear Cecilia, Marian has not displeased me. But do you wish by your kindness to her to make her happy or unhappy?

Cec. Happy, mama. God forbid that I should wish the contrary.

Mrs. A. I could wish, too, with all my heart, to see her more fortunate, since she has gained your esteem. But is it true, Cecilia, that she eats her bread quite dry for breakfast?

Cec. It is very true, mama. I would not deceive you.

Mrs. A. How! and has she been content with it till now?

Cec. O dear! yes, and I never eat a tart with more pleasure than she eats her brown bread.

Mrs. A. Then I should think she has a good appetite. But I can hardly imagine that she goes barefoot.

Cec. I have always seen her barefoot. Ask the gardener else.

Mrs. A. Then she makes them all over blood, when she walks on the gravel or pebbles.

Cec. Not at all. She runs about in the garden like a little deer; and she says, laughing, that God almighty has made the soles of her feet hard, like a pair of shoes.

Mrs. A. I know that you never tell stories, but I confess that I can hardly believe what you say now. I should be glad to see the wry faces that my Cecilia would make in eating her bread quite dry, without butter or sweetmeats.

Cec. Oh! I know it would stick in my throat.

Mrs. A. Nor should I be less curious to see how she would set about walking barefoot.

Cec. Well then, mama, do not be angry, but yesterday I had a mind to try. Being all alone in the garden, I took off my shoes and stockings to walk barefoot. I felt my feet sadly hurt, but still I walked on. At last I struck against a stone. Oh! that did so pain me, that I went back as softly as I could, and put on my shoes and stockings,

stockings, and I promised fairly never to walk barefoot again. My poor Marian! yet she is so all the summer.

Mrs. A. But how comes it, then, that you cannot eat dry bread, nor walk barefoot as she does?

Cec. The thing is, perhaps, that I am not used to it.

Mrs. A. Why then, if she uses herself, like you, to eat sweet things, and to wear shoes and stockings, and afterwards if the brown bread should go against her, and she should not be able to walk barefoot, do you think that you would have done her any great service?

Cec. No, mama: but I mean that she shall never be obliged to do so again all her life-time.

Mrs. A. A very generous design! and will your pocket-money be sufficient for that?

Cec. Oh! yes, mama, if you will only add ever so little to it.

Mrs. A. You know that my heart is never against helping the distressed, whenever an occasion offers. But is Marian the only child that you know in necessity?

Cec. Nay, I know many others beside. There are two, especially, just by in the village, that have neither father nor mother.

Mrs. A. And they without doubt stand much in need of assistance.

Cec. Oh! they do indeed, mama.

Mrs. A. But if you give Marian every thing, if you feed her with biscuits and sweetmeats, while you let the rest die with hunger, will there be much justice and humanity in that management?

Cec. But now and then I shall be able to give them something. Yet, after all, I love Marian best.

Mrs. A. If you were to die, and Marian had been used to enjoy every indulgence—

Cec. I am pretty sure that she would cry for my death.

Mrs. A. Yes, I am convinced of that. But then would she fall into indigence again, and perhaps be obliged to do some disgraceful action, in order to live well and dress well as before. Who would then have the blame of her ruin?

Cec. (*sorrowfully.*) I should, mama. So then I must never give her any thing again?

Mrs. A. I do not think so; however, I should imagine that you will do well to give her sweet things seldomer, and to make her a present rather of a good coat.

Cec. Why, I was thinking of it. I will give her, if you please, one of my frocks.

Mrs. A. I suppose your muslin slip would become her surprizingly; especially without shoes or stockings.

Cec. Oh! every body would point at her. How shall we do then?

Mrs. A. If I were in your place, I would be sparing in my amusements for some time, and when I had saved a little money, would lay it out in buying whatever was most necessary for her. The stuff that poor children wear, is not very expensive.

Cecilia followed her mother's advice. Marian came seldomer indeed to see her about breakfast time, but Cecilia made her other presents that were more useful. At one time she would give her an apron; another time a petticoat; and she paid the schoolmaster of the village so much a month for her schooling, that she might improve herself perfectly in reading. Marian was so sensible of these kindnesses that she grew every day more tenderly attached to Cecilia. She came frequently to see her, and would say to her, Have you any commands for me? Is there any work that I can do for you? And whenever Cecilia gave her an opportunity of doing any slight service, it was pleasing to see with what joy Marian exerted herself to oblige her. One day she came to the garden gate to wait for Cecilia's coming down, but Cecilia did not come. Marian came back again, but could not see Cecilia. She returned two days successively, but no Cecilia appeared. Poor Marian was disconsolate, not finding her benefactress. Ah! said she, can it be that she does not love me? I have perhaps vexed her without meaning it. I am sure, if I knew in what, I would ask her pardon, for I could not live without loving her. Just then Mrs. Allen's maid came out. Marian stopped her. Where is Miss Cecilia? asked she. Miss Cecilia? replied the woman. She has, perhaps, not long to live. I am afraid that she is in her last moments. She has the small-pox. O dear heart! cried Marian, I won't let her die; and running to the stairs, she flies up into Mrs. Allen's chamber. Madam, said she, for God's sake tell me

me where is Miss Cecilia? I must see her. Mrs. Allen would have stopped Marian, but the door being half open, she had a sight of Cecilia's bed, and was already by her side. Cecilia was in a violent fever, alone, and very low in spirits; for all her little acquaintances had forsaken her. Marian, drowned in tears, took her hand, squeezed it in hers, and kissed it; saying, Ah! is it thus I find you! Do not die, I pray you; what would become of me, were I to lose you? I will stay with you night and day. I will watch over you, and serve you; will you allow me? Cecilia, squeezing her hand, signified to her that she would do her a pleasure in staying constantly with her. Marian was now become, with the consent of Mrs. Allen, Cecilia's nurse; and performed this part to admiration. She had a small bed made up for her close beside her little sick friend, and never left her a moment. On the slightest expression of pain from Cecilia, Marian rose immediately to know what she wanted. She gave her, with her own hands, the medicines ordered her by the physicians. Sometimes she would go and gather bulrushes, to amuse her by making handsome little rush baskets while she looked on. Sometimes she would tumble all Mrs. Allen's library over, to find pictures for her in the books. She exerted her imagination in search of every thing that was capable of diverting Cecilia from the sense of her illness. Cecilia had her eyes closed by the disorder for near a week. This time appeared to her very tedious! but Marian told her stories of what happened in the village; and as she had profited well by her lessons at school, read to her whatever she thought would give her pleasure. Now and then, too, she addressed her with the most sensible consolations. With a little patience she would say, God almighty will have pity upon you, as you have had pity on me. At these words she would weep, then quickly drying her eyes, Will you let me sing you a pretty song to divert you! Cecilia had only to make a sign, and Marian would sing her all the songs that she had learned from the young country maids round about. Thus the time passed over, without hanging heavy on Cecilia. At length by degrees her health was re-established: she could open her eyes again: her lowness of spirits left her: the poek dried up, and her appetite returned. Her face was

still covered with red spots. Marian seemed to look at her with more pleasure than ever, while she thought how narrowly she had missed losing her. Cecilia on the other hand regarded her with equal tenderness. How shall I be able to pay you, she would say, to my satisfaction, for all that you have done for me? She asked her mama in what manner she might recompense her tender and faithful nurse. Mrs. Allen, who was almost beside herself with joy to see her dear child restored to health after so dangerous an illness, answered her, Leave it to me. I shall take the charge of acquitting both your obligations and mine to her. She gave private orders to have a complete suit of clothes made for Marian, and Cecilia undertook to try it on her the first day that she should be allowed to go down into the garden. It was a day of rejoicing through the whole house. Mrs. Allen and all her family were transported with gladness at the recovery of Cecilia. Cecilia was delighted that she had it in her power to recompense Marian: and Marian was out of her wits with joy to behold Cecilia once more in the same spot where their acquaintance had commenced, and besides, to find herself new clad from head to foot.

L I T T L E J A C K.

MR. Churchill was returning home one day on horse-back, after taking a ride about his own estate. As he passed by the wall of a burying-ground belonging to a small village, he heard the groans of a person on the other side. This worthy gentleman had a heart too full of compassion to hesitate in flying to the relief of the unfortunate person whom he heard groan. He alighted, and giving his horse to the servant who followed him, sprang over the enclosure of the burying-ground. He stood on tiptoe, and looking all round, at length perceived in a corner, at the farthest end, a grave covered with earth that was still quite fresh. Upon this grave lay, at his full length, a child about five years old, who was weeping. Mr. Churchill approached him with looks
of

of kindness, and said to him, What dost thou do there, my little friend?

Child. I am calling my mother. They laid her here yesterday, and she does not get up.

Mr. Ch. That is because she is dead, my poor child.

Child. Yes, they say that she is dead, but I cannot believe it. She was so well the other day, when she left me with old Susan our neighbour; she told me she was to come back, but she does not come. My father is gone away too, and my little brother, and now the other little boys of the town won't have me.

Mr. Ch. Won't have you? why so?

Child. I do not know; but when I want to go along with them, they drive me away and leave me by myself. And they say naughty things, too, about my father and mother. That is what vexes me most of all. O mammy get up, get up!

Mr. Churchill's eyes filled with tears. You say that your father is gone away, and your brother too; where are they gone?

Child. I do not know where my father is; and my little brother went away yesterday to another town. There came a gentleman all in black, just like our parson, and took him away.

Mr. Ch. And where do you live now?

Child. With our neighbour Susan. I am to be there until my mother comes back, as she promised me. I love my other mammy Susan very well; but (*pointing to the grave*) I love my mammy that is here a great deal better. O mother, mother! why do you lie so long? when will you get up?

Mr. Ch. My poor child, you call her in vain, for you will never awake her.

Child. Well then, I will lie down here, and sleep by her. Ah! I saw her when they put her into a great chest to carry her away. Oh! how white she was! and how cold! I will lie down here and sleep by her.

Mr. Churchill could no longer refrain from tears. He stooped down, took the child up in his arms, and kissing him tenderly, said, What is your name, my poor little fellow?

Child. They call me Jackey when I am good, and when I am a bad boy they call me you Jack.

Mr. Churchill, though in tears, smiled at this answer. Will you take me to Susan? Oh yes, yes, Sir, answered the child; and running before Mr. Churchill as fast as his little legs could go, conducted him to Susan's door. Susan was not a little surprized on seeing a gentleman enter her cottage with little Jack, who pointing to her, and running to hide his face in her lap, said, That is she; that is my other mammy. She knew not what to think of so extraordinary a visit. Mr. Churchill, however, did not leave her long in suspense. He expressed to her the situation in which he had found the child, and the compassion that he felt for him; and at the same time requested her to favour him with every information concerning the parents of little Jack. Susan bade him be seated, and placing herself close by him, began thus. The father of this child is a shoe-maker, whose house joins mine. He is an honest, sober, laborious man, under thirty, and a comely person. His wife was a handsome woman, but did not get her health well. Withal she was very careful, and a good housewife. They were married about seven years ago, lived vastly well together, and would have made the happiest couple in the world, if they had been a little better in their affairs. John had nothing but his trade, and Margaret being left an orphan, brought her husband only a little money that she had saved in the service of a worthy clergyman, the curate of the next parish. This little sum was laid out in buying a bed, and a few other articles of household furniture, with a small stock of leather for his work. In spite of their poverty, they contrived to maintain themselves during the first years of their marriage, by dint of labour and good management. But children came on, and then began their difficulties. Yet still they might have made it out by doubling their industry, if misfortunes had not happened to them. Poor Margaret who had worked in the fields every day during the hay time, to bring home some money at night to her husband, fell sick of fatigue, and continued so all the harvest and all winter. Physick is very expensive, and then besides, the work did not go on so well, because John's customers left him one by one, as they were afraid of being ill served in a house where there was a sick wife. At last Margaret grew better, but her husband's business declined. He was obliged to

to borrow money to pay the apothecary ; and having lost all his customers, he was now quite out of work. At the same time Margaret could earn nothing ; her strength was so much reduced that nobody would give her employment. Besides, the rent of their house, and the interest of the money that they had borrowed, came heavily upon them. They were obliged more than once to suffer hunger, and thought themselves very happy when they had a morsel of bread to give to their children. At these words little Jack withdrew into a corner, and began to sob. With all this it happened that their hard-hearted landlord, seeing them not able to pay the rent of the two winter quarters, threatened John to put him in gaol. They begged hard of him to have patience until the hay-making came on, because then they could earn something by working in the fields ; but neither their entreaties nor their tears could soften him, though he is the richest man in the place. It was with much ado that he allowed them a month's delay ; but he swore that if at the end of that time he was not paid the whole, he would sell their furniture and put John in prison. Their house was now a picture of melancholy and patient distress, capable of softening a heart of stone. You may believe me, Sir ; I have often been grieved to the soul on hearing the complaints of these good neighbours, and not being able to relieve them. I went once myself to their landlord, and prayed him to have compassion on their extremity. I offered to pawn to him all that I possessed in the world. But it was to no purpose. You are no better than they are, answered he ; this it is to have such trash of tenants as you are all together. Ah ! Sir, (*here the tears trickled down Susan's cheeks*) I bore this reproach patiently, that I might not provoke him still more ; but oh ! how I suffered in being no more than a poor widow, and in not being able to afford the least comfort to those worthy people ! How much good the rich might do if they had the same inclination as the poor ! But to return to our unfortunate neighbours ; I advised Margaret to make known her distresses to the clergyman with whom she had lived some years as an honest and worthy servant, and to beg of him to advance her some money. She answered me, that she would speak about it to her husband, but that she could hardly think of doing so,

because the curate might imagine that they were reduced to want through their own bad management. Three days ago she brought me her two children as she used to do, and begged me to take care of them till the evening. She intended to go to a neighbouring village, and try if she could have some hemp from the weaver to spin, in order to clear her debt. She could never bring herself to go before the clergyman her old master; but her husband was to go in her stead, and he had set off the same day. I took charge of the children with pleasure, for I loved them very well, having been at the birth of them. Margaret, as she was going, clasped them to her breast and kissed them, as if it were the last time that ever she should see them. Her eyes were swimming in tears, and she said to the eldest, Jackey, I am to be back very soon, and then I'll come and fetch you. She took me by the hand, thanked me for being so good as to look after her children, kissed them once more, and departed. A little time after, I heard an odd sort of noise in her house, that went thump, as it were; but imagining that she was gone out, I supposed it might be only the inner door clapping to, and so did not think any more about it. Well, the evening came on, it grew dark night, and I saw nothing of my neighbour. I thought I would go to her house, and see if she was gone in to lay her hemp down before she came to fetch the children. I found the door open, and went in. But O heavens! how was I struck on beholding Margaret stretched at her length, stone dead, at the foot of the stairs. As for me, I stood motionless, and as cold as a stone. I did not know what to do. At length after trying in vain to recover her, I ran to the surgeon who came, and feeling her pulse, shook his head and sent directly for the coroner. They held an inquest, the surgeon being present, to examine how she came by her death; and they brought it in that she must have died suddenly, or that having fallen into a fit, and not being able to call for help, she expired in that condition. I can easily imagine how it happened. She had returned into her own house to go up to the loft for the bag that was to hold her hemp, and as her eyes were still dimmed with tears, she had missed her step in coming down, and fallen from the top of the stairs, with her head foremost, on the ground. The bag that was beside her shewed it plainly.

plainly. Yet for all that, the coroner thought otherwise. So the body was ordered to be buried the next morning before day-light in a corner of the church-yard, and an enquiry to be made after John, to know what was become of him. I proposed to the parish officers to keep the two children myself; for though I find it hard enough to live, yet, thought I, the bounteous God knows that I am a helpless widow; and if these two children come to my charge, will surely assist me to feed them. The younger brother to this did not stay long with me. Yesterday of all days, and even not long after Margaret had been buried, did the worthy curate her old master come by chance to see her. He knocked for some time at her door, and as nobody opened, he came to my window and asked me what was become of John Johnson the shoemaker that lived in the next house. I told him that if he would give himself the trouble to step in a moment, I had many things to tell him. He came in, and sat down there, just where you are. I told him all that had happened, which made him shed tears. Afterwards I told him that John had some thoughts of applying to him in his distress. He seemed surprized, and assured me positively that he had not seen John. The two children came up to him, and he fondled them a good deal. Little Jack asked him if he could not awake his mother, who had been a long time asleep. The tears came into the good curate's eyes when he heard the child talk so; and he said to me, Good woman, I will send to-morrow for these two little boys, and I will keep them at home with me. If their father returns, and should be able to bring them up, I shall restore them to him whenever he requires it. In the mean time I will take charge of their education. All this was not very agreeable to me; for I love these little innocents as if I were their mother; and it would have given me some pain to see them snatched from me so soon. Doctor, said I to him, I cannot consent to part with these children. I am used to them, and they are used to me.—Well then, my good woman, you must give me one of them, and I will leave you the other, since he is likely to be so happy with you; and from time to time I shall send you something towards his maintenance. I could not refuse the good parson this. He asked little Jack if he should not like to go with him. What, there

where my mother is? said Jack; oh yes, with all my heart.—No, my little man, I do not mean there! but to my handsome house, and my handsome garden.—No, no, let me stay here with Susan. I'll go every day to where my mother is. I would rather go there than to your handsome garden. The good gentleman did not chuse to trouble the child more, who had gone to hide himself behind the curtains of my bed. He told me that he would send his man for the youngest, who would give me more trouble than the other; and at his going, left me some money for this child. This, Sir, is all that I have to inform you of the parents of little Jack. What doubles my uneasiness at present is, that John does not return, and that a report goes in the parish, that he is gone to join a gang of smugglers, and that his wife killed herself for grief. These stories have gained such ground in the village, that there is not one, even to the children, but talks of them; and whenever my poor Jack would go amongst the other boys, they drive him away, and are ready to beat him. The poor child is quite dull, and never stirs out now, unless to go to his mother's grave.

Mr. Churchill had listened in silence to Susan's account, and was deeply affected by it. Little Jack was come again close up to her. He looked at her with fondness, and called her several times his mother. At length Mr. Churchill said to Susan, My worthy woman, you have conducted yourself very generously towards this unfortunate family: God will not fail to reward you for it.

Susan. I have done no more than my duty. We are sent into this world to assist and relieve each other. I always thought that I could do nothing more pleasing in the sight of God for all the blessings that I have received from him, than to comfort my poor neighbours to the utmost of my power. Ah! if I could have done more than I did! But I am possessed of nothing in the world except my cottage, a little garden where I have a few greens, and what I can earn by the work of my hands. Nevertheless, for these eight years that I have been a widow, God has always given me an honest support, and I hope will do so while I live.

Mr. Ch. But if you keep this child, the expence of maintaining him may be very inconvenient to you, before he be capable of earning his bread.

Susan.

Susan. I shall always take care not to let him want. We will share even to my last morsel of bread.

Mr. Ch. And how are you to furnish him with clothes?

Susan. I leave the care of that to him who clothes the fields with grass and the trees with leaves. He has given me fingers to sew and spin; they shall work to clothe our poor little orphan. Whosoever can pray and work, will never want.

Mr. Ch. Then you are resolved to keep little Jack with yourself.

Susan. Always, Sir; I could not live under the thought of sending away this destitute infant from me, or of letting him come upon the parish.

Mr. Ch. You are, I suppose, related to his family?

Susan. No otherwise than as neighbours and fellow-christians.

Mr. Ch. Then, as I am also related to both of you, by religion and humanity, I will not suffer you alone to have all the honour of doing good to this orphan, since God has provided me with the means for it more amply than you. Commit the education of little Jack to my care; and since you are so strongly attached to each other, and that your benevolence merits my esteem as much as the child's affection for his mother, I will take you both home with me, and provide for you. Sell your garden and your cottage, and come live at my house; there you shall have a comfortable support and a home for the rest of your life.

Susan. (*looking at him affectionately.*) Do not be angry at me, sir. May God reward you for all your goodness! but I cannot accept your offers.

Mr. Ch. And why?

Susan. In the first place, I am fond of the spot where I was born; and have lived so long; then again, I could not suit myself to the bustle of a great house, nor to the sight of so many folks in a family; neither am I used to ease or nice living. I should fall sick if I had nothing to do, or if I eat finer food than ordinary. Let me bide therefore in my cottage with my little Jack: it will do him no harm to live a little hard. Nevertheless, if you chuse to send him now and then a small matter, to pay for his schooling, and to furnish him with tools for whatever trade he may take up, the gracious God will not fail to pay you an hundred fold, at least this boy and I will pray daily

daily for you that he may: I have no child; he shall be instead of one to me; and what little I possess shall belong to him, whenever it pleases the Lord to call me to himself.

Mr. Cb. Well then, be it so. I do not wish that what I mean well should make you unhappy. I will leave little Jack with you, since you are so well together. Talk to him often of me, and tell him that I am in the place of a father to him, while you, on the other hand, will take upon you the cares and the name of the mother for whom he grieves so much. I shall send you every month what may be sufficient for your subsistence. I will come frequently to see you; and my visit shall be as much on your account as his.

Susan lifted up her eyes to heaven, and implored its favours on Mr. Churchill. She then said to the child, Come hither, Jackey, and ask this gentleman's blessing; he will be your father now. The little boy did so; but said presently to Susan, How can he be my daddy? he wears no apron. Mr. Churchill smiled at this innocent question of little Jack, and throwing his purse on the table, Farewel, said he, generous Susan! farewel my little friend! it shall not be long before you see me again. He then left them, and mounting his horse, took the road that led to the parish where the Curate lived who had taken home the younger orphan. He found the Curate reading a letter, on which he now and then shed tears. After the first civilities, Mr. Churchill explained the subject of his visit to the worthy divine, and asked him if he knew what was become of the father of those two unfortunate children. Sir, answered the Curate, it is not a quarter of an hour since I received this letter, written by him to his wife. It was enclosed in one to me, and contains a small draft for the use of his wife: he requests me to deliver it to her, and to console her for his absence. As she is dead, I have opened the letter: here it is; be so kind as to read it. Mr. Churchill eagerly took the letter, and read as follows:

Dear wife,

I cannot think without uneasiness on the trouble that my absence must have occasioned you. But let me inform you of what has happened to me. Being on my way to
the

the clergyman's house, I began to think in this manner! Of what use will it be to me to go begging thus? I shall only get rid of one debt by contracting another, and shall gain nothing but the uneasiness of thinking how to pay it. I that am yet young, and can work, to go and ask so much money? I shall be taken either for an idle fellow, or a drinker. The parson to be sure married us, and loves us as his children; but if he were to take a dislike, and refuse me! or on the other hand, if he were not able to relieve us! And then supposing that he advanced me the sum for a year, should I be sure to have it in my power to pay him? and if I did not, should not I be as bad as a thief? It would be defrauding him. Thus I reasoned, my dear Margaret, and began afterwards to think how I might extricate our affairs by acting in a juster manner. I often sighed and put up my prayers to heaven. At last it came into my head all at once, thought I, you are still a young man, you are stout and able bodied, what harm would there be if you went on board of a man of war for a few years? You can read and write, and cast accounts pretty well. You may still make a fortune for your wife and children; at least you may clear all your debts. Consider that if you have good success, and happen on some prize money, it will be the making of your wife. For above half an hour these were my thoughts, when at last I saw part of a press-gang at a distance behind me. They soon came up with me, and asked me whence I came, where I was bound, and whether I would go as a volunteer? I seemed at first not to like the sea, but they questioned me again, and promised me a bounty of five pounds. I told them that for so much I would serve during the war. Done, said they. Come along with us, my lad, and the affair shall be settled presently. They brought me before the lieutenant who asked me some questions; and I answered them so much to his satisfaction that he advanced my bounty immediately. And thus, my dear Margaret, I have entered the king's service to clear my affairs. I send you a draft for the five pounds. I would not keep a penny of it. Pay the forty shillings that we owe, and whatsoever else may be due. With the remainder do the best you can to keep house. Live well, that you may recover your strength. Clothe our children, and send them soon to school. I know

know that although you are handy and careful, you will not be able to make this sum last very long. But patience! my wages are 17s. 6d. *per month*; I will try if I cannot find a way to forward part of them to you at the end of a few months; and whenever we arrive in harbour, I shall ask leave to go on shore on purpose to see you. My dear Margaret, do not grieve; trust in God. We may soon have a peace. I will then return to you, and we shall begin housekeeping together once more. My lieutenant has promised me to write to our churchwardens, that the parish may not be uneasy on my account. Bring up our children carefully; make them stick to home, and be fond of work. Pray with them every day, and teach them their duty, that they may grow up to be honest men; for you are very capable of instructing them well. Live in the fear of the Lord, pray to him for me, and I will pray to him in your behalf. Answer me soon. You have only to give your letter to the doctor, he knows best how to direct it. Remember me to the two boys. Tell Jack that if he is a good lad, I will bring him home something at my return. God be praised for all things. Continue still to love me, who remain

Your ever faithful husband,

JOHN JOHNSON.

Mr. Churchill's eyes were filled with tears while he read this letter. When he had finished it, This man, cried he, may truly be called a good husband, a good father, and an honest man! Sir, there is a real pleasure in contributing to the happiness of such excellent people. As to John's debts, I will pay them and will enable him besides to take up his trade again decently. Let this money remain for the children who have cost their father dear; and let it be divided between them as soon as they are capable of doing for themselves. Till then keep it in your hands, and speak to them at times of it as of the strongest proof of a father's affection. I will pay you interest for it, to be joined with the capital; for I wish to have some part in this sacred deposit. The worthy curate was too much affected to be able to answer Mr. Churchill. The latter understood the force of his silence, and squeezing him by the hand, took his leave.

All his designs in favour of John have been executed. John, being safe returned, enjoys an easiness of circumstances which he never experienced before, and would be the happiest of men, but for his grief for the loss of Margaret. He finds no other comfort, than in talking of her constantly with Susan. This worthy woman looks upon herself as his sister, and as a mother to his children. Little Jack never lets a single day pass without going to his mother's grave. He has made so good a use of Mr. Churchill's generosity, in improving himself, that this excellent gentleman has it in view to establish him in the most advantageous manner. He has taken the same care of John's younger son, and he never mounts his horse without recalling to mind this affecting incident. Whenever he meets any subject of chagrin, he goes to see the persons whom he has made happy, and always returns home relieved of every uneasy sensation.

THE MASONS ON THE LADDER.

AS Mr. Dormer was walking one day with little Archibald his son, in one of the public squares, they stopped before a house that was building, and which was raised as high as the second story. Archibald remarked a number of workmen placed one above another upon the rounds of a ladder, who were moving their arms up and down successively. This appearance excited his curiosity. Papa, cried he, what game are those men playing? Let us go a little nearer to the foot of the ladder.

They placed themselves in a spot where there was no danger, and observed a man go and take a large stone from a heap, and carry it to another man placed on the first round of the ladder; and he, raising his arms above his head, handed the stone to a third who was placed above him, who, by the same operation, passed it up to a fourth; and thus, from one hand to another, the stone very soon reached the scaffold, where the masons were ready to make use of it.

What

What do you think of this sight? said Mr. Dormer to his son. Why are so many persons employed in building this house? Would it not be better that one man singly should work at it, and that the rest should go, and each build for himself?

Very true, indeed, papa, answered Archibald! there would then be many more houses than there are.

Do you consider well, said Mr. Dormer, what you now say? Do you know how many arts and trades are concerned in forming such a house as this? One single man, therefore, who would undertake a building, should be master of all these professions; so that he would spend his whole life in acquiring those different sorts of knowledge, before he could begin to build. But, supposing that he could in a short time perfect himself in every thing necessary to be known for the purpose; see him all alone, and without any assistance, first digging the earth to lay his foundation; then going to seek stone, hewing it, making mortar, plaister and white-wash; in short, preparing every thing necessary to a mason. See him full of ardor, taking his measurements, raising his ladders, erecting his scaffolds: but in what time do you think his house would be raised to the top?

Archibald. Ah! papa, I am greatly afraid that he would never be able to finish it.

Mr. Dormer. You are very right, child; and it is the same with all the labours of society. Were a man to withdraw himself totally and work for himself alone; were he to refuse to borrow the aid of others, fearing to be obliged to lend them his in return, he would exhaust his strength in the undertaking, and see himself quickly under the necessity of abandoning it: whereas, if men lend their assistance mutually, they execute in a short time the most puzzling and laborious works, to perform which each of them singly would require the course of a whole life. It is the same also with the pleasures of life: he who would taste them alone could procure to himself but few enjoyments; but let all unite in contributing to their mutual happiness, and each will find his share in this union.— You are one day to be a member of society, my dear child! Let the example of these workmen be always present to your memory. You see how much they ease and shorten their labours by mutually aiding each other. We will

will pass by here again, some days hence, and we shall find their house finished. Endeavour, therefore, to help others in their undertakings, if you wish that they should, in their turn, exert themselves to labour for you.

THE SWORD,

A DRAMA, in ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

LORD ONSBURGH.

AUGUSTUS, - *his Son.*HENRIETTA, - *his Daughter,*

ELDER RAYNTON,

YOUNGER RAYNTON, } *Friends of Augustus.*

ELDER DUDLEY,

YOUNGER DUDLEY,

CRAPE, - *a Servant to Lord Onsburch.*SCENE. *The Apartment of Augustus.*

SCENE I.

Augustus.

A HA! this is my birth-day! They did well to tell me, otherwise I should never have thought of it. Well, it will bring me some new present from papa. But, let's see what will he give me? Crape had something under his coat when he went into papa's room. He would not let me go in with him. Ah! if I were not obliged to appear a little more sedate than usual, I should have forced him to shew me what he was carrying. But hush! I shall soon know it. Here comes my papa.

SCENE II.

*Lord Onsburch, (holding in his hand a sword and belt.)**Augustus.*

Lord Onsb. Ah! are you there, Augustus? I have already wished you joy of your birth-day; but that is not enough, is it?

Aug.

Aug. Oh! papa—but what have you in your hand there?

Lord Onsb. Something that I fear will not become you well. A sword; look ye!

Aug. What! is it for me? Oh! give it to me, dear papa; I will be *so* good, and *so* diligent for the future—

Lord Onsb. Ah! if I thought that! But do you know that a sword requires a man? That he must be no longer a child who wears one, but should conduct himself with circumspection and decency;—and, in short, that it is not the sword that adorns the man, but the man that adorns the sword.

Aug. Oh! never fear me. I shall adorn mine, I warrant! and I'll have nothing to say to those mean persons——

Lord Onsb. Whom do you call those mean persons?

Aug. I mean those who cannot wear a sword and a bag: those who are not of the nobility, as you and I are.

Lord Onsb. For my part, I know no mean persons but those who have a wrong way of thinking, and a worse of conducting themselves; who are disobedient to their parents, rude and unmannerly to others: so that I see many mean persons among the nobility, and many noble amongst those whom you call mean.

Aug. Yes, I think in the same manner.

Lord Onsb. What were you talking then just now, of a bag and sword? Do you think that the real advantages of nobility consist in those fopperies? They serve to distinguish ranks, because it is necessary that ranks should be distinguished in the world. But the most elevated rank does only add more disgrace to the man unworthy to fill it.

Aug. So I believe papa. But it will be no disgrace to me to have a sword, and to wear it.

Lord Onsb. No. I mean that you will render yourself worthy of this distinction no otherwise than by your good behaviour. Here is your sword, but remember——

Aug. Oh! yes, papa. You shall see! (*He endeavours to put the sword by his side, but cannot. Lord Onsb. helps him to buckle it on.*)

Lord Onsb. Eh! why it does not fit so ill.

Aug. Does it now? Oh! I knew that.

Lord Onsb.

Lord Onsb. It becomes you surprizingly. But, above all things, remember what I told you. Good bye! (*Going, he returns.*) I had forgot. I have just sent for your little party of friends to spend this day with you. Observe to behave yourself suitably.

Aug. Yes, papa.

S C E N E III.

Augustus.

(*He struts up and down the stage, and now and then looks back to see if his sword be behind him.*) This is fine! this is being something like a gentleman! let any of your citizens come in my way now, No more familiarity if they do not wear a sword: and if they take it amiss—Aha!—out with my rapier. But hold! let us see first if it has a good blade, (*drawing his sword and using furious gestures.*) What, does that tradesman mean to affront me?—One,—two!—Ah! you defend yourself, do you?—Die, scoundrel!

S C E N E IV.

Henrietta, Augustus.

Henrietta, (who screams on bearing those last words.) Bless me! Augustus, are you mad?

Aug. Is it you, sister?

Henrietta. Yes, you see it is. But what do you do with that instrument? (*pointing to the sword.*)

Aug. Do with it? what a gentleman should do.

Henrietta. And who is he that you are going to send out of the world?

Aug. The first that shall dare to take the wall of me!

Henrietta. I see there are many lives in danger. And if I should happen to be the person—

Aug. You?—I would not advise you. I wear a sword now, you see. Papa made me a present of it.

Henrietta. I suppose to go and kill people, right or wrong.

Aug. An't I the honourable? If they do not give me the respects due, smack, a box on the ear: and if your little

little commoner will be impertinent,—sword in hand—
(*going to draw it.*)

Henrietta. Oh! leave it in quiet, brother. And lest I should run the risque of affronting you unknowingly, I wish to be informed what the respect is that you demand.

Aug. You shall soon see. My father has just sent for some of my young acquaintance. If those little puppies do not behave themselves respectfully, you shall see how I will manage.

Henrietta. Very well; but I ask you what we must do to behave ourselves respectfully towards you?

Aug. In the first place, I insist upon a low bow; very low.

Henrietta, (*with an affected gravity making him a low curtsy.*) Your lordship's most humble servant. Was that well?

Aug. No joking, *Henrietta*, if you please, or else—

Henrietta. Nay, I am quite serious, I assure you. We must take care to know and perform our duty to respectable persons. It would not be amiss to inform your little friends too.

Aug. Oh! I will have some sport with those fellows; give one a pull, t'other a pinch, and play all sorts of tricks on them.

Henrietta. Those, I take it, are some of the duties of a gentleman that wears a sword; but if those fellows should not like the sport, and return it on the gentleman's ears—

Aug. What! low vulgar blood? No, they have neither hearts nor swords.

Henrietta. Really, papa could not have given you a more useful present. He saw plainly what a hero was concealed in the person of his son, and that he wanted but a sword to shew him in his proper light.

Aug. Hark ye, sister! it is my birth-day, we must divert ourselves. However, you will not say any thing of it to papa.

Henrietta. Why not? he would not have given you a sword, if he did not expect some exploit of this sort from a gentleman newly equipt. Would he have advised you otherwise?

Aug. Certainly! you know that he is always preaching to me.

Henrietta. What has he been preaching to you, then?

Aug.

Aug. I don't know, not I. That I should adorn my sword, and not my sword me.

Henrietta. In that case you understood him properly, I must say. To adorn one's sword, is to know how to make use of it; and you are willing to shew already that you have that knowledge.

Aug. Very well, sister! You think to joke; but I would have you to know, madam——

Henrietta. Oh! I know extremely well, all that you can tell me; but do you know too, that there is one principal ornament wanting to your sword?

Aug. What is that? (*Unbuckles the belt, and looks all over, the sword.*) I do not see that there is the least thing wanting.

Henrietta. Really, you are a very clever swordsman. But a sword-knot, now? Ah! how a blue and silver knot would dangle from that hilt!

Aug. You are right, Henrietta. Hark ye! you have a whole band-box full of ribbands in your room; so—

Henrietta. I was thinking of it; provided that you do not give me a specimen of your fencing, or lay your blade about me in return.

Aug. Nonsense! here is my hand, that is enough; you have nothing to fear. But quick,—a handsome knot! When my little party comes, they shall see me in all my grandeur.

Henrietta. Give it to me, then.

Aug. (*giving her the sword.*) There, make haste! You will leave it in my room, on the table, that I may find it when I want it.

Henrietta. Depend on me.

S C E N E V.

Augustus, Henrietta, Grace.

Grace. The two Master Dudleys, and the Master Rayntons, are below.

Aug. Well! cannot they come up? Must I go to receive them at the bottom of the stairs?

Grace. My lady ordered me to tell you to come and meet them.

Aug. No, no; it is better to wait for them here.

Henrietta.

Henrietta. Nay, but since mama desires that you will go down——

Aug. Indeed, they are worth all that ceremony! Well, I shall go directly. Come, what are you doing? Will this make my sword-knot? Go, run, and let me find it on my table, properly done. (*Going out.*) Do you hear?

S C E N E VI.

Henrietta.

The little insolent! in what a tone he speaks to me! Luckily I have the sword. A proper instrument, indeed, in the hand of so quarrelsome a boy! Yes, yes, stay till I return it to you. My papa does not know you so well as I; but he must be told—Ah! here he is.

S C E N E VII.

Lord Onsburch, Henrietta.

Henrietta. You are come in good time, papa. I was going to you.

Lord Onsb. What have you then of so much consequence to tell me?—But what do you do with your brother's sword?

Henrietta. I have promised him to put a handsome knot to it; but it was only to get this dangerous weapon out of his hands. Do not give it to him again, whatever you do.

Lord Onsb. Why should I take back a present that I have given him?

Henrietta. At least be so good as to keep it until he becomes more peaceable. I just now found him all alone, laying about him like Don Quixote, and threatening to make his first trial of fencing upon his companions that come to see him.

Lord Onsb. The little quarreller! If he will use it for his first exploits, they shall not turn out to his honour, I promise you. Give me this sword.

Henrietta, (gives him the sword.) There, sir. I hear him on the stairs.

Lord Onsb. Run, make his knot, and bring it to me when it is ready. (*They go out.*)

S C E N E

S C E N E VIII.

Augustus, elder Dudley, younger Dudley, elder Raynton, younger Raynton.

(Augustus enters first, with his hat on; the others follow him, uncovered.)

Elder Dudley, (aside to elder Raynton.) This is a very polite reception.

Elder Raynton, (aside to elder Dudley.) I suppose it is the fashion now to receive company with one's hat on, and to walk before them, in one's own house.

Aug. What are you mumbling there?

Elder Dudley. Nothing, Mr. Onsburch; nothing.

Aug. Is it something that I should not hear?

Elder Raynton. Perhaps it may.

Aug. Now I insist upon knowing it.

Elder Raynton. When you have a right to demand it.

Elder Dudley. Softly, Raynton! It does not become us in a strange house——

Elder Raynton. It is still less becoming, to be unpolite in one's own house.

Aug. (haughtily.) Unpolite? I unpolite? Is it because I walked before you?

Elder Raynton. That is the very reason. Whenever we have the honour to receive your visits, or those of any other person, we never take the precedence.

Aug. You only do your duty. But from you to me——

Elder Raynton. What then, from you to me?——

Aug. Are you noble?

Elder Raynton, (to the two Dudleys and his brother.) Let us leave him to himself, with his nobility, if you will take my advice.

Elder Dudley. Fie, Mr. Onsburch! If you think it beneath your dignity to keep company with us, why invite us here? We did not ask that honour.

Aug. It was not I that invited you; it was my papa.

Elder Raynton. Then we will go to my lord and thank him for his civility. At the same time we shall let him know that his son thinks it a dishonour to receive us. Come, brother!

Aug. (stopping him.) You cannot take a joke, Master Raynton. Why, I am very happy to see you. It was to do

do me a pleasure that papa invited you, for this is my birth-day. I beg you will stay with me.

Elder Raynton. That is another affair. But be more polite, for the future. Though I have not a title, as you have, yet I will not suffer any one to offend me, without resenting it.

Elder Dudley. Be quiet, Raynton! We should rest good friends.

Younger Dudley. This is your birth-day then, Mr. Onsbrough?

Elder Dudley. I wish you many happy returns of it.

Elder Raynton. So do I, sir; and all manner of prosperity. (*Aside*) And particularly that you may grow a little more polite.

Younger Raynton. I suppose you have had several handsome presents.

Aug. Oh! of course.

Younger Dudley. A great deal of cakes and sweetmeats, no doubt?

Aug. Ha! ha! cakes? That would be pretty, indeed. I have those every day.

Younger Raynton. Ah! then, I'll wager, it is in money. Two or three crowns? eh!

Aug. (*disdainfully.*) Something better, and which I alone of all here—yes, I alone, have a right to wear,

(*Elder Raynton and elder Dudley converse aside.*)

Younger Raynton. If I had what has been given you, I could wear it as well as another, perhaps.

Aug. (*looking at him with an air of contempt.*) Poor creature! (*To the two elder brothers.*) What are you both whispering there again? I think you should assist to amuse me.

Elder Dudley. Only furnish us with the means.

Elder Raynton. He that receives friends should study their amusement.

Aug. What do you mean by that, Mr. Raynton?

S C E N E IX.

Elder Raynton, younger Raynton, elder Dudley, younger Dudley, Augustus, Henrietta.

Henrietta, (bringing in a plate with cakes.) Your servants, gentlemen; I am glad to see you well.

Elder Raynton. Much at your service, miss, (*bowing to her.*)

Elder Dudley. We are happy to see you, miss, amongst our party.

Henrietta. Sir, you are very obliging.—(*To Augustus*) Brother, mama has sent you this to entertain your friends, until the chocolate is ready. Crape will bring it up presently, and I shall have the pleasure of helping you.

Elder Raynton. Miss, you will do us a great deal of honour,

Aug. We do not want you here!—But now I think of it—my sword-knot!

Henrietta. You will find the sword and the knot in your room. Good bye, gentlemen, until I see you again.

Elder Raynton. Shall we soon have the favour of your company, miss?

Henrietta. I am going to ask mama leave.

S C E N E X.

Elder Raynton, younger Raynton, elder Dudley, younger Dudley, Augustus.

Augustus, (sitting down.) Come, take chairs, and sit down. (*They look at each other, and sit down without speaking. - Augustus helps the two youngest, and then himself, so plentifully, that nothing remains for the two eldest.*) Stop a moment! They will bring in more, and then I'll give you some.

Elder Raynton. Oh! no; we do not desire it.

Aug. Oh! with all my heart!

Elder Dudley. If this be the politeness of a young nobleman—

Aug. Is it with such as you that one must stand upon ceremony? I told you before, that they will bring us up something else. You may take it when it comes, or not take it. You understand that?

Elder Raynton. Yes, that is plain enough; and we see plainly too in what company we are.

Elder Dudley. Are you going to begin your quarrels again? Mr. Onsburch, Raynton, fie! (*Augustus rises; all the rest rise also.*)

Aug. (going up to the elder Raynton.) In what company are you then, my little cit?

Elder Raynton, (firmly.) With a young nobleman that is very rude and very impudent; who values himself more than he ought; and who does not know how well-bred people should behave one to the other.

Elder Dudley. We are all of the same opinion.

Aug. I rude and impudent? Tell me so, who am a gentleman?

Elder Raynton. Yes, I say it again; very rude, and very impudent; though you were a duke, though you were a prince.

Aug. (striking him.) I'll teach you to whom you are talking! *(Elder Raynton goes to lay hold on him. Augustus slips back, goes out, and shuts the door after him.)*

S C E N E XI.

Elder Raynton, younger Raynton, elder Dudley, younger Dudley.

Elder Dudley. Bless me, Raynton, what have you done? He will go to his father, and tell him a thousand stories. What will he think of us?

Elder Raynton. His father is a man of honour. I will go to him, if Augustus does not. He certainly has not invited us here to be ill-treated by his son.

Younger Dudley. He will send us home, and make a complaint against us.

Younger Raynton. No; my brother behaved himself properly. My papa will approve what he has done, when we tell him the whole. He does not understand having his children ill-used.

Elder Raynton. Come with me. Let us all go and find Lord Onsburch.

S C E N E XII.

Elder Raynton, younger Raynton, elder Dudley, younger Dudley, Augustus.

(Augustus enters with his sword undrawn. The two younger boys run, one into a corner, and the other behind an arm-chair. Elder Raynton and elder Dudley stand firm.)

Aug.



Aug. (going up to elder Raynton.) Now I'll teach you, little insolent—*Draws, and instead of a blade, finds a long turkey's feather. He stops short, in confusion. The little ones burst into a loud laugh, and come up.)*

Elder Raynton. Come on! Let us see the temper of your sword!

Elder Dudley. Do not add to his confusion. He only deserves contempt.

Younger Raynton. Aha! this was it, then, that you alone had a right to wear?

Younger Dudley. He will do no great harm to any body with that terrible weapon.

Elder Raynton. I could punish you now for your rudeness, but I should blush to take such a revenge.

Elder Dudley. He is no longer worthy of our company. Let us all leave him to himself.

Younger Raynton. Good bye to you, Mr. Knight of the Turkey's Feather.

Younger Dudley. We shall not come here again until you be disarmed, for you are too terrible now. *(As they are going, elder Raynton stops them.)*

Elder Raynton. Let us stay and give an account of our behaviour to his father, otherwise appearances will be against us.

Elder Dudley. You are right. What would he think of us, were we to leave his house thus, without seeing him?

S C E N E XIII.

Lord Onsburch, Augustus, elder Raynton, younger Raynton, elder Dudley, younger Dudley.

(They all put on an air of respect, at the entrance of Lord Onsburch. Augustus goes aside, and cries for spite.)

Lord Onsb. *(to Augustus, looking at him with indignation.)* What is this, sir, that I hear? *(Augustus sobs, and cannot speak.)*

Elder Raynton. My lord, you will pardon this disturbance that appears amongst us. It was not caused by us. From the first moment of our coming, Mr. Onsburch received us so ill——

Lord Onsb. Do not be uneasy, my dear little friend. I know all. I was in the next room, and heard, from

the beginning, my son's unbecoming discourse. He is the more blameable, as he had just been making me the fairest promises. I have suspected his impertinence for a long time, but I wished to see, myself, how far he was capable of carrying it; and, for fear of mischief, I put a blade to his sword, that, as you see, will not spill much blood. (*The children burst out a laughing.*)

Elder Raynton. Excuse the freedom, my lord, that I took, in telling him the truth a little bluntly.

Lord Onsb. I rather owe you my thanks for it. You are an excellent young gentleman and deserve, much better than he does, to wear this badge of honour. As a token of my esteem and acknowledgment, accept this sword; but I will first put a blade to it that may be more worthy of you.

Elder Raynton. Your lordship is too good; but allow us to withdraw. Our company may not be agreeable to Mr. Onsburgh to-day.

Lord Onsb. No, no, my dear boys, you shall stay. My son's presence shall not disturb your pleasure. You may divert yourselves together, and my daughter shall take care to provide you with whatever may amuse you. Come with me into another apartment. As for you, sir, (*to Augustus,*) do not offer to stir from this place. You may celebrate your birth-day here all alone. You shall never have a sword, until you deserve it, if you were even to grow old without wearing one.

PRISCILLA AND MARCUS.

MRS. CAREY a young widow had two children Priscilla and Marcus both equally deserving of her affection, which nevertheless they shared very unequally. Priscilla, young as she was, perceived her mama's partiality to her brother. It afflicted her, but she concealed within her own breast the sorrow which this preference occasioned her. Though not disagreeably plain, her features did not correspond with the charms of her mind; but her brother was beautiful as the God of Love is painted to us. All the fondness, all the caresses of
Mrs.

Mrs. Carey, were lavished on him alone; and the servants, to gain the favour of their mistress, were studious to flatter him in all his fancies. Priscilla, on the contrary, from her mother's coldness, found herself the more slighted by the rest of the family. Far from anticipating her wishes, they even neglected her real wants. She would shed floods of tears, when she found herself alone and forsaken by every body, but never suffered the slightest complaint or mark of discontent to escape her in the presence of others. In vain did she endeavour, by a constant observance of her duty, by her mildness and her attentions, to make amends in her mother's opinion for the deficiency of her beauty: the qualities of her mind were unnoticed by eyes accustomed only to look on outward advantages. Mrs. Carey, not much affected by the marks of tenderness which Priscilla shewed her, seemed, particularly since her husband's death, to view her with a kind of disgust. She was continually chiding her, and required perfections in her which could not even be expected from an understanding far more advanced.

This unjust mother fell sick. Marcus appeared strongly touched at her sufferings; but Priscilla, who, in the softened looks and languid countenance of her mother, thought she perceived an abatement of her accustomed severity, far surpassed her brother in her care and vigilance. Attentive to her mother's slightest wants, she exerted all her penetration to discover them; that she might spare her even the trouble of expressing them. While her mother's illness had the least appearance of danger, she never quitted her pillow. Entreaties, or even commands, could not prevail upon her to take a moment's repose. At length Mrs. Carey recovered. This happy circumstance dissipated the apprehensions of Priscilla; but her sorrows began afresh, when she saw her mama reassume her usual severity towards her.

One day, when Mrs. Carey was discoursing with her children of the pains that she had suffered during her illness, and was thanking them for the tender and earnest affection which their cares for her had testified, "My dear children, added she, you may both ask of me whatever will give you most pleasure. I promise to grant it to you, if your desires are within the extent of my fortune.

What do you wish, Marcus? said the first to her son.—A watch and a cane, mama, replied he.—You shall have them to-morrow morning.

And you, Priscilla?—Me, mama? me? answered she, trembling, I have nothing to wish for, if you love me.

That is not an answer. You shall have your recompense too, miss. What would you wish? Speak.

Though Priscilla had been accustomed to this tone of severity, yet she felt it more sensibly on this occasion than ever she had done before. She threw herself at her mother's feet, looked up to her with eyes all drowned in tears, and suddenly hiding her face with both her hands, hisped out these words, "Give me only two kisses, such as you give my brother."

Mrs. Carey's heart melted at these words, and she felt those sentiments of affection to her daughter now revive which she had hitherto suppressed. Taking her up in her arms, she clasped her to her breast and loaded her with kisses. Priscilla, who for the first time received her mother's caresses, gave a loose to the effusions of her joy and love. She kissed her cheeks, her eyes, her breast, her hands: and Marcus, who could not help loving his sister, mixed his embraces with her's. They all enjoyed a happiness which was not confined to the present moment. Mrs. Carey repaid with interest to Priscilla that affection which she had before withheld from her; and Priscilla returned it with new marks of tenderness. Nor was Marcus in the least jealous on this account, but rejoiced in his sister's happiness. He soon reaped the reward of so generous a behaviour. The natural goodness of his disposition having been a little injured by the weakness and doating fondness of his mother, he gave way in youth to many little indiscretions which would have lost him her heart, but Priscilla always found means to excuse him to her. The sensible advice too which she gave him completed the reform of his manners; and they all three experienced that there is no true happiness in a family without the most cordial union between brothers and sisters and the most lively and equal affection between parents and children.

THE LAMB.

LITTLE Flora, the daughter of a poor countryman, was seated one morning by the side of the road, holding on her lap a porringer of milk for her breakfast, in which she sopped a few slices of coarse black bread. Just then a farmer was passing the road, who had in his cart about a score of lambs that he was going to sell at the market. These poor creatures, crowded one upon the other, with their feet tied together and their heads hanging down, filled the air with plaintive bleatings, which pierced the heart of Flora, but were heard by the farmer with an ear of unconcern.

When he was come up opposite to the little country girl he threw down before her a lamb which he was carrying across his shoulder. "There, my girl, said he, is a good-for-nothing beast that has just died, and made me five shillings the poorer. Take it, if you will, and make a stew of it."

Flora quitted her breakfast, laid down her porringer and her bread, and taking up the lamb, began to examine it with looks of compassion. "But, said she immediately, why should I pity you? To-day or to-morrow they would have run a great knife through your throat, while now you have nothing more to fear." While she was speaking thus, the lamb revived by the warmth of her arms, opened its eyes a little, made a slight motion, and cried *baa* faintly, as if it was calling its mother. It would be difficult to express the little girl's joy. She covers the lamb with her apron, and over that with her stuff petticoat, bends her breast down towards her lap to warm it still more, and blows with all her force into its nostrils and mouth. She felt the poor animal stir by degrees, and at each of its motions she felt her own heart throb. Encouraged by this first success, she crumbles some soft bread into her porringer, and taking it up in her fingers, with some difficulty forced it between its teeth which were shut fast. The lamb, which was dying only through hunger, felt itself a little strengthened by this nourishment. It began now to stretch its limbs, to shake its head, to wag its tail, and to prick up its ears. It had soon strength enough to support itself upon its legs, and

then went of its own accord to Flora's porringer, who smiled to see it drink up her breakfast. In short, before a quarter of an hour was past, it had already played a thousand little gambols.

Flora, transported with joy, took it up in her arms, and running to the cottage, shewed it to her mother. Baba (so she named it) became from that moment the object of all her cares. She shared with it the little bread which was given her for her meals, and would not have exchanged it singly for the largest flock in the neighbourhood. Baba was so gratefully sensible of her fondness, that she never quitted Flora a single step: she would come to eat out of her hand, would frisk round her, and whenever she was obliged to go out without her, would bleat most pitifully.

This was not the only recompence with which Heaven repaid Flora's compassionate tenderness. Baba brought forth young lambs, and these others in their turn: so that in a few years after, Flora had a pretty flock that nourished all her family with their milk, and furnished them comfortable clothing from their wool.

THE VINE-STUMP.

MR. Sutton, being at his country-house in the spring, went out with his son Julius to walk in his garden. The violet and primrose were in their bloom, and many trees began already to shew their budding verdure, and to be clothed in white and crimson blossoms.

They went by chance into a summer-house at the foot of which rose a vine-stump twisting wildly and stretching its naked branches in a rude irregular manner. "Papa! cried Julius, see this ugly tree, how it points at me! why do not you have Martin to grub it up and make fire-wood of it?" At the same time he began to pull at it in order to tear it up, but its roots had taken too firm hold in the earth. "Do not molest it, said Mr. Sutton to his son, I will have it stand as it is, and at the proper time I shall tell you my reasons."

Julius.

Julius. But, papa, see close by it those lively blossoms of the lilac and the laurustinus. Why is not it as well adorned as they are, if it is to be kept? It spoils and disfigures the garden. Shall I go and tell Martin to pluck it up?

Mr. Sutton. No, my dear; I tell you, I will have it stand as it is, at least a little longer.

Julius persevered in condemning it: his father tried to divert his attention to other objects, and the unfortunate vine-stump was forgotten.

Mr. Sutton's affairs called him to a distant part of the country. He set off the next day, and did not return till the middle of Autumn. His first care was to visit his country-house, whither he brought his son once more. The day being very hot, they went to enjoy the shade of the summer-house. "Ah! papa, said Julius, what a charming green shade! I thank you for having that ugly dry stump plucked up that I was so uneasy to see last Spring, and for putting in its place this handsome shrub, to give me an agreeable surprize. What delightful fruit! See, these fine grapes, some purple, others almost black. There is not a single tree in the garden that looks so well. They have all lost their fruit, but this;—see how it is covered! see those large green leaves that hide the clusters. I should like to know if the fruit be as good as it appears handsome."

Mr. Sutton gave him a grape to taste. This renewed his joy; and how much was it enlivened, when his father informed him that from those berries was produced that delicious liquor which he sometimes tasted after dinner. "You seem to be astonished, my dear, said Mr. Sutton. I should surprize you much more, were I to tell you that this is the same crooked mishapen stump that pointed at you in the Spring. I will go, if you chuse, and order Martin to pluck it up and make fire-wood of it."

Julius. Oh! by no means, papa: let him take all the others in the garden before this; I do like the grapes so well!

Mr. Sutton. You see then, Julius, that I did well in not following your advice. What has happened to you happens frequently in the world. We see a child ill clothed, and of an unpleasing outside appearance; we despise him and grow proud, on comparing ourselves with

him; we even carry our cruelty so far as to address him with insulting discourses. Beware, my child, of such hasty judgments. In this person, so little favoured by nature, dwells perhaps an exalted soul which will one day astonish the world by its great virtues, or enlighten it by its knowledge. It is a rugged stem, but may produce the noblest fruits.

C A R O L I N E.

LITTLE Caroline, of whom we have spoken, (page 15,) was one day playing beside her mother who was then busy writing letters. The hair-dresser being come, Mrs. P—— told him to step into an adjoining dressing-room with Caroline, and to take a little of her hair off. Instead of a little, the hair-dresser took off so much that the little girl's head was entirely naked. Her mother entered just as this unlucky operation was finished. "Ah! my poor Caroline, exclaimed she, you have lost all your fine hair!"—"Do not be uneasy, mama, answered Caroline with the greatest simplicity; it is not lost, it is put up in that drawer."

Last Summer vacation, while she was in the country, a chicken was served up at dinner, and Mrs. P——, who had no company but her children, having helped her eldest daughter to some of it, offered a bit to Caroline.

No, mama, answered she with a sigh; I shall not eat any of it.—

And why, my dear?—

Because, mama, that chicken and I saw one another every day, and we lived very friendly together.—

But your sister eats some of it.—

Oh! my sister may eat it, to be sure; she was not so well acquainted with it as I was.

What may not be hoped from a child born with such amiable simplicity, and such tenderness of heart? May she resemble her mother more, and more, and all my wishes for her will be accomplished,

THE FARMER.

SIR John Downton had shut himself up one morning in his study, in order to give his attention to some affairs of consequence. A servant came to inform him that farmer Martin his tenant was at the street-door and desired to speak with him. Sir John ordered him to shew the farmer into the drawing-room, and to request him to stay a moment, until his letters should be finished. Robert, Arthur and Sophia, Sir John Downton's children, were in the drawing-room when Mr. Martin was introduced. He saluted them respectfully as he entered, but it was easy to see that he had not learned his bow from the dancing-master; nor were his compliments of a more elegant turn. The two boys looked one at the other, smiling with an air of contempt. Their eyes measured him very familiarly from head to foot. They whispered each other and laughed out so loud that the poor man blushed and did not know what countenance to put on. Robert even carried his incivility so far, as to walk round him, holding his nose, and asking his brother, "Arthur, do not you perceive something of the smell of a dung-heap?" And going for a chafing dish of hot coals, he burnt some paper over it and carried it round the room, to disperse, as he said, the unpleasant smell. He then called a servant and desired him to sweep up the dirt that Martin had left on the floor-cloth with his ~~worn~~ shoes. Arthur, mean time, held his sides, laughing at his brother's impertinences.

It was not the same with Sophia their sister. Instead of imitating the rudeness of her brothers, she reprove! them for it, endeavoured to excuse them to the farmer, and approaching him with looks of good-nature, offered him wine to refresh himself, made him sit down, and took his hat and stick herself and laid them by. In the mean time Sir John came out of his study, and approaching farmer Martin in a friendly manner, took him by the hand, asked how his wife and children were, and what had brought him to town. "Sir, answered the farmer, I come to pay you my half-year's rent:" and at the same time he drew out of his pocket a leathern bag full of money.

money. "You will not be displeased, continued he, that I have been something beyond my time: our roads were so flooded, that I could not carry my corn to market sooner."

"I am not at all displeased with you, replied Sir John: I know that you are an honest man and have no occasion to be put in mind of your engagements." At the same time he had a table laid before the farmer, to count the money on. Robert stared at the sight of farmer Martin's guineas, and seemed to look at him with a little more respect.

When Sir John had counted the farmer's money and found it right, the latter drew out of his great-coat pocket a small jar of candied fruits. "I have brought something, said he, for the young folks. Won't you be so good, Sir John, as to let them come out one of these days, and take a mouthful of the country air with us. I'd try to entertain and amuse them too, as well as I could. I have two good stout nags, and would come for them myself, and take them down in my four-wheeled chaise."

Sir John promised to go and see him, and would have kept him to dinner; but Mr. Martin thanked him for his kind invitation, and excused himself for not being able to accept it, as he had many bargains to make in town, and was in a hurry to return home. Sir John filled his pockets with cakes for his children, thanked him for the present that he had made to his, and having wished him good health, as well to support his fatigues as on his family's account, saw him down stairs and took his leave.

As soon as he was gone, Sophia, before her brothers, informed her father of the rude reception which they had given to the honest farmer. Sir John expressed his displeasure at Robert and Arthur, and at the same time commended Sophia for her conduct. "I see, said he kissing her, that my little Sophia knows how to behave herself to honest people."

As it was about breakfast hour, he opened the farmer's jar of fruits and eat some of them with his daughter, and they both thought them excellent. Robert and Arthur were at table too, but were not invited to taste the fruits. They devoured them with their eyes, but Sir John did not seem to observe their longings. He resumed his commendations of Sophia, and exhorted her never to despise
a person

a person for the plainness of his dress. "For, said he, if we were to behave politely only to those who are well clad, we should seem to direct our civilities to the dress, not to the person who wears it. People in the most homely clothing are often the most honest; we have an instance of it in farmer Martin. He not only by his labour supports himself, his wife and children, but during these six years that he is my tenant, he pays his rents so punctually that I have never had the smallest fault to find with him in that respect. Yes, my dear Sophia, if this man was not so honest, I could not supply the expence of maintaining you and your brothers. It is he who clothes you and procures you a good education; for it is in clothing you and paying the expences of your instruction that I dispose of the sums which he pays me every half-year."

After the breakfast was finished, he ordered the remainder to be locked up in the beaufet. Robert and Arthur followed it with desiring eyes and saw plainly that it was not kept for them. In this their father soon confirmed them. "Do not expect, said he, to taste these fruits, either to-day, or any other time. When the farmer who brought them shall have reason to be satisfied with you, he will not fail to send you some."

Robert. But, papa, is it my fault, if he did not smell well?

Sir John. How did he smell, then?

Robert. Of the dung-heap, insufferably.

Sir John. Whence could he have contracted that smell?

Robert. From his loading carts with it every day.

Sir John. What should he do then, to get rid of it?

Robert. He should—he should—

Sir John. He should, perhaps, not put dung upon his grounds at all?

Robert. There is only that way.

Sir John. But if he did not enrich his land, how could he draw a plentiful crop from it? And if he had always bad crops, how could he manage to pay me the rent of his farm?

Robert would have replied, but his father gave him a look in which Arthur and he plainly read his displeasure. —The next Sunday, very early, the good farmer was at Sir John Downton's door. He sent up his compliments, and kindly invited him to come and take an excursion to his

his farm. Sir John, pleased with his hearty obliging manner, would not mortify him by a refusal. Robert and Arthur earnestly entreated their father to make them of the party, and promised to behave themselves more civilly. Sir John yielding to their solicitations, they mounted the four-wheeled chaise with joyful looks, and as the farmer had a pair of excellent horses and drove well, they were at his house before they had any suspicion of it. Who can describe their satisfaction when the chaise stopped? Cicely, wife to farmer Martin, appeared with a smiling countenance at the wicket, which she opened, and saluted her guests; and taking the children in her arms to help them down, she kissed them, and led them into the yard. All her own children were there in their best clothes, who welcomed the young gentlemen, saluting them with great respect. Sir John would willingly have stopped a moment to talk with the little ones and caress them, but Mrs. Martin pressed him to go in, lest the coffee should grow cold. It was already poured out, at a table which was covered with a napkin as white as snow. The coffee-pot was not of silver, nor the cups of china, yet every thing was in the neatest order. Robert and Arthur, however, looked at each other slyly and would have burst out in a laugh if they had not feared to offend their father. But Cicely, guessing their thoughts by the looks which they exchanged, made an apology for their fare, which she confessed was not so fine as they would have had at their own house; however she hoped that they would be satisfied with the cheerful entertainment of poor people. With the coffee they had muffins of a delicious taste. It was easy to see that Mrs. Martin had used all her art in kneading and baking them.

After breakfast, the farmer asked Sir John to look at his orchard and grounds, to which he consented. Cicely took all the pains imaginable to make this walk agreeable to the children. She shewed them all her flocks which covered the fields, and gave them the prettiest lambs to play with. She then led them to her pigeon-house: every thing there was clean and wholesome: there were on the ground two young pigeons which had just quitted their nest, but did not dare as yet to trust their callow wings. Some of the mothers were sitting over their eggs, and others

others busied in giving nourishment to their young which had just broken the shell. From the pigeon-house they went to the bee-hives: Cicely took care that they should not go too near them, but however she gave them a view of the bees at work.

As most of these sights were new to the children, they seemed very much delighted with them: they were even going to take a second review of them, if farmer Martin's youngest son Tom had not come to inform them that dinner waited. They were served on pewter and drank out of Delft ware: but Robert and Arthur were still so full of the pleasure of their morning's walk that they were ashamed to indulge their satirical humour; they thought every thing excellent. It is true, Cicely had surpassed herself in preparing them the best cheer.

After dinner, Sir John perceived two fiddles hung up against the wall. What person here plays those instruments? said he.

My eldest son and I, answered the farmer; and without saying any more, he made a sign to Luke, his son, to take down the fiddles. They played by turns some old tunes on the fiddles, both sprightly and pathetic; of which Sir John expressed his satisfaction in the most flattering manner.

As they were going to hang up the instruments again, "Come Robert and Arthur, said Sir John, it is now your turns. Play us some of your best tunes:" and at the same time he put the fiddles into their hands. But they did not know even how to hold the bow, and their confusion raised a general laugh.

Sir John then requested the farmer to put the horses to, that they might return to town. Martin pressed him strongly to pass the night with him, but at length yielded to Sir John's excuses.—"Well, Robert, said that gentleman to his son, as they returned, how do you find yourself after your little journey?"

Robert. Very well, papa. Those good people have done their utmost to give us every satisfaction.

Sir J. Downton. I am happy to see you satisfied. But if farmer Martin had not taken so much pains in doing the honours of his house, if he had not offered you the smallest refreshment, would you have been as well pleased with him as you now seem to be?

Robert. No, certainly.

Sir

Sir John. What would you have thought of him?

Robert. That he was an unmannerly clown.

Sir John. Robert, Robert, this honest man came to our house, and far from offering him any refreshment, you made game of him. Which then is the best bred, you or the farmer?

Robert, (blushing.) But it is his duty to receive us well. He gains by our lands.

Sir John. What do you call gaining?

Robert. I mean, that he finds it his advantage to gather in the crops of our corn-fields, and the hay of our meadows.

Sir John. You are right. A farmer has occasion for all that; but what does he do with the grain?

Robert. He maintains with it, himself, his wife and his children.

Sir John. And with the hay?

Robert. He gives it to his horses to eat.

Sir John. And what does he do with his horses?

Robert. He uses them in plowing the ground.

Sir John. Thus you see, that one part of what he gains from the earth returns to it. But do you believe, that he consumes the remainder with his family and his horses?

Robert. The cows have their part of it too.

Arthur. And his sheep too, and his pigeons, and his poultry.

Sir John. That is true. But are his whole crops consumed upon his own ground?

Robert. No. I remember to have heard him say that he took part of them to market, to sell for money.

Sir John. And what does he do with this money?

Robert. I saw, last week, that he brought you a leathern bag full of it.

Sir John. You now see who draws the greatest profit from my lands, the farmer or I. It is true, he feeds his horses with hay from the meadows, but his horses serve to plow the fields which, without these plowings, would be exhausted by weeds. He feeds his sheep too, and his cows, with the hay; but their dung contributes to make the fallow grounds fruitful. His wife and his children are fed with the corn of the harvests, but in return they pass the summer in weeding the crops, and afterwards, some in reaping them, some in threshing; and these labours
again

again turn to my advantage. The rest of his corn and hay he takes to market to sell them, but it is in order to give me the money that he receives. Suppose that there remains some part for himself, is it not fair that he should have a recompence for his labours? Now therefore, once more tell me, which of us two draws the greatest profits from my lands?

Robert. I now plainly see that you do.

Sir John. And without this tenant, should I have that profit?

Robert. Oh! there are many tenants to be had.

Sir John. You are right; but not one more honest than this. I had formerly let this farm to another who impoverished the land, cut down the trees, and let the out-houses run to ruin. At quarter-day, he never had any money for me; and when I would expostulate with him, he shewed me clearly that his whole stock was not sufficient to answer my demand.

Robert. Ah! the knave!

Sir John. If this man were of the same kind, should I receive much profit from my estate?

Robert. Certainly not.

Sir John. To whom then am I obliged for what I do receive?

Robert. I see that you owe it to this honest farmer.

Sir John. Is it not therefore our duty to receive a man well who renders us so great services?

Robert. Ah! papa, you make me see very plainly that I was wrong.

For some minutes a deep silence ensued. Sir John then resumed the discourse thus; Robert, why did not you play upon the fiddle?

Robert. You know, papa, that I have never learned.

Sir John. Then farmer Martin's son knows something that you do not.

Robert. That is true. But then, does he understand Latin as I do?

Sir John. And do you know how to plow? can you drive a team? can you sow wheat, barley, oats, and other grain, or rear a crop of them? Would you know how so much as to fix a hop-pole, or prune a tree, so as to have good fruit?

Robert. I have no occasion to know all that: I am no farmer.

Sir

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Sir John. But if all the people in the world knew nothing else but Latin, how would things go then?

Robert. Very ill; we should have no bread, no vegetables.

Sir John. And could the world do very well, even though nobody knew Latin?

Robert. I believe it could.

Sir John. Remember then all your life what you have just seen and heard. This farmer so coarsely clad, who saluted and addressed you in so rustick a manner; this man is better bred than you, knows much more than you, and things of much greater use. Therefore you see how unjust it is to despise any one for the plainness of his dress or the ungracefulness of his manners.

THE FATHERS RECONCILED BY THEIR CHILDREN.

A DRAMA, in one Act.

CHARACTERS.

MR. CRUMPTON.

CONSTANTINE, *his Son.*

ALICIA, *his Daughter.*

THOMAS, *Son of the apothecary of the village.*

GRACE, *his Sister.*

The scene lies in a garden, under the windows of Mr. Crumpton's house in the country. On one side a summer-house, and at the bottom of the stage a tuft of trees.

SCENE I.

Mr. Crumpton, Alicia and Constantine.

Alicia. BUT papa—

Mr. Crumpton. I repeat it to you. Let neither of you henceforward, under pain of my displeasure, have the least connexion with the apothecary's children.

Alicia. What has made you so angry then with Mr. Garvey?

Mr.

Mr. Crumpton. Am I obliged to give you an account?

Constantine. No, certainly. It does not become us to question you. (*to Alicia.*) When my papa gives his orders, it is our business to obey without reply.

Mr. Crumpton. Yes, that is my meaning. Mr. Garvey is an obstinate, disobliging person. Ungrateful! to refuse such a matter to me who am his landlord, and from whom he enjoys his fortune and livelihood!

Constantine. That is scandalous, papa: and I do not know why we have been so long connected with the children of such people. Indeed if there had been one genteel boy besides in our neighbourhood, I should never have spoken a word to Thomas.

Alicia. O, papa! can you hear my brother talk so? Thomas and Grace are such good children; we should be very happy if we were as good as they.

Mr. Crumpton. What is it to me whether they be good or bad? Once more I forbid you to have a word of discourse with them; or else I shall keep you shut up at home.

Constantine. Let Thomas dare so much as to come sneaking about this garden! I'll give him—

Mr. Crumpton. What would you say? I do not intend that they should be ill-treated; or affronted in the smallest matter.

Constantine, (confused.) Nay, I do not mean that, neither. I only say that I will not let them come within a hundred yards of us. Oh! I shall keep a look out.

Alicia. Yet you had so great a friendship for Mr. Garvey! You looked upon him as so honest a man! as a man of so much learning and good sense! you remember very well that it was he who taught my brother Latin; and gave me my first lessons in spelling, merely through friendship, before we had a master.

Mr. Crumpton. All that may be; but I forbid another word on the subject. I will have nothing to say to him, as you shall have nothing to say to his children. What? I think you cry. Dry up those tears, Miss. Have you then so little respect for your father's commands, that it costs you tears to obey them?

Alicia. No, papa. But pardon this last mark of regard that my heart affords them. I shall not be less obedient than my brother.

Constantine

Constantine. We shall see who will be most dutiful.

Alicia. At least you will not insist that I should hate them. It would not be in my power to obey you.

Mr. Crumpton. Neither to hate them, nor to use them ill: only to break off all connexion with them. This is my order.

Alicia. I will do whatever is your pleasure. But I have one favour to ask you.

Mr. Crumpton. What is that?

Alicia. That I may speak to them once more, to tell them your orders.

Constantine. For what? all correspondence is at an end.

Mr. Crumpton. I think your request reasonable, and grant it. You may tell them at the same time that their father must pay me in three days, or else he will repent it.

Alicia. How? my dear papa, does Mr. Garvey owe you any thing?

Mr. Crumpton. Do you think that I would ask him for what he did not owe me? But that does not concern you. Only remember to obey me. (*He goes out.*)

SCENE II.

Alicia and Constantine.

Alicia. Well, brother, is this your friendship for Thomas and Grace?

Constantine. Well, sister, is this your obedience to your father?

Alicia. You pretend to obedience? It is hypocrisy; nothing more. You only flatter him to wheedle some money from him. You love nothing in the world.

Constantine. Because I do not take pleasure in continually disobliging him? Would you have me run after these children now he has forbidden me?

Alicia. You little deserved their friendship, if it costs you no more to give it up. But whenever your expectations from any one are at an end, your affection for them soon vanishes.

Constantine. As if I had ever any thing to expect from children of that sort!

Alicia. What was that case then of mother of pearl which you prevailed on Grace to give you not a week ago?

ago? and those tablets that you contrived to coax so dexterously from Tommy yesterday? You have cringed to them a thousand times for a nosegay or an orange; and now——

Constantine. Now I must obey. But truly the apothecary's children are fine company to grieve after!

Alicia. Yes, and I shall see you, perhaps, this evening in the middle of the dirtiest boys of the village.

Constantine. I shall not lose much by the exchange.

Alicia. And they still less.

Constantine. I do not care. But here comes Mr. Thomas; advise him as a tender friend not to come too near me.

Alicia. If you do not like to see him, you may go away.

Constantine. I do not like to see him, and I will stay.

SCENE III.

Alicia, Constantine, Thomas (carrying a little wooden house, painted blue.)

Thomas, (to Alicia.) Oh! how glad I am to find you!

Constantine. Dear Tom, what have you there in that little house?

Thomas. It is a present that Mr. Billingsley's game-keeper made me.

Constantine. And you come to make me a present of it, my dear friend?

Alicia, (aside.) The hypocrite!

Thomas. It is for Miss Alicia.

Alicia. For me, no, no, my friend. Since it is a present to you, I will not deprive you of it.—But pray what is it?

Constantine, (imperiously.) Come, I'll see what it is; (*endeavours to snatch the wooden house from Thomas who holds it forcibly.*) Some ugly bird, I suppose.

Thomas. An ugly bird? no, you are out. Guess, Miss: but I won't keep you in pain; it is a squirrel. Oh! a comical little beast it is! He always strives to hide himself in your pocket: then he comes to eat out of your hand, and he runs after you like a little spaniel. (*He takes it out of its house, and gives its chain to Alicia.*) Don't let it go, though. He must grow tame with you, otherwise he would take a trip to the grove.

Constantine

Constantine, (with a look of envy.) A fine present indeed! a squirrel! it smells like a pole-cat.

Alicia. O the charming little creature! how sprightly it looks!

Thomas. I could have wished, Master Constantine, to have another to offer you; and I will bring you the first that I have. When he is a little used to you, Miss, he will play such tricks as will make you die with laughing. He is worse than a monkey.

Alicia. For that reason, Master Tommy, I will not deprive you of it. *(to the squirrel.)* Come, little rogue, go into your house again. You must take it back, friend Thomas.

Constantine. Yes, do not you hear? You must take it back.

Thomas. How? he is not mine now. You would not disoblige me, Miss Alicia? No, I know you would not. *(he runs to the summer-house.)* There. I will leave him here on the bench.

Constantine, (to Alicia.) Only dare to take it, and see if papa won't make you pay dear for it.

Alicia. I am almost inclined to take it, because of your threatening. My papa has not forbidden me to receive squirrels. I am sorry for poor Tom, that I have nothing to give him in return but a sad farewell.

Constantine. Well, leave it to me; I will dismiss both him and his squirrel.

Alicia. No, no, do not take that trouble. *(to Thomas, as he returns.)* Once more, my friend, I cannot accept your present. I have such disagreeable news for you that I do not know——

Constantine. Yes, yes, Mr. Thomas. If you shew yourself before our garden, or only look at the walls of our house!——

Thomas. What? could you have the heart, Sir, to hinder me? I thought you had more friendship for me.

Constantine. Our friendship is broken off, to let you know; and pray do not think——

Alicia. I beg you will excuse his ill manners. You do not know, perhaps, that your father has had a quarrel with ours.

Thomas. Pardon me, I know it, and it has made me uneasy enough. However, I did not think that the mat-

ter went so far as to break off our friendship. And I should still less have expected it from Master Constantine.

Constantine. Sister, will you send him away immediately, or shall I go and acquaint my papa?

Thomas. If you are to have any trouble on my account, Miss Alicia—

Alicia. Do not fear, my friend; you may stay awhile. My papa will not take it amiss.

Constantine. We shall see that; I will open the cause to him. *(He goes out but returns a moment afterwards and slips into the summer-house unperceived.)*

SCENE IV.

Alicia, Thomas.

Thomas. For heaven's sake, Miss Alicia, tell me, what have I done then to your brother?

Alicia. In the first place the matter is that he is a little jealous on account of the squirrel that you have given me. Then he thinks that he will curry favour with our papa, in taking part in his quarrel with yours. For my papa is very angry, and I do not know why.

Thomas. Nor I neither. I only heard my father say as he walked about by himself, I could not have expected this from Mr. Crumpton. He then went to find my mother; and as my sister was with her then, she must know what the business was.

Alicia. In the mean time, my papa has forbidden us to see you or speak to you.

Thomas. What! shall I see you no more? shall I not be allowed to speak to you? Ah! how shall I part with you? what will my poor sister do who is so fond of you? Oh dear! what have we done then?

Alicia. Comfort yourself, my dear Thomas; we shall still be good friends, and if we are forbidden to see each other, who will hinder us to think one of the other? Thus for instance; when I play with your squirrel, I shall think of you. I will always call him by your name. Oh! how I shall love him!

Thomas. How happy you make me in telling me so! I do not know whether I should now grieve any more; but here comes my sister. She looks very dull.

SCENE V.

Alicia, Thomas, Grace.

Alicia, (running to meet Grace, and saluting her.) My dear Grace!

Grace. My good Miss Alicia! (*Constantine appears at the bottom of the stage, leading Mr. Crumpton privately behind the summer-house.*)

Thomas, (to Grace.) Ah! you are going to hear disagreeable news.

Grace. And I bring you no better. My father and mother are in such trouble——

Thomas. Did I not tell you so? Well, what passed?

Grace. Your father perhaps may be angry with ours, but certainly his demand is something unreasonable.

Alicia. Unreasonable? that cannot be. Ah! if it were so, I should still have hopes of persuading him. Tell me, however, what is it?

Grace. You know that handsome tuft of trees that is behind your garden?

Alicia. Oh yes; where we used to go in the spring evenings to hear the nightingale sing. A charming little grove!

Grace. You know, too, that this little grove was given to my father by old Mr. Drury, in return for his services to him during his life-time.

Alicia. Well!

Grace. Well, Mr. Crumpton wants to have it.

Alicia. What, my papa?

Thomas. What our pretty little grove?

Grace. My father told him, that he should be very happy to oblige him; that he should never forget how much he and his family were indebted to him; but that his friend had desired him on his death-bed never to part with this grove, that it might always serve to keep him in his memory.

Alicia. With all the respect that I owe my papa, I cannot deny but he is in the wrong here. But however, he would not have it for nothing. That is not his way of thinking.

Grace. Oh dear, no. He means to pay my father for it, and even perhaps more than it is worth.

Thomas. And what does he wish to do with it? Has he not a view of it as well as we?

Grace. He wants to cut down all those fine trees.

Alicia and Thomas. Cut them down?

Grace. You know the hill that is behind the grove? He says that will make a fine prospect. Now the grove is at the foot of the hill; so, to have the prospect, he must cut down the grove.

Alicia. Ah! now I see why he brought down an architect from town who talks to him about grottos and bridges and Chinese temples. My father dreams of nothing but improvements. He has a plan of them continually in his hands, and talks of them a hundred times a day, even to me. And I who made myself so happy to see all those fine things shortly! Ah! I'll have nothing to do with them. Let your father keep his grove.

Thomas. What would become of the birds that chirp so sweetly on those venerable trees, and who generally built their nests there, because nobody disturbed them, and we carried them food there?

Grace. And the refreshing cool that we breathed there in the hot summer days?

Alicia. And the echo that used to answer us from the hill when we sung?

Grace. The prospect of a grove in full leaf is, I believe, as good as that of a hill.

Alicia. And then what occasion has my father for a new prospect? He has so many others on every side.

Thomas. I should think that one of my own limbs was lapt off at every stroke of the hatchet.

Alicia. No, no; your father must not deprive himself of his grove.

Grace. Must not? Ah! he will not keep it long.

Alicia. Why not? My papa will never go and take it from him by force, I suppose? He has not the power.

Thomas. But if he is angry with us and has forbidden you to see and speak to us, I would rather give ten groves like that.

Grace. And don't you think that I would too? What should I do there without you, Miss Alicia? I should never have any desire to go into it.

Alicia. My dear Grace, we used to be so happy in it. Do you remember when we used to go there in the even-

ing, and tell each other every thing that had happened to us in the day?

Grace. Yes, and each brought her work. You sewed, and I knitted. Then, when Thomas brought us flowers, we left off our work to make nosegays. You gave me yours, and I gave you mine. That was enough to make us think of each other the whole next day.

Thomas. And now that is all over, never to return!

Alicia. No; we shall have no more such delightful moments. It will make me grow sick, and then my papa will be sorry, and I will tell him, that if he would restore me to health, he must allow me to see my little friends again. *(They all three embrace, and weep.)*

Grace. But meantime the grove will be cut down; it certainly must.

Alicia. And why?

Grace. Ah; Miss Alicia, I have not told you all. About ten years ago, Mr. Crumpton lent my father fifty pounds to set him up; and you know that my father has never yet been able to pay him.

Alicia, (aside.) Ah! this was the debt mentioned just now.

Grace. If we will keep the grove, Mr. Crumpton will have his fifty pounds; and my father does not know how to raise them. Amongst all his friends, there is none but your papa himself that could furnish him with so great a sum; and he is the very person that demands it.

Alicia, (taking both their hands.) Oh! if there be nothing but that, I can settle it.

Grace. Settle it?

Thomas. You, Miss?

Alicia, (with joy in her countenance.) Do you promise not to betray me?

Grace. I betray you!

Thomas. Ah! can you doubt but we will promise?

Alicia. Well then, hear me. You know—I cannot think of it without being moved still—You know how fond my mama was of me. In her last illness, one day when I was alone with her, she called me to her bed-side; shedding a flood of tears, she kissed me, and taking a purse from under her pillow, Here, my dear Alicia, said she, take this. I forbid you to let any one know that I have given it to you. Keep this money for important oc-

casions.

cations. You have a kind heart and a good understanding for your age; (it was mama, however, that said this.) You will know how to dispose of it worthily. Your father has a noble and generous soul, but is something passionate and revengeful. You may, perhaps, spare him occasions of vexation or sorrow. On so extensive an estate as ours, there must be many poor people who have suffered undeserved losses; such you may assist in secret. You may also repay such services as may be done you, without having always recourse to your father. It is through your hands that I have for these two years past distributed my favours and my assistance: I hope that you have acquired sufficient discernment to distinguish those who have a claim to pity. In short, I doubt not but you will make the best use of this little sum which I trust to your hands, for the benefit of honesty in distress. I shall think that I myself have done the good which you shall do; and it is the best means by which I can be present to your memory." She was so exhausted that she could say no more; but I shall ever remember this discourse as long as I live.

Grace, (wiping her eyes.) Excellent lady!

Thomas. My father and mother never speak of her but with tears in their eyes.

Alicia. My mama had a great friendship for them too. She told me at her death, always to look upon Mr. Garvey as one of my best friends, and to follow his sensible advice in every thing. You see, then, that I have obligations to you. How happy am I in honouring mama's memory; in satisfying my own gratitude; in saving my papa from an act of injustice; in sparing him the sorrow that he would feel for it; in preserving every thing; the charming little tuft of trees; our own friendship; the pleasure of seeing each other as before—

Grace, (throwing her arms round her neck.) O my dear Miss Alicia!

Thomas, (taking her hand.) My father will bless you in his heart, but he will never take your money.

Alicia. Certainly he will take it if I request him. Nobody in the world shall know any thing of it. Stay here, my dear friends; I will go for it.

Thomas. I shall not take the charge of it, however.

Alicia. You shall, my dear Grace. And Thomas, if you hinder her, take notice I do not accept your squirrel: I obey my father rigorously; I never look at you again; I never go either to your house, or into the grove again.

Grace. Well, miss, since you speak in that manner—

Alicia, (stopping her mouth.) You do not know what you say. I won't even hear you. Stay for me, I shall soon return. If I am not interrupted, I shall write a few lines to your father. In case that I cannot join you again, I will put the purse near the summer-house; there, under that large stone. Mark the place well now; do you hear?

Grace. I am sure that my father will send me back with your money.

Alicia. Let him beware of that. Besides, you will not know where to find me; for, alas! it is perhaps the last time that we are allowed to discourse together.

Grace. Ah! Miss Alicia, what cruel words!

Alicia. I must certainly obey my father. But we are neighbours: we are not forbidden to look at each other; and whenever our eyes can meet unobserved—

Grace. Oh! mine shall take care to seek yours, and to tell them that I shall never forget to love you.

Thomas. Who will hinder us to be in your way when you go out to walk? and then—

Alicia. You are right. A smile, a little wink or side look can pass without being seen. Come, take comfort; all will go well. But where is the squirrel? As I am going into my room, I will carry it up.

Thomas. Stop a moment; I will go and fetch his house, and carry it for you as far as your door. *(Runs to the summer-house.)*

Alicia. Good bye, my dear Grace.

Grace. Ah! Miss Alicia, I cannot believe that it is to be for ever.

Thomas, (returning in a fright with the squirrel's house.) Bless me! the squirrel is not here.

Alicia. What! my squirrel gone? O dear, Thomas!

Thomas. Somebody must have opened the door, for I remember to have shut it.

Alicia. It can be none but my brother. He was jealous that you made me a present of it; and while we were

speaking here, he slipped into the summer-house and opened his little door.

Thomas. If he only carried away the squirrel to play with him a little?

Alicia. I know him better than you do. He has let him run away.

Thomas. Well, stay; he cannot be very far off. If I can discover him upon some tree, I need only shew him a nut to make him come down immediately. I will go and hunt all about.

Alicia, (to Thomas.) I wish you success in the chase, my dear friend! *(To Grace.)* Poor Thomas! I pity him, he was so happy in making me that present!

Grace. That is true indeed. He never was at ease until he had brought it to you.

Alicia. Well, I must leave you, my dear Grace. I will take the terrace walk; it leads to the house; and do you go out by the little door of the garden, and slip round along the wall. You need only stand under my window, without taking notice of any thing. I will throw you the purse with a letter. If my papa is not in my way, I will come and bring them to you myself.

Grace. O my dear generous friend, what good nature! *(They go out different ways.)*

SCENE VI.

Mr. Crumpton, Constantine.

Constantine. Well, papa, was I wrong? You see what pains my sister takes to obey you.

Mr. Crumpton. And what is this story of a squirrel?

Constantine. I did not tell it to you while we were hid, because they would have heard us. But here is the affair: The dear friend Thomas made a present of the squirrel to the dear friend Alicia. The dear friend Alicia received this ugly little beast with so much pleasure, that she calls it her dear friend Tommy. But I have managed so, that she has not had much amusement with it.

Mr. Crumpton. How so?

Constantine. They put the squirrel's little house on the summer-house bench. I slipped in there, whilst they were taking a tender farewell. I opened the little door,

took the squirrel out, and let him loose amongst the trees. I saw him soon climb up into a tree, and jump from branch to branch. They will be pretty cunning if they ever catch him again.

Mr. Crumpton. Then, sir, you have done a very rashly action. Did not I forbid you to molest those poor children? and you knew very well the trouble that you were going to cause to your sister.

Constantine. Since she disobeyed you, did she not deserve to be punished?

Mr. Crumpton. Is it to you that the right of punishing her belonged? Run, tell the gardener and his people to look for the squirrel and to bring it to me.

Constantine. But papa, you forbid my sister any communication with Mr. Garvey's children; and will you suffer her to receive a present from them?

Mr. Crumpton. Was Thomas informed of my intentions when he brought the squirrel?

Constantine. At least Alicia knew them, and was not that disobeying you?

Mr. Crumpton. It belonged to me to determine that. She certainly would have shewed me the present that she received; and if I thought it proper, I should order her to return it. Again I say, run and let this squirrel be found again, or you shall answer to me for it.

Constantine. But papa, you have heard them talk finely. My sister has money unknown to you, and she gives it to Mr. Garvey to pay you. Should not I do better, to go and watch Grace, to surprize her when she receives the purse, and to bring it to you?

Mr. Crumpton. Only dare to do it. You know my orders. Obey.

Constantine, (murmuring.) I thought that I had done such fine things!

S C E N E VII.

Mr. Crumpton, (musing.)

Yes, I see that I have suffered my passion to carry me too far. What a pattern of friendship, gratitude and generosity, do these children shew! It is true, I had forbidden Alicia—But should I have forbidden her? Should I sup-

I suppress those sentiments in her heart, to which I myself had given birth? Could I deprive her of the only happiness which she enjoys in this solitude? the greatest happiness of human life? an amiable and virtuous society with children of her own age? a blessing, the loss of which I could not make good with all my fortune? and for what reason? to satisfy an empty whim. My dear Alicia, neither those grottos, those bridges, those Chinese temples, nor all those ornaments with which I meant to embellish my garden, nothing, in short, could have made you forget the unadorned grove where friendship found so sweet a retreat. What a lesson is this to me? But for you, I was also going to lose a valuable friendship. However you preserve to me the precious blessing. You save me from injustice and remorse. How your noble conduct makes me feel the unworthiness of your brother. Ill natured boy! in what an odious light has he shewn himself. But let me banish this mortifying idea from my heart. I am impatient to know if Mr. Garvey thinks as generously as his children. The part that he takes, will determine my happiness. I have either lost a friend undeserving of my attachment, or I shall now find one worthy of me. (*Alicia crossing the bottom of the stage on tiptoes, Mr. Crumpton perceives her, and calls,*) Alicia! (*She goes on. Mr. Crumpton calls a second time,*) Alicia! come hither!

S C E N E VIII.

Mr. Crumpton, Alicia.

Mr. Crumpton. Where were you going? Why did you strive to avoid me?

Alicia, (confused.) Because—I was afraid to disturb you, papa.

Mr. Crumpton. You were going, perhaps, to seek the squirrel that Thomas gave you as a present?

Alicia. Yes, papa. It is true, he has given me one. I suppose Constantine told you.

Mr. Crumpton. You did not receive it, I presume.

Alicia. I! no.—Oh! yes, how could I avoid it. Poor Tommy! he was in such joy when he offered it to me.

Mr. Crumpton. You must return it.

Alicia. Yes, papa, if I had it; but it has run away.

Mr. Crumpton. Come, come, let me go! What does all this mean, miss?

SCENE IX.

Mr. Crumpton, Alicia, Constantine, (hauling in Grace,) Grace.

Constantine. Ah! papa, I have her, I have her. She has a letter; I suppose, for my sister. Come, give it to me, or I'll search you all over. Yes, yes, she had it in her hand as she slipped along the yew-hedge.

Mr. Crumpton. No violence; Constantine. *(To Grace.)* Do you want any body here, child?

Grace, (confused.) No—Yes, sir, I was looking for—

Mr. Crumpton. Why are you frightened? Well; whom do you want?

Grace. Miss Alicia.

Constantine. But you know, Grace, that papa has forbidden her to speak to you.

Mr. Crumpton (to Constantine.) I request you to be silent. *(To Grace.)* And what is this letter in question?

Grace. It is nothing—nothing— *(looking sorrowfully at Alicia.)* Ah! Miss Alicia, will you forgive me?—

Alicia. My dear Grace, we must hide nothing from papa, now.

Constantine, (to Mr. Crumpton.) How, sir? they speak to each other before your face. Is that obedience?

Mr. Crumpton. Will you be silent? Well, Grace, may not I know?—

Grace. Well, sir, since I must tell you, the matter is, that my father has written a letter to miss here, thanking her for her kindness. *(trembling as she offers the letter to Alicia. Constantine seizes it.)*

Constantine. O papa! it is full of money. *(To Alicia.)* Ah! you will be paid now.

Alicia. I was going to confess the whole to you, papa, when Grace and my brother interrupted us. I submit to my punishment.

Mr. Crumpton, (opens the letter and reads.)

“ Most worthy Miss,

“ I SHOULD not be deserving of your generous intentions in my favour, if I were base enough to lead you into the slightest act of deceit, by accepting the money which
you

you offer me in order to pay your papa. No, my dear miss, I am his debtor, and shall have the misfortune to continue so, until I can acquit my debt by my own resources. I am unhappy in not being able on this occasion to meet your father's wishes so cheerfully as I would on any other. If Mr. Crumpton, without mentioning it to me, had pursued the course which his power enables him to use, I should never have expostulated. He may assure himself, that I should not even have formed in my own mind a single complaint against him. At least, I should not have to reproach myself with violating the sacred promise that I have past. Let him know these sentiments, my worthy little friend. His friendship and yours are more valuable to me than all the possessions in the world. Continue still in the same generous disposition towards me and my children.

I have the honour to be, &c."

(*Mr. Crumpton, without shutting the letter, looks at Alicia.*)

Alicia, (running to him.) Now, papa, you shall know how this money came into my hands, and forgive me for not owning to you before!—

Mr. Crumpton, (kissing her.) I know the whole; my dear Alicia. I heard your conversation. I am delighted with the nobleness and generosity of your sentiments. I do not blush to confess, that perhaps, but for you, I was going to commit an action that would have made me unhappy all my life. Here is your money. Make that noble use of it which your excellent mother enjoined you. Do not fear that I shall ever suffer it to be exhausted by your bounty. Your little grove shall remain, my dear children, and friendship shall unite you still.

Alicia, (taking his hand.) O papa! I owe you now a second life.

Grace, (taking his other hand.) O fir! what goodness! Ah! how my father—

Mr. Crumpton. Tell him, my dear Grace, that I request him to take his note again; that I have a small alteration to make in it, of which I will speak to him.

Constantine. How? papa, you—

Mr. Crumpton. Hold your ill-natured tongue. You have given me to-day proofs of a very bad heart.

Constantine. I have only obeyed you. Must not children obey their parents?

Mr. Crumpton. Without doubt, they must. But when the commands of their parents are unjust, they must then first obey their duty and their Maker. If your heart did not tell you that mine yielded too much to passion, I have no further hopes of you. See how Alicia has acted.

Constantine. But mama did not leave me any money at my own disposal.

Mr. Crumpton. Because she foresaw the improper use that you might have made of it. And then, had not you words at least of comfort for your little friends, and for a man who had once the care of your education? But what is become of the squirrel? Have you given orders to find him?

Constantine. I could see nobody in the garden.

S C E N E X.

Mr. Crumpton, Constantine, Alicia, Grace, Thomas.

(Thomas enters running, and out of breath. He holds the squirrel in one hand, the other is wrapped in a handkerchief stained with drops of blood.)

Thomas. Joy! joy! here he is! I have found him, here he is! *(perceiving Mr. Crumpton, he stops short.)*

Alicia, (running to him.) O! my good Tommy, *(he takes the squirrel.)* My pretty little Tommy, have I found you? Oh! you shall never escape from me again. Come, sir, march into your house once more. *(Shuts him up in his house, and carries him into the summer-house.)*

Mr. Crumpton. What is the matter with your hand, my dear Tom? I think I see blood upon your handkerchief.

Thomas, (with surprise and joy.) My dear Tom! miss, do you hear that?

Alicia. Yes, child; all is made up.

Grace. Now we are friends for ever. *(Thomas jumps for joy, and bows to Mr. Crumpton. Grace taking her brother's hand, and looking at it with concern.)* Have you hurt yourself? Let me see.

Alicia. And on my account too?

Thomas. It is nothing. It was a branch that broke with the spring that I made to jump after the runaway. I
tore

tore my hand a little; but I should have left an arm behind, rather than not bring back the squirrel to Miss Alicia.

Alicia. Ah! how good-natured! Papa, you must have it drest. Nurse has an excellent salve.

Mr. Crumpton. That care shall be yours. Come, children, follow me. I will have a little entertainment prepared for you to-day, at my house, and I will go myself, and invite your parents to come and partake of it. I have been your scholar this day, and I see, by your example, that well-disposed children may give useful lessons to their parents.

VERSES ON AN INFANT IN THE CRADLE.

Happy child! the bliss possessing
Which calm Innocence bestows;
Ah! preserve the envied blessing,
To ensure your life's repose.

Sleeping, many a playful vision
Paints before you forms of joy,
Peaceful sports and scenes Elysian
All your slumb'ring hours employ.

When you wake, your parents, smiling,
Meet your eye's new-open'd charms;
You, their tender cares beguiling,
Fill with bliss their clasping arms.

Hopeful babe! your joy or sadness,
Prompt by turns their changing vow;
When your front expands with gladness,
Pleasure smiles on every brow.

Happy child! the bliss possessing
Which calm Innocence bestows,
Ah! preserve the envied blessing,
To ensure your life's repose.

Mildly gay, no sorrow wounds you,
No vain wish your peace destroys;
While each object that surrounds you
Brings you ever varying joys.

Should your breast, with short-liv'd anguish,
 Heave a momentary sigh,
 Round your lip the dimples languish,
 E'er an while tears bedew your eye.

Ev'ry harsh and joyless feeling
 Tender infancy disarms;
 Clay-cold age, his troubles healing,
 Melts with love before your charms.

Happy child! the bliss possessing
 Which calm Innocence bestows,
 Ah! preserve the envied blessing
 To ensure your life's repose.

Soon, alas! your prospect drowning,
 Angry storms shall sweep the plain;
 Fortune soon unkindly frowning,
 Plunge in grief youth's sportive train.

Me, whom nature kindly blesses,
 Still, ev'n still, with artless Lore,
 Spent with toil and keen distresses,
 Fortune oft has wounded fore.

Thousand cares, alas! subdue me,
 In life's busy circle tost,
 Treach'rous hopes, reverses gloomy,
 Friendships false, and kindred lost.

Happy child! the bliss possessing
 Which calm Innocence bestows;
 Ah! preserve the envied blessing,
 To ensure your life's repose.

If thou, Chance, with aim perfidious,
 Point fresh sorrows at my head;
 Here I shield me, pow'r insidious!
 Peace protects the infant's bed.

Here the innocent's caresses,
 Pouring balm my sorrows o'er,
 Spite of thee, and life's distresses,
 To my heart shall peace restore.

Whilst I sing (proud sage believe me)
Th' only age that tastes of bliss,
Of the hours which fate may give me
Sweetest hour perhaps is this.

Happy child ! the bliss possessing
Which calm Innocence bestows ;
Ah ! preserve the envied blessing,
To ensure your life's repose.

THE LITTLE MISS DECEIVED BY HER MAID.

Mrs. Barlow, Amelia.

Amelia. M A M A, will you give me leave to go and see my cousin Henry this evening ?

Mrs. Barlow. No, I do not chuse it, Amelia.

Amelia. Pray, mama, why so ?

Mrs. B. I have no occasion, I suppose, to tell you my reasons. A little miss ought always to obey her parents, without allowing herself to ask them questions. However, to satisfy you that I have always a reasonable motive, whenever I order or forbid you any thing, I shall tell you. Your cousin Henry can only set you an indifferent example ; and I should fear, if you saw him too often, that you would imitate his levity and indiscretion.

Amelia. But, mama—

Mrs. B. No reply, I request. You know that my orders must be followed punctually.

Amelia retired a little to hide her tears ; and soon after, her mother being gone out, she sat down in a corner, and gave her grief full vent. Just then Nanny, who was lately come into Mrs. Barlow's service, entered the room. " How, Miss Amelia, said she, are you crying ? What is the matter ? May not I know what troubles you ? "

Amelia. Leave me, Nanny. You cannot comfort me.

Nanny. Nay, why not ? There was Miss Sophy, at my last service, always came to me whenever any thing ailed her, " My dear Nanny, she would say, you see what has happened to me ; tell me, what must I do ? " And I had always good advice to give her.

Amelia.

Amelia. I do not want your advice. I tell you once more, that you can do nothing for me.

Nanny. Give me leave, at least, to go for your mama. She will, perhaps, be better able to comfort you. I do not like to see so pretty a miss as you in trouble.

Amelia. Oh, yes! mama, indeed!

Nanny. I cannot believe that it was she who grieved you.

Amelia. Who should it be, then?

Nanny. I could never have thought it. I should always suppose you so reasonable, that your mama could not refuse you any request. Ah! if I had a child so well disposed as you, she should be her own mistress. But your mama loves to command, and for a whim would oppose your most innocent wishes. How can one have so amiable a child, and take pleasure to thwart her! I cannot express how I suffer to see you in this situation.

Amelia, (beginning to cry afresh.) Ah! it will break my heart.

Nanny. Indeed, I fear it will. How red and swelled your eyes are! You are very cruel to yourself, not to let those who love you sincerely, try to give you some comfort. Ah! if Miss Sophy had been in half your trouble, she would not have failed to open her heart to me.

Amelia. I dare not mention mine to you.

Nanny. Not that, for my part, I care much about knowing it.—Oh! it is, perhaps, because your mama makes you stay at home while she goes to the play.

Amelia. No: she has promised me not to go there without me.

Nanny. Well, what is it, then? Your trouble seems to increase. Shall I go for your little cousin? You may play along with him to divert you.

Amelia, (sighing.) Ah! I shall not have that pleasure any more.

Nanny. It will not be hard to procure it for you. A young miss should have some company. Your mama has not a mind to make a nun of you?

Amelia. I am not allowed to see him.

Nanny. Not to see him? I do not know what your mama thinks. Miss Sophy's was just the same. She would never let her have the least intimacy with Miss Semple. But how we contrived to deceive her!

Amelia.

Amelia. How was that?

Nanny. We watched the moment when she went out to pay visits: then either Miss Sophy went to Miss Semple, or Miss Semple came to her.

Amelia. And her mama did not know it?

Nanny. It was I that guarded against that.

Amelia. But if I were to go to see my cousin, and mama should ask, Where is Amelia?

Nanny. I would tell her that you were in the garden: or, if it was a little late, I would tell her that you were gone to bed, and fast asleep; and immediately I would run to find you.

Amelia. Ah! if I thought that my mama would know nothing of it—

Nanny. Trust me for that: she will never suspect it. Will you take my advice? Go and pass the evening with your little cousin. Never trouble yourself about the rest.

Amelia. I have a mind to try it for once. But you promise me at least that mama—

Nanny. Go! never fear!

Amelia in effect did go to see her cousin. Her mama came home a short time after, and asked where she was. Nanny answered, that she had been tired of sitting all alone, so had eaten a good supper, and was gone to bed.

In this manner Amelia deceived her unsuspecting mama several times. Ah! much more did she deceive herself in acting thus. Before, she was always cheerful, and took pleasure in being near her mama, and would run with joy to meet her, whenever she had been absent a moment. But now, what was become of her cheerfulness? She was ever saying to herself, “O dear! if mama knew where I have been!” and she trembled whenever she heard her voice. If at any time she saw her look a little serious, “I am undone! she would cry. Mama has discovered that I have disobeyed her.” But this was not all that made her unhappy. Nanny would often cunningly tell her how generous Miss Sophy had been to her; how often she had given her sugar and tea; and how freely she had trusted her with the keys of the cellar and beaufet. Amelia took pride in deserving from Nanny the same praises for confidence and generosity. She stole sugar and tea from her mama for Nanny, and found means to procure her the keys of the cellar and beaufet.

beaufet. Nevertheless, sometimes she felt the reproaches of her conscience. "I am doing wrong, she would say to herself, and my tricks will be found out sooner or later. I shall lose the friendship of mama." She then went to Nanny, and protested that she would never give her any thing again. "Just as you please, miss, answered Nanny; but take care; you may perhaps, have reason to repent it! Stay till your mama comes home, I will tell her how obediently you have followed her orders." Amelia cried and did every thing that Nanny desired her. Before, it was Nanny that obeyed Amelia; but now it was Amelia that obeyed Nanny. She suffered every sort of rudeness from her, and had nobody to whom she could complain. The wicked girl came to her one day and said, "You must know; I have a fancy to taste the pie that was locked up in the beaufet yesterday; besides that, I want a bottle of wine. You must go and look for the keys of your mama's drawers."

Amelia. But, dear Nanny!

Nanny. We are not talking about dear Nanny! Do you mind what I ask of you?

Amelia. Why, mama will see us; or if she does not see us, God Almighty will see us and punish us.

Nanny. He saw you all the times that you went to your cousin, yet I never observed that he has punished you.

Amelia had received good instructions in religion from her mother. She was strongly persuaded that God has always an eye upon us; that he rewards our good actions, and has only forbidden us what is evil, because it is hurtful to us. It was through mere thoughtlessness that she went to see her cousin, contrary to her mama's orders. But it always happens that, from yielding to one error, one falls immediately into another. She saw herself obliged to do every wrong thing that her servant ordered her, for fear of being betrayed by her.

It may easily be imagined how much she suffered in this situation. She one day withdrew to her chamber, in order to weep at her ease. "Oh! cried she, how much is one to be pitied who is disobedient! Unhappy child that I am! Slave to my own servant! I can no longer do what is my duty, but am forced to do what a wicked maid orders me. I must be a liar, a thief and a hypocrite! Lord have mercy on me!" Saying thus, she held up
both

both hands to hide her face which was drowned in tears, and began to reflect what steps she should take. At length, she rose all at once, crying, "I am resolved: and though my mama were not to let me come near her for a month; though she were to— But no, she will be reconciled to me; she will call me once more her Amelia. I depend on her fondness. But how dear it will cost me! How shall I bear her looks and reproaches! No matter; I will confess the whole to her." She then immediately sprung out of her chamber, and seeing her mama walking all alone in the garden, she flew towards her, and embracing her closely, covered her cheeks and her bosom with her tears. Grief and confusion stopped her speech.

Mrs. Barlow. What is the matter, my dear Amelia?

Amelia. Ah! mama—

Mrs. B. What is the meaning of these tears?

Amelia. My dear mama!

Mrs. B. Speak, child! what occasions this agitation?

Amelia. Ah! if I thought that you could pardon me!

Mrs. B. I pardon you, since your repentance appears so lively and so sincere.

Amelia. My dear mama, I have been a disobedient girl; I have gone several times to see my cousin Henry, contrary to your orders.

Mrs. B. Is it possible, my dear Amelia? you who formerly feared so much to displease me!

Amelia. Ah! I should not be your dear Amelia, if you knew all.

Mrs. B. You make me uneasy: but trust every thing with me. You must have been deceived. You never gave me cause of complaint until now.

Amelia. Yes, mama, I have been deceived. 'Twas Nanny, Nanny—

Mrs. B. What! it was she?

Amelia. Yes, mama: and that she might not tell you, I have often stolen the keys of the cellar and beaufet. I have stolen for her I know not how much sugar and tea.

Mrs. B. Unhappy mother that I am! Do I hear this shocking account of my own daughter! Leave me, unworthy child! I shall go and consult with your father how we should treat you.

Amelia. No, mama, I will not quit you. Punish me first, but promise me that your love for me will one day return.

Mrs. B.

Mrs. B. Ah! unhappy child! you will be sufficiently punished.

Mrs. Barlow, at these words, left *Amelia* quite disconsolate, seated on a grassy turf, and went to seek *Mr. Barlow*, and they concerted together the means of saving their child from her ruin.

Nanny was called up. *Mr. Barlow*, after loading her with the severest reproaches, ordered her to quit his house immediately. It was in vain that she wept and pleaded for a less rigorous sentence. In vain she promised that nothing of the same sort should ever happen again. *Mr. Barlow* was inexorable. You know, answered he, how mildly I have treated you, and what indulgence I have shewn to your faults. I thought that my kindness might induce you to second my wishes as to my child's education, and it is you that have led her into disobedience and theft. You are a monster in my sight! Leave my presence, and be careful to reform, unless you wish to fall into the hands of a more terrible judge.

It was next *Amelia's* turn. She appeared before her parents in a situation worthy of pity. Her eyes were swollen with crying; all the features of her face were changed; a frightful paleness covered her cheeks, and her whole body shuddered as if in the convulsions of an ague. Unable to utter a word, she awaited in mournful silence the judgment of her father. "You have, said he in a severe voice, you have deceived, you have offended your parents. What could incline you to follow the advice of a wicked servant, rather than of your own mother, who loves you so tenderly, and desires nothing in the world so much as to make you happy? If I punished you with the indignation that your behaviour inspires; if I banished you from my sight for ever, as I have the companion of your faults, who could accuse me of injustice?"

Amelia. Ah! papa, you can never be unjust towards me. Punish me with all the severity that you shall judge necessary, I will bear the whole: but begin with taking me once more in your arms; call me once more your *Amelia*!

Mr. Barlow. I cannot embrace you so soon. I am willing not to chastise you, on account of the confession that you have made; but I shall not call you my *Amelia*, until you have deserved it by a long repentance. Pay great
attention

attention to your conduct. Punishments always follow faults, and it is you that will punish yourself.

Amelia did not as yet fully understand what her father meant by these last words. She did not expect so mild a treatment: she went therefore up to her parents with a heavy heart, and curtsying to them, repeated afresh her promises of the most perfect submission. In effect, she kept her word: but alas! her punishment followed very soon, as her father had told her. The wicked Nanny spread the most infamous stories concerning her. She told all that had passed between her and Amelia, and added a thousand horrid lies besides. She said that Amelia, by the humblest entreaties, and by the force of presents which she had stolen from her parents, had laboured so long to corrupt her, that at length she suffered herself to be persuaded to procure her secret meetings with her cousin Henry; that they saw each other every evening, unknown to their parents; and that Amelia came often home very late. These things she related with circumstances so odious, that every one conceived the most disadvantageous ideas of Amelia. She was obliged to suffer the most cruel mortifications on this subject. Whenever she entered amongst a party of her little friends, she saw them all whisper each other, and look at her with an air of contempt, and an insulting smile. If ever she staid somewhat late in a company, they would say, "It is plain, she waits here until the hour of her appointment." Had she a fashionable ribbon, or an elegant dress, they would say, "Whenever one can get one's mama's keys, one may buy what one pleases." In short, upon the least difference between her and any of her companions, "Do not talk, miss! they would say. Thinking of your cousin Henry confuses your ideas." These reproaches were so many stabs to the heart of Amelia. Often, when she was quite overwhelmed with grief, she would throw herself into her mother's arms, and seek for comfort there. Her mother generally answered her, "Suffer with patience, my dear child, what your imprudence has brought on you. Pray to God to forget your fault, and to shorten the time of your mortifications. These proofs will be of service to you all your life, if you can profit by them. God has said to children, *Honour your father and your mother, and submit in all things to their will.* This commandment is meant for their

their happiness. Poor children! ye know not the world yet. Ye cannot foresee the consequences that your actions may draw after them. God has committed the care of guiding you to your parents who love you as themselves, and who have more experience and reflection to ward off every danger from you. This you did not chuse to believe; but you now experience how wisely God requires of children submission to their parents, since you have suffered so much by your disobedience. My dear Amelia, let your misfortune serve for your instruction! It is the same with all the commandments. God prescribes to us only what is advantageous; He forbids only what is pernicious to us. We act therefore to our own hurt, whenever we do what is wrong. You will often find yourself in circumstances, when it will be impossible for you to foresee how much vice may injure you, or how much virtue may profit you. Recollect then what you have suffered by one single fault, and regulate all the actions of your life upon this unerring principle: *Every action which is contrary to Virtue, is contrary to our own happiness.*"

Amelia punctually obeyed the wise advice of her mother. The more she was afterwards obliged to suffer the consequences of her imprudence, the more reserved she became and attentive to her own behaviour. She profited so well by this disgrace that, through the prudence of her conduct, she stopped the mouths of all who would speak ill of her, and obtained the name of the *irreproachable Amelia*.

THE OLD MAN BEGGING.

Mr. Annesley } WHY did not you make this good
(to a servant.) } Old man come in?

Old Man. Sir, I was asked; but it was my own choice not to go in.

Mr. Ann. And why, pray?

Old Man. I blush to tell. I am doing a thing to which I am not accustomed: I come—to beg alms.

Mr. Ann. You seem honest: why should you blush to be poor? I have some friends that are so. Be you of the number.

Old Man. Excuse me, sir: I have not time.

Mr. Ann.

Mr. Ann. What have you then to do?

Old Man. What is the most important thing in this world: to die. I may tell you, since we are alone. I have not more than a week to live.

Mr. Ann. How do you know that?

Old Man. How do I know it? I can scarcely explain that to you. But I know it, because I feel it: and that proof is sure. Happily nobody is a loser by my death. My daughter and my son in law have maintained me these two years.

Mr. Ann. They have only done their duty.

Old Man. I was once just rich enough not to fear becoming chargeable to any body. I lent my money to a gentleman that called himself my friend. He lived merrily, until at last he reduced me to poverty. I beg pardon, sir! you are a gentleman too; but I speak the truth.

Mr. Ann. I have as much pleasure in hearing it as you have in speaking it, though it were even against myself.

Old Man. I should have been wiser, had I worked to the last; but I was grown pale and withered, and I looked upon this change as a signal from Providence to repose myself. I never disliked work, Sir. When I was young, that supported my health: I had no other physician. But what strengthens youth, exhausts old age. I was no longer able to work. When I had lost my fortune, I was desirous to work again. I desired it with all my heart. I felt for my arms, but could not find them. Excuse me for dropping a tear when I think of it. No moment of my life ever was more heavy than when I felt myself so weak.

Mr. Ann. You then had recourse to your children?

Old Man. No, sir: they came to me of themselves. I had only one daughter, but I found a son in her husband. They made me welcome to every thing they had, and took care of me, although I had not sixpence to leave them. May God Almighty take them to his heavenly table, as they have taken me to their table in this world!

Mr. Ann. What, are they become cooler to you now?

Old Man. No, sir, but they are become poor themselves. The floods have swept away their house and destroyed their stock: so they have borrowed money to maintain me at ease till my death; the only thing that ever they did against my will. I could wish them to have a sum for my
funera'

funeral before-hand, that I may not be a charge to them, even when dead. It is for this reason that I come begging alms. I am an old man, but a young beggar.

Mr. Ann. And where do you live?

Old Man. I beg pardon, sir; but must not answer that, either for myself or my children.

Mr. Ann. Excuse my indiscreet curiosity. Heaven forbid that I should seek to gratify it!

Old Man. Sir, I believe you. In eight days, look up to heaven: you will then, I hope, see my dwelling; it will not be concealed then.

Mr. Ann. (*offering him a handful of silver.*) Take this, good old man, and may God keep you!

Old Man. All that, sir? No, it was not my intention. I want but a crown; the rest is of no service to me. There is no want in heaven.

Mr. Ann. You will give the remainder to your children.

Old Man. God forbid! My children can work; they want nothing.

Mr. Ann. Farewell, my good old man! Go and repose yourself.

Old Man. (*returning him all his money, except a crown.*) Take this again, sir.

Mr. Ann. My friend, you make me blush.

Old Man. I blush myself too. Even a crown is too much to take. Keep the rest for those who are to beg longer than I.

Mr. Ann. I feel for your situation.

Old Man. I hope that heaven will also feel for it, and for your generosity, sir, and repay it to you.

Mr. Ann. Will you take any food?

Old Man. I have already had some broth and some bread.

Mr. Ann. At least take some provision with you.

Old Man. No, sir; I will not affront Providence so much. However, a glass of wine,—just one—

Mr. Ann. More, if you chuse, my friend.

Old Man. No, sir, only one; I cannot bear more. You deserve that I should drink with you the last drop of wine that I shall taste upon earth, and in heaven I will tell from whom I received it. Bountiful God! even a cup of water is not without its recompense from thee. (*Mr. Annesley goes himself for a bottle. The old man lifts up his hands*

bands to heaven.) My last refreshment! Heaven reward him one day who gives it to me.

Mr. Ann. (*returning with a bottle and two glasses.*) Take this glass, my good old man. I have brought one for myself too. We will drink together.

Old Man, (*looking up.*) God be thanked for all the blessings of this life! (*Drinks a little; then touches glasses with Mr. Annesley.*) May the Lord grant that your latter end be as happy as mine!

Mr. Ann. My good old man, stop here to-night. Nobody shall see you, if you desire it.

Old Man. No, sir, I cannot; my time is precious.

Mr. Ann. Can I serve you in any thing further?

Old Man. I could wish it, sir, for your sake. But I want nothing more in this world; nothing but a glove, (*looking at his hand.*) I have lost mine.

Mr. Ann. (*taking a pair out of his pocket, and offering them.*) Here, my good friend.

Old Man. Keep that: I ask only one.

Mr. Ann. And why do you not take the other?

Old Man. This hand can bear the air. It is only the left that suffers. It has lost its warmth these two years. (*Puts the glove on his left-hand, and gives his right to Mr. Annesley.*) I shall think of you, sir.

Mr. Ann. And I too of you. O my good friend! let me accompany you. I find it hard to keep the promise that I gave you.

Old Man. Then so much the better for you, sir, if you keep it. (*going*)

Mr. Ann. Give me your hand once more, my good old man! It is full of blessings.

Old Man. I hope to take you by the hand in Paradise.

THE PLEASURES AND ADVANTAGES OF A SOCIABLE CHARACTER.

FERDINAND was by nature of a thoughtful and observing turn. In his walks with his uncle, nothing that struck his view was lost to his reflexions. His cousins complained that, while he appeared to enjoy so much

himself, he sought so little to contribute to the general amusement of the family. They thought at first of requesting their father not to take him with them any more, but a more gentle method of correcting him soon occurred. They agreed together to hold the same conduct with him, for some days, that he maintained towards them. One went to see Westminster-abbey; another the regalia and armoury at the Tower; a third the exhibition at Somerset-house; but when they came home, the accounts which they generally gave to each other of what they remarked were suppressed. Instead of that mutual communication of the pleasures of the day which made their evenings pass so delightfully before, a grave reserve and a tiresome silence took place amongst them. Ferdinand remarked this change with as much surprize as mortification. He felt the want of those effusions of communicative cheerfulness which, indeed, rarely originated from him, but in which he never failed to interest himself. Accustomed as he was to reflexion, he easily perceived the injustice of his own behaviour, and soon became as free as he had before been reserved. When he yielded to this amiable principle which is implanted in men by nature, in order to connect and unite them by sentiment, his heart tasted the pleasures of benevolence and friendship; and his ardent desire of knowledge found new means of gratification from the lights which he collected from others, at the same time that he imparted his information to them.

A GOOD HEART COMPENSATES FOR
MANY INDISCRETIONS.

A DRAMA, in one ACT.

CHARACTERS.

MR. VAUGHAN.

MARY ANNE, - *his Daughter.*FREDERICK, - *his Nephew.*DOROTHEA, - *his Niece.*

SERVANT.

PETER, - *an old Coachman.*SCENE, *An apartment in Mr. Vaughan's Country-House.*

SCENE I.

Mr. Vaughan.

THIS is what one gains by taking charge of other people's children! This Frederic, how I loved him? he was, I believe, dearer to me than my own son, and the scape-grace now plays these pranks! How could he change so far from what he promised in his infancy! Such goodness of heart, such spirit, such chearfulness! The courage of a lion, and the mildness of a lamb! One could not help loving him. But let him never appear before me again. I will never even hear him mentioned.

SCENE II.

Mr. Vaughan, Dorothea.

Dorothea. Did you send for me, uncle? What are your commands?

Mr. Vaughan. I have fine news for you, concerning your rogue of a brother.

Dorothea. (turning pale.) Concerning Frederick?

Mr. Vaughan. There, read that letter from Richard, or I will read it to you myself. (reads.)

“ *Dear Papa,*

“ I am sorry to have none but disagreeable news for you; however, it is better that you should receive them from me, than from another. Our dear Frederick”—— Oh! yes. He deserves that affectionate name now.— “ Our dear Frederick goes on very indifferently. He sold his watch some days ago, and what is still worse, the greatest part of his school books and books of devotion. I will tell you how I came to know it. At a standing of second-hand books, I asked the other day by chance for the *Whole Duty of Man*; for as I had worn mine out by dint of reading it, I thought I could not do better than to buy another. The bookseller shewed me one which I knew immediately to be Frederick’s. I was positive of it, as his name was upon the title page. I bought it for sixpence, but did not say a word about it, for fear of prejudicing our school-fellows against him. I contented myself with shewing it to the head master who sent for the bookseller, and asked him from whom he had that book. The bookseller confessed that he had bought it from my cousin, and Frederick could not deny it, but said, that he had sold it because he wanted money; and that meantime, until he should be able to buy another, he had borrowed one from a friend who had two. The head master would know what he had done with this money, and Frederick told him, though I suspect his account to be all a fib. Oh! thought I to myself, we must find if he has not parted with some of his necessaries too. I thought first of the watch that you gave him for his new-year’s gift, to let him see how his time went, which was a matter that he minded very little, as you may remember. I asked him what o’clock it was. He seemed confused and told me that his watch was at the watch-maker’s. I went thither that moment, in order to be certain. There was not a word of truth in it. I expostulated with him, as an affectionate cousin ought;—but he answered me that it was no concern of mine, and that his watch was much better as he had disposed of it than in his fob, as he had no longer occasion to know the hour, for his business. Who knows what he may have done worse? for one cannot guess the whole.”—Well what do you say to this, Dorothy?

Dorothy.

Dorothea. Dear uncle, I own that I am as much displeased at my brother as you are. Notwithstanding—

Mr. Vaughan. A little patience! this is not all. The best of the story is to come. (*reads.*)

“ Only hear what he has done since. The day before yesterday he went out in the afternoon without leave. Evening came on; he did not return. Supper bell rang: he was not to be found. In short, he staid out the whole night, and did not come in until the next morning. You may imagine how he was received. They asked him where he had been; but he had invented all his stories before-hand. And indeed though every thing that he said were true—however, he is to appear this evening before all the masters; and if they do him justice he will be expelled shamefully, or at least sent home. What afflicts me most is his ingratitude for all your kindnesses, the disgrace that he brings on us, and the irregular way of life that he follows. I cannot believe that he told truth, in speaking of the place where he spent the night.” And, why do not you mention it? “ But I wish that he may. It would be still worse, and he would only be the more worthy of your resentment. He threatens now, to run away, and go home.” Yes, yes, let him come! let him only put his foot upon my threshold; he will see the consequence. Let him go where he spends his nights. As for you, *Dorothea*, I desire you never to speak a word to me in his favour. They may put him in prison, send him home, expel him ignominiously; it is all equal to me. I shall never concern myself about him. He may go to some sea-port and ship himself as cabin-boy for the West-Indies. I have used him as my son too long.

Dorothea. True, my dear uncle, you have been as a father to us, and even our own parents could not have shewn more care and kindness to us.

Mr. Vaughan. I have done it with pleasure, and take no merit to myself for it. Your mother, while I was abroad on my travels, did the same for my children. So it became my duty, and I never to this day declined it: but—

Dorothea. Ah! if my brother has forgot himself for a moment, it is owing only to his impetuous temper. You have had him long under your eye. Whenever he had

done a fault, his repentance and sorrow for having offended you, always exceeded the offence.

Mr. Vaughan. Well, and how many indiscretions have I pardoned him? When he burned his eye-brows and hair with his fire-works; when he threw a stone through one of our neighbour's windows, and broke a large looking-glass; when he fell into the mire, and spoiled a new suit of clothes; when he overturned the handsomest carriage that I ever had; did not I forgive him all this? I attributed these mischievous freaks to a petulance that did not however as yet shew a bad disposition: but to sell his watch and his books, to leave his school a-nights and lye out, to fly against his masters, and still to have the face to think of coming home to me!

Dorothea. My dear uncle, be pleased first to hear what he can say in his justification.

Mr. Vaughan. Hear him? Heaven forbid that I should even see him. I shall tell all my tenants to receive him with a good stick, if he offers to come amongst them.

Dorothea. Ah! no. Your heart could never consent to such harshness. You will not deny the request of a niece that loves and honours you as her father.

Mr. Vaughan. You shall see whether that will be difficult to me.

Dorothea. Will you have me think then that you no longer love the memory of your sister, that you no longer love me?

Mr. Vaughan. You? I have no fault to find with you; and therefore your brother's misbehaviour shall never change my sentiments as to you. But if you love me, do not tease me with any more solicitations. Study only to live happy in my friendship.

Dorothea. How can I live happy, while I see my brother in disgrace with you?

Mr. Vaughan. He has deserved it but too well. Why not tell what he did with the money, and where he lay out?

Dorothea. It appears from the letter that he confessed both. It is only Richard that will not believe him. (*Looks at Mr. Vaughan with the tears in her eyes.*) Ah! dear uncle—

Mr. Vaughan, (a little softened.) Well. He shall have one chance more, on your account. I will wait for the head master's letter.

SCENE

S C E N E III.

Mr. Vaughan, Dorothea, Servant.

Mr. Vaughan. What do you want?

Servant. A messenger, sir, would speak with you.

Mr. Vaughan. What has he brought?

Servant. A letter from the school. (*Gives him the letter.*)

Mr. Vaughan, (looking at the superscription.) Right! I was waiting for this. It comes from the head master: I know his hand. Where is the messenger? Let him wait for my answer.

Servant. Shall I shew him up?

Mr. Vaughan. No; I will go down. I wish to inform myself from his own mouth. (*Goes out. Dorothea following him; the Servant makes signs to her to stop.*)

S C E N E IV.

Dorothea, Servant.

Servant. Harkye, Miss Dorothea! come here!

Dorothea. What have you to say?

Servant. Master Frederick is here.

Dorothea. My brother?

Servant. If he be not come yet, he is not far off.

Dorothea. Who told you so?

Servant. The messenger that overtook him on the road. Ah! miss, what has Master Frederick done?

Dorothea. Nothing unworthy. Do not believe him capable of it.

Servant. Ah! I never thought so of him. Heaven knows we all loved him, and would have given our lives for him. He satisfied us for the least service that we could do him. He spoke for us to your uncle, whenever he was in a passion with us; and he was a friend to all the poor people in the neighbourhood. I wonder how his school-master could be angry with him. Ah! I see how it is. They were going to punish him for some arch prank, and he, being a fine spirited young gentleman, would not be used so roughly.

Dorothea. Where did the messenger find him?

Servant. About a stage off. He was sleeping under a willow on the bank of a little stream.

Dorothea. My poor brother!

Servant. The man stopped till he awoke. You must think how surprized Master Frederick was on seeing him. He imagined that this man had been sent after him to bring him back; and he told him that he would sooner be torn in pieces than go with him.

Dorothea. Ah! I know his stout resolute way.

Servant. The messenger protested to him that, (he had such a regard for him,) if he were sure to be scolded, or even to lose his place for it, he would not molest him. He then told him his message, and how they spoke of him at school.

Dorothea. And what did my brother resolve to do?

Servant. Although he was spent with fatigue, he walked on by the messenger's side, and they came together as far as the edge of our grove. Master Frederick struck in there, to go and hide himself in the grotto, and there he will stay for the messenger's return, to know how your uncle will take matters.

Dorothea. Oh! if I could speak to him!

Servant. It is likely that he wishes it as much as you.

Dorothea. My uncle often walks that way. If he should meet him in the first of his passion! Oh! be so kind as to run and tell him to hide himself in the barn, behind the trusses of hay. I will go to him as soon as my uncle walks out.

Servant. Never fear, miss. I will bring him there myself, and help him to hide himself. (*Goes out.*)

S C E N E V.

Dorothea, (alone.)

What troubles he continually causes to me! yet I cannot help loving him.

S C E N E VI.

Dorothea, Mary Anne.

Dorothea. Ah! dear cousin, how I did long to speak with you! and yet, alas! I have but very ill news for you.

Mary

Mary Anne. I know the whole. My papa just now gave me my brother's letter to read. That from the schoolmaster has redoubled his anger against Frederick.

Dorothea. I do not know how to go about justifying him.

Mary Anne. I would wager that he is innocent. Do you know Richard's hypocrisy! He does all the faults, and is cunning enough to lay the blame of them upon others. This is not the first instance of his striving to hurt your brother in my papa's opinion. Twenty times has he, by underhand complaints, had him almost turned out of the house; and then, when matters have been cleared up, he himself has been found the only person in fault. I see, even from his letter, that he is a pickthank, and that Frederick, at worst, has been only imprudent.

Dorothea. What comfort your kindness affords me! Yes, my brother is naturally well inclined, free, sincere, generous, unsuspecting; but he is also petulant, daring and inconsiderate. He is headstrong in his resolutions, and loses respect for those that do not treat him according to his humour.

Mary Anne. And Richard is envious, dissembling, hypocritical, and fawning. Like a cat that gives you at first a paw as soft as velvet, and afterwards strikes you with her talons at the moment when you depend most on her kindness. How willingly would I give my brother, with all his false virtues, for yours, "with all his imperfections on his head." The worst is, that Frederick is not here.

Dorothea. And if he were!

Mary Anne. Eh! where is he then? Let me run to him. I long to see him.

Dorothea. Hift! I think I hear my uncle talking to himself.

Mary Anne. Well, you are Frederick's sister; it is but right that you should see him first. I will stay here with my papa, and try to soften him. Do you run to the poor wanderer, and give him some words of comfort and hope.

Dorothea. Yes, and a good lecture besides, I assure you, for he deserves it at all events. *(Goes out.)*

S C E N E VII.

Mr. Vaughan, Mary Anne.

Mr. Vaughan. I am so provoked with this boy that I have not been able to write, to send back the messenger. However, he may stay here till to-morrow morning. Let me compose myself a little.

Mary Anne. How, papa! are you still angry with my poor cousin? Is his crime so very great then?

Mr. Vaughan. Truly it becomes you much to excuse him. I see that your head is no better than his, and you would have done worse, perhaps, in his place. Yet you have both of you a good example before you.

Mary Anne. Who is that?

Mr. Vaughan. My good boy Richard.

Mary Anne. Oh! yes. My brother is a boy of great veracity, indeed, very generous! he is a pretty pattern!

Mr. Vaughan. I know that Dolly and you are no friends to him. I myself, from your opinions of him, had conceived a prejudice against him; but his master gives me such a good account of him to-day—

Mary Anne. Nay, did not all his masters quite sicken you with his praises here? They knew his father's fortune, and people always hope to wheedle presents from a father, by flattering him concerning his son.

Mr. Vaughan. I grant, they may have flattered me a little with regard to him; however, from his earliest childhood he has never played me a single prank of the thousands that Frederick has.

Mary Anne. His pranks never hurted any body but himself.

Mr. Vaughan. You would make one mad. Did he hurt nobody but himself, when he overturned my chariot? a carriage elegantly gilt, and quite new, that had just cost me two hundred pounds!

Mary Anne. It was but an accident; imprudence is pardonable at his age. Peter was trying the carriage, and Frederick teased him so much to take him up on the seat, that at last he did. After they had gone a little way, he dropped the whip, and Peter went down for it. The horses, finding the reins in weaker hands, set off.

Luckily the harness gave way, and nothing suffered but the carriage.

Mr. Vaughan. That was not enough, perhaps! And who, upon the whole, has more reason to complain than I?

Mary Anne. Frederick, who had his head terribly cut; but above all, poor Peter that lost his place by it.

Mr. Vaughan. I cannot think of it yet with patience. That fine adventure cost me above eighty guineas!

Mary Anne. And how much grief did it cost the good-natured Frederick! He will never forgive himself for having occasioned poor Peter's disgrace.

Mr. Vaughan. Two good-for-nothing fellows, fit to go together! I am surprized, however, that you pick out the worst characters, and plead their cause. Really it is a pity that you were not born a boy, to be companion to your cousin. I think, you would have had charming adventures together.

Mary Anne. Nay, but—

Mr. Vaughan. Hold your tongue! your teasing tires me. I am going to take a turn in the garden. Go find Dorothea, and both of you come to me. (*Goes out without his bat.*)

S C E N E VIII.

Mary Anne.

I shall have a good deal of trouble to bring him about. However, let us not despair. He is only ill-natured in words.

S C E N E IX.

Mary Anne, Dorothea.

Dorothea, (half opening the door, and peeping in.) Hist.

Mary Anne. Well?

Dorothea. Is my uncle out?

Mary Anne. He is just gone. Where is Frederick?

Dorothea. He waits for us on the back stairs.

Mary Anne. You have no more to do but take him to our room.

Dorothea. No ; that won't do. Jenny is there.

Mary Anne. Why, cannot we bring him here ? Nobody comes here when my papa is out.

Dorothea. You are right ; and it will be easier too for him to slip out upon occasion. Stay here, I will bring him up.

S C E N E X.

Mary Anne.

How curious I am to hear him tell his story ! And I shall be glad to see him too. It is above a year since he left us. Ah ! I hear him. *(Goes to the door to meet him.)*

S C E N E XI.

Mary Anne, Dorothea, Frederick.

Mary Anne, (embracing him.) Ah ! my dear cousin.

Dorothea. He deserves this kindness, indeed, for the trouble that he has caused us.

Mary Anne. I see him, and all is forgotten.

Frederick. My dear cousin, do I find you then still the same ? You have never been so hard upon me as my sister.

Dorothea. If I were as much so as your uncle ; ah ! then—

Frederick. In the first place, what does he say ? Can it be true that he is so enraged against me ?

Dorothea. If he knew us to conceal you here, we should have no more to do but to quit the house, and go about our business.

Mary Anne. Oh ! it is very true. Do not think of appearing before him yet awhile. He is in a humour to do you a mischief just now.

Frederick. What can our head master have written to him ?

Dorothea. A handsome encomium upon your exploits.

Mary Anne. My brother had touched a little upon the subject by yesterday's post.

Frederick. What ! has Richard written ? Then I have occasion for nothing more to justify me. He knows the whole

whole matter as well as I, for I entrusted him with every thing.

Mary Anne. One needs only to judge of you from his letter.

Frederick. Well, if I be not innocent, I am the greatest rogue—

Dorothea. That is saying nothing. You must be either one or the other.

Frederick. And could you think me guilty? What is my crime? selling my watch?

Dorothea. No more than that? who can tell if your shirts too, and your clothes—

Frederick. Very true. I would have sold every thing, if I had occasion for more money.

Dorothea. A very pretty defence, truly! and to pass whole nights from the school!

Frederick. One night, sister.

Dorothea. And to fly against a proper chastisement?

Frederick. Say, rather against an outrage that I did not deserve. If I had submitted to it, I should always have borne a blot in the opinion of my uncle: and if they had expelled me, I should never have appeared before you.

Mary Anne. But, dear Frederick, what can you say in your defence? We should know it, in order to clear you to papa.

Frederick. Here is the fact. Some days ago they talked of a fair that was to be in the neighbouring village. Our master gave a few of us leave to go there, in order to amuse ourselves, and gratify our curiosity.

Dorothea. Ah! then it was for oranges and tarts that your watch and your *Whole Duty of Man* went, or perhaps for a fight of monkies and tumblers.

Frederick. Surely, my sister must have a great taste for these things, to suppose that one could spend money on them. No, it was not so. I was dry, and went into a publick house to have some beer.

Dorothea. Why, this is worse still.

Frederick. Really, sister, you are very severe. But do let me finish. While I was sitting there—

Mary Anne, (listening at the door.) We are undone! my papa! I hear him!

Dorothea. Run! run!

Frederick.

Frederick. No; I will wait for my uncle, and throw myself at his feet.

Mary Anne. Oh! no, dear cousin; he is not capable of listening to you. Do, for my sake—

Frederick. You would have me?

Mary Anne. Yes, yes; leave me to manage for you.
(*She pushes him by the shoulders to the door of the back stairs, shuts it upon him, and returns.*)

S C E N E XII.

Mr. Vaughan, Mary Anne, Dorothea.

Mary Anne. Ah! papa, I see you are returned already from your walk.

Mr. Vaughan. I am looking for my hat. Hang it, I do not know where I have left it.

Dorothea, (looking about.) Here, here it is.

Mr. Vaughan. You could not think of bringing it to me.

Dorothea. I must have been blind sure, not to see it.

Mary Anne. Who can think of every thing?

Mr. Vaughan. Truly, you have so many things to take up your attention!

Mary Anne. I was just thinking of poor Frederick.

Mr. Vaughan. Must I constantly have that name rung in my ears?

Mary Anne. Well, papa, let us talk no more about him. Would not you chuse to finish your walk before the dew falls?

Mr. Vaughan. No. I will go out no more this evening.
(*Mary Anne and Dorothea look at each other, shaking their heads with an air of disappointment.*) It is too late. Besides, I have just been told that my old coachman is below, and would speak with me.

Mary Anne and Dorothea. What, Peter?

Mr. Vaughan. Whatever damage he has caused me, the mischief is done, and he has been sufficiently punished for it. I would know what he has to say to me:

Mary Anne. He might very well wait until you returned from your walk.

Mr. Vaughan. No, no. I shall dismiss him the sooner. After all—(*Mary Anne and Dorothea whisper together.*) (*to Mary Anne.*) When your father—(*to Dorothea.*) When your
your

your uncle speaks to you, I think that you should listen to him. After all— (*Dorothea endeavours to steal away.*) Where are you going, Dorothea?

Dorothea, (confused.) I have business down stairs.

Mr. Vaughan. Well, tell Peter to come up. (*Dorothea goes out.*)

SCENE XIII.

Mr. Vaughan, Mary Anne.

Mr. Vaughan. After all, I pity the poor man. I never had so good a coachman. My horses were so sleek, that one might see one's face in their coats; and he never embezzled their corn at the alehouse.

Mary Anne. Ah! if you had kept him, you would have spared poor Frederick many a sorrowful moment.

Mr. Vaughan. Say no more of him. It was he that occasioned me to discharge Peter, and to be at present without a coachman; for after him I conceived a dislike to all others. I shall never find one to replace him.

SCENE XIV.

Mr. Vaughan, Mary Anne, Dorothea and Peter.

Dorothea. Uncle, here is Peter.

Peter. I beg pardon, sir, but I cannot think that you are still angry with me. I hope you will not take it amiss that I have made bold to wait on you as I passed the house, and to beg you to let me have a discharge.

Mr. Vaughan. Did not I give you one?

Peter. I never had any other than "There; take your wages; quit my house this moment, and never let me see you again." You did not give me time, sir, to ask for a gentler discharge.

Mr. Vaughan. You did not deserve more ceremony from me, after destroying my finest carriage. I wish that Frederick had broke his neck at the same time.

Peter. What can one say, Sir? A coachman's sense is in his whip, and I had just lost possession of mine. But I shall be wiser for the future.

Mr. Vaughan. Well, it is all over. How do you live?

Peter.

Peter. Ah! dear master, since I left your house I have never had a happy moment. You know, upon quitting your service, I went to live with Major Bramfield. Oh! what a master! he could never speak but with his cane lifted up; rest his soul!

Mr. Vaughan. He is dead then?

Peter. Yes, to the great joy of his soldiers. He never gave me his orders without swearing like a Turk. His horses had their full measure of corn, and his people plenty of hard knocks, but not much bread.

Mary Anne. Ah! poor Peter! why did you stay in his service?

Peter. Where could I go! What kept me there besides, was, that my wife found employment in the house in washing and mending the linen. She earned at least half as much as maintained our children. Every one trembled before the Major. Death alone made him tremble, and laid him low. At present I am out of place, and do not know where to lay my head.

Mr. Vaughan. But you know that I never wish any one to starve, much less an old servant.

Peter. Ah! I always thought so; but those terrible words "Never let me see you again," sounded continually like a clap of thunder in my ears. Ten of the Major's greatest oaths could not have frightened me so much.

Mary Anne. And you have had no master since?

Peter. Ah! Miss, it is not here as in London. In the poor little villages about here, people want their corn more for themselves than for their horses. I worked at daily labour in the fields, my wife spun, and my children went about asking charity. But we all together made so little, that we were not able at the week's end to pay the rent of a poor garret. Very soon we had nothing but the earth for our bed, and the sky for our covering. My poor wife died of grief and hardship. (*wipes his eyes.*)

Mr. Vaughan. You deserved it all. Why did not you come and ask my assistance?

Mary Anne, (to Dorothea.) Now my papa shews himself once more. A good sign for Frederick.

Peter. Ah! sir, what a woman it was! Sure never was a better wife. Whenever I came home at night without having earned a farthing, and thought that I must go to
bed

bed hungry, I always found half of her morsel of bread left purposely for me. When I foamed with rage like one in despair, and would destroy every thing round me, she always restored me to my calm senses, and made me a reasonable man again. Now she is dead, and I cannot bring her to life. There began my real unhappiness, and heaven knows where it will end.

Dorothea. Ah! poor Peter!

Peter. I had no more hopes of finding a service in these parts; so I set out one fine evening with my little girl in my arms, and I took my boy by the hand. We walked a great part of the night, and slept the remainder under a hedge. Next morning, by break of day, we were in sight of a town. Luckily there was a fair there that day. I earned some money by carrying burthens. But, sir, I must say, it was an angel, an angel from heaven, Master Frederick—

Mr. Vaughan. An angel? What Frederick? that reprobate?

Mary Anne and Dorothea, (approaching Peter with looks of joy and curiosity.) What, Frederick? Frederick?

Peter. Dear master, use me ill if you will; but not that fine generous child. I would rather that you should trample me under your feet.

Dorothea. Oh! tell us, Peter, tell us.

Peter. My little Lucy went to ask a charity at the door of a public house. Master Richard and Master Frederick were sitting there at a table, with some beer before them.

Mr. Vaughan. Ay! fine inclinations truly! In an ale-house!

Dorothea. Nay, uncle, he only went to refresh himself.

Mr. Vaughan. What business had he in the town at all?

Mary Anne. He had leave to see the fair. Your good Richard, you see, was there too.

Peter. He presently knew my child, and rose from table in spite of all that his companion could say. He made poor little Lucy drink a glass of beer, took her by the hand, and leading her out, heard from herself a brief account of our misery. He then desired her to bring him to me, and found me in the next street, drinking out of my hat at a well, as the heat of my work had made me dry. I thought that I should run mad with joy upon
seeing

seeing him. All shabby and dirty as I was, I took him in my arms before every body; and hugged him so close, the folks were afraid that I should stifle him. Ah! he was heartily glad to see me too. At last, as there were a number of people about us, he told me to lead him to a place where we might be by ourselves, and I took him to a barn, where I had already bespoke my bed for the night.

Mary Anne. Ah! papa, I would lay a wager—

Mr. Vaughan. Silence. Well, Peter?

Peter. I told him all that I have now told you. The dear child began to cry as if he would break his heart. I should beg for you, cried he, as I am the cause of your misfortunes; but I will not sleep without relieving them. Here, Peter, said he, feeling in his pockets, take what money I have about me. I was not for taking it; that made him angry. I told him that it was money given him for his amusement, and that as for me, I was used to hardship. He frowned, and stamped with his feet, and I verily believe would have hit me if I had not taken his purse.

Mr. Vaughan. How much was there in it?

Peter. Almost a crown. He would keep no more than six-pence. It shall never be said, continued he, that an honest servant of my uncle's, who has neither robbed nor defrauded any one, shall be obliged in his old age to go begging with his children, and not have so much as a lodging. Take a little room. Before three days I will return, and I will support you ever until I shall have written to my uncle. We have both provoked him against us; but he is too humane, and too generous, to abandon you to misery.

Mr. Vaughan. Did he really say so, Peter?

Peter. I can take my oath of it, master.

Mary Anne. Well, well, we can believe you; finish your story.

Peter. How do you employ your children? said he, as he took my Billy upon his knee. Employ them? said I, they go about selling nosegays and toothpicks; and when nobody buys, they ask charity. That is not right, said he. They would never learn any thing by that trade but idleness and profligacy. You should make your boy learn a trade, and put the girl out to a decent service.

Mary

Mary Anne. Frederick was very right there, papa.

Peter. Yes, said I; but how can I offer the children to any body in these rags? If I had only three guineas, I could soon settle them. There is a weaver hard by, that employs young hands, and would take my Billy, if I could give him two guineas fee; and a dairy-man's wife would take Lucy into her service, if she was a little clad. Then I could go and offer myself for service in some rich family, and not be reduced to stroll about like a vagrant.

Mr. Vaughan. And what did Frederick say?

Peter. Nothing, sir. He went away, but two days after he returned. Where is the weaver that will take your son apprentice? carry me to him. So I did, and he spoke with him privately for a while. And the dairy-man's wife, said he, that will take charge of Lucy—where does she live? I took him there too. He left me at the door, went and spoke to the woman in her dairy, joined me again without saying a word, and we came away. After we had walked about forty yards, he stopped, and taking me by the hand, My honest old friend, said he, make yourself easy as to your children. He then pointed me to a shop of second-hand clothes that happened to be not far off, where he had paid beforehand for this jacket, and this great coat.—Don't I look like a squire in them?

Mary Anne. O my excellent cousin! good-natured Frederick!

Mr. Vaughan, (*wiping his eyes.*) I see now where the watch went.

Peter. That is not all, sir. Did not I catch him slipping money into my pocket? I was positively for returning it to him, and told him that he had already done too much for me. But if ever I saw him fall in a passion, it was then. He assured me, sir, that you had sent it to him for my use. And when I was for coming here directly to thank you, he told me that you would not have it mentioned. Ah! thought I to myself, Mr. Vaughan was *so* good a master! Perhaps he would take me again. For all that I did not dare to come, as Master Frederick had forbidden me.

Mr. Vaughan. O Frederick! my dear Frederick! you have still then that noble and generous heart that I always took you to possess from your infancy.

Mar.

~~Mary Anne~~ And what determined you at last to appear again before my uncle?

Peter. The case was this: They would not take my Billy without a copy of the register of his baptism, and for that I must come here to the clerk of this parish. As I entered the village, I heard that my Lord Vasty wanted a coachman. It seemed as if Master Frederick had sent good luck along with me. I waited on my Lord, who promised to take me if I could bring him a proper discharge from my last master. I could not go into the other world to ask the Major for one; so I took my chance, though sadly afraid, to apply to you. And should you even refuse me, I shall at least have returned you my acknowledgments for the relief that you were so kind as to convey to me through the hands of Master Frederick.

Mr. Vaughan. No, honest Peter; you are indebted for them to himself alone. It is he who has stripped himself to cover you. But he is also indebted to you for the return of my favour. From what a misfortune you save him! Yes, but for you, but for you, so great was my resentment against him, I should have banished him from my presence for ever.

Peter. Say you so, sir? Then I should be the happiest man in the world! What, to save him from misfortune, as he has me! Each of us to owe that obligation to the other!

Mr. Vaughan. That sneaking varlet Richard had almost turned my heart against him. How could I trust that knave, who has so often imposed upon me! But the head master of the school—

Mary Anne. Why, papa, he must have imposed on him as well as you.

Mr. Vaughan. But bless me, they write me word that Frederick is run away. If he should grow desperate! If any misfortune should happen to him!

Peter. A horse! a horse! I'll bring him back to you, if he were at the world's end. (*Going to run out.*)

Dorothea, (holding him.) My dear uncle, would you really pardon him? Would you take him to your arms once more?

Mr. Vaughan. Ay; though he had sold all his clothes! though he were to return as naked as he was born! (*Dorothea makes a sign to Mary Anne, and runs out.*)

Mary

Mary Anne. What if he were here, papa?

Mr. Vaughan. Here? has any one seen him? Where is he? where is he?

Peter. Ah! if he was here! if he was here! I would jump up to the ceiling for joy.

Mary Anne. Well, papa, do you see him?

SCENE XV.

Mr. Vaughan, Frederick, Mary Anne, Dorothea, Peter.

(*Frederick entering, kneels to his uncle. Peter shows an extravagance of joy. Dorothea and Mary Anne melt into tears.*)

Frederick. Ah! uncle, my dear uncle, will you forgive me?

Mr. Vaughan. Forgive you! I love you a thousand times better than before. You deserve it; and shall never leave me again.

Frederick. No uncle; never, never. (*Turning, he sees Peter, and takes him by the hand.*) Ah! if you had seen the misery of this poor man and his children! If you had been the cause of their distress!

Peter. 'Twas I, 'twas I myself. Why should I have let you climb upon my seat, or have left you to manage a pair of fiery horses? But who could refuse you any thing? I could not, though the carriage were to run over me through it. So mark, Master Frederick; never ask me any thing improper again! I should agree to it, I know; but I should go and drown myself directly.

Mr. Vaughan. Why did not you write me an account of all this, instead of selling your watch, your books, and perhaps your clothes? It was at least an imprudence in a child like you, who knows not the value of things.

Frederick. Yes, that is true; but to let this family be a moment longer in their distress, seemed to me as bad as murder. Besides, as you had turned Peter away in a passion, I was afraid that you should forbid me to assist him; and that by disobeying your express orders I should make myself more blameable.

Mr. Vaughan. What, then, you would have disobeyed me there?

Frederick. Yes, uncle; but in that only.

Mr. Vaughan.

Mr. Vaughan. Kiss me, my brave Frederick!—After all, there is one article in the letter which makes me hesitate; that is, your lying out. Where did you pass the night?

Frederick. I had carried Peter the money that day. Our master was not at home in the evening, and I knew that the doors would be shut at ten o'clock. I thought to be home before; and so I should, if I had not gone astray after dark.

Dorothea. Poor brother! where did you lie then?

Frederick. I found an empty old shed, and there I stretched myself upon a great stone, and never slept so well in my life. I was so happy to have relieved Peter!

Mary Anne. Ah! that ill-natured Richard! He took good care not to tell us all this, and yet he knew it.

Mr. Vaughan. From this moment I withdraw my regard from him, and you alone——

Frederick. No, uncle; I will not be happy at the expence of another, and far less at that of your son.

Dorothea, (taking his hand.) How much ought I to love such a brother!

Mr. Vaughan. Well, let him remain at the school; you shall never leave me. I wish to have you always near my heart, and will have masters for you of all sorts, if they were to come a hundred miles.

Peter, (making a low bow.) My worthy master, you are always the same.

Mr. Vaughan, (patting him on the shoulder.) Peter, have you agreed with Lord Vasty?

Peter. Bless your heart, sir, I had not my discharge.

Mr. Vaughan. You shall not need one. I see, I shall make Frederick and you happy in having you near each other once more: but never let him mount upon your seat again. We shall take care of your children too.

Peter, (sobbing, and crying for joy.) Dear master!—Sir!—are you serious? Is not this a dream? Frederick! Master Frederick! shall my poor children—Ah! let me go and see my old friends in the stable!

O L D C O L I N .

Mr. Dexter, Percival his son.

Percival. P A P A, I know a very good servant to commend to you, when you discharge old Colin.

Mr. Dexter. Who has given you that commission? Have I any thoughts of sending him away?

Percival. Would you always keep that old fellow? I think, a young servant would do much better for us.

Mr. Dexter. How, Percival? That is a very bad reason for being tired of a good servant. You call him an old fellow! Child, you ought to blush for it! It is in my service that he is grown old; and perhaps the cares which he took of your infancy and the sorrow that he felt for your fits of illness have hastened old age on him. You see then, how ungrateful and unreasonable it would be to take an aversion to him on account of his age. And do you think yourself any better founded in saying that a young servant would answer our purpose? That decision is above your age, and requires more experience than you can possess. At another time I will make you sensible of the advantage that an old servant has above a young one in diligent and faithful service.

Percival. I believe it, papa, since you say so. But he wears a wig; and it is *so* droll to see a man in a wig standing behind your chair at dinner. I can hardly turn my eyes towards him, without being ready to laugh out.

Mr. Dexter. That does not shew a good disposition, boy! I should never have suspected you of it. Do you know that he lost his hair in a long and dangerous sickness? To ridicule him, is it not to insult God who sent this sickness on him?

Percival. But he is always grumbling, and is not so merry as the other servants.

Mr. Dexter. Colin may be serious, but is not a grumbler. It is true, he is not so nimble as a young puppy of eighteen or twenty; but does he incur your dislike on that account? O son, that thought makes me shudder!

Then

Then you will have an aversion to me too, if God should grant me a long life?

Percival. Oh! no, papa; I am not so wicked.

Mr. Dexter. And do you think that it is not so to hate Colin, because his age hinders him from being so alert as formerly?

Percival. I am wrong, papa, I confess; and I assure you that I am very sorry for having——

Mr. Dexter. Why do you stop? For what are you sorry, do you say?

Percival. If I discover my fault to you, perhaps you will be angry with me. and I shall gain nothing by it but a punishment.

Mr. Dexter. You know, child, that I am not fond of punishing, and that I try that method very seldom. It is by kindness and good advice that I endeavour to correct your sister and you. I do not know what fault you have committed, therefore cannot promise absolutely not to chastise you. Is it on those terms that you intend to make a confession? You know my affection for you. That is the only security that I can give you; and you may depend on it with as much confidence as on my promise.

Percival. Well, papa, I own that—I called Colin—an old rogue.

Mr. Dexter. How? Is it possible? Could you so far forget how you should behave to an honest man? And did Colin hear you?

Percival. Yes, papa; and that is what troubles me most.

Mr. Dexter. It is very well to be sorry. But it is not enough to be concerned for having affronted one of our fellow-creatures to his face: one ought to feel the same sorrow for affronting him in his absence.

Percival. Yes, I am sorry to have used Colin ill at all: but what grieves me most, is that I treated him so before his face; for—

Mr. Dexter. You have begun to open your heart to me. Conclude!

Percival. Yes, papa—for Colin, when I used him so ill, shed tears, and said, The pains and infirmities of my old age are not enough, but I must moreover be the laughter of childhood.

Mr.

Mr. Dexter. Poor Colin! I know him well. That ill treatment would go to his heart. It is indeed hard at his age to be the laughing-stock of a child. But how much more must he suffer in receiving this treatment from a child whom he has known from his birth, and served with an attachment that can never be requited.

Percival. Ah! papa, how much am I to blame! I will ask his pardon; and be assured that in all my life he shall never have reason to complain of me.

Mr. Dexter. Very well, child: on this condition alone God and I can pardon you. We are all weak and liable to be carried away by our passions for a moment. But when we return to ourselves, we must thoroughly repent for our fault; we must force our pride to make amends for it, and use all our resolution to avoid it for the future. But I should wish to know what could make you behave so ungenerously to Colin. Had he offended you?

Percival. Yes, papa—At least I thought so. I was playing with my pop-gun, and aimed to shoot a pea at his face. Have done, Master Percival, says he, or I shall go and complain to your papa. His threatening made me angry, and then I called him names.

Mr. Dexter. It was on purpose, then, that you strove to vex him?

Percival. I cannot deny it.

Mr. Dexter. That aggravates your fault; and that was what made him shed tears.

Percival. Ah! papa, if you give me leave, I will go to him this moment, and ask his pardon. I shall not be easy until he forgives me.

Mr. Dexter. Yes, child; we should never put off for a moment the performance of our duty. I shall wait for you here. (*Percival goes out, and returns shortly after with an air of satisfaction.*)

Percival. Papa, now I am pleased with myself. Colin has forgiven me with all his heart: and I do not think that I shall ever commit the same fault again.

Mr. Dexter. God forbid that you should! Without his grace you can never answer for the firmest resolution.

Percival. And what should I do for that purpose?

Mr. Dexter. Pray for his assistance. He will not refuse it to you.

Percival. I will pray for it from the bottom of my heart. But papa, there is another thing that I have just now done without your leave, and which perhaps will make you angry.

Mr. Dexter. What is that, child?

Percival. The new crown-piece that you gave me as a Christmas-box I have given to Colin.

Mr. Dexter. Why should I be angry at that? I am very well pleased that you should do good actions of yourself, without acquainting me. You may dispose of all the money that I give you. It is your own; and you could not make a better use of it. We should early accustom ourselves to a prudent generosity. Did Colin seem satisfied?

Percival. He dropped tears of joy, and I was pleased to see it.

Mr. Dexter. I applaud you for that sentiment, my boy. A humane heart always rejoices to soften the distresses of its fellow-creatures. All the virtues produce joy in our souls, but none fills them with sensations more delightful and more lasting than beneficence.

Percival. Ah! if ever I possess the means, I will relieve all those about me that are in distress.

Mr. Dexter. My last prayer to heaven shall be to strengthen this virtue in your heart, and to render you capable of putting it in practice.

Percival. And shall I be every time so well pleased as to-day?

Mr. Dexter. It is the only pleasure that never grows weak. Endeavour above all things to enjoy it in your family. If your servants are honest people, you ought to gain their affections still more by kind treatment than by money; and at the same time not neglect to make them small presents now and then. If you bestow them seasonably, and with a good grace, you will make your servants your firmest friends.

Percival. But papa, have they not their wages?

Mr. Dexter. They have them for their service; no more. But small presents will create affection in them, and they will go beyond their duty.

Percival. I do not understand you very well, papa.

Mr. Dexter. Colin will serve as an instance to explain my meaning. I give him his wages, his clothing and his food, for serving me. When he has served me, are

we not quit? does he owe me any thing more? At the same time, you know, he takes care of every thing in the house; he has of himself undertaken the trouble of inspecting the other servants, and has often saved me great expences. He does all this through good-will, without any particular order; because I gained his gratitude by occasional presents. When your years will allow you to mix in the world, you will hear nothing in every family but complaints of the negligence and ingratitude of servants. Be assured, my dear, that the fault lies ofteneft with the masters who endeavour to inspire them with fear, rather than with attachment.

Percival. Now I understand you perfectly; and I will one day make use of your instructions and your example.

Mr. Dexter. You will never have reason to repent following them. I inherited them from my father, and shall always remember what he used to tell us on this subject.

Percival. Ah! papa, if it be not too much trouble, I should be glad to hear the story.

Mr. Dexter. I take pleasure in making you this return for acknowledging your fault, and for your generosity to honest Colin. "Captain Flood, a brave officer, who had retired from the service, lived upon his estate, with his wife, an amiable lady, and five children worthy of such excellent parents. The inhabitants of the neighbourhood possessed the greatest respect for them, and this family all together formed the most pleasing sight imaginable. The sweetness of Mr. Flood's disposition, and the excellent order that subsisted in his house, gained him the good-will and admiration of all those who had the happiness of knowing him. The young people in those parts were eager to be in his service; and whenever a place was vacant in his family by a servant's dying or going away, it was sought as a desirable situation. Content appeared in the faces of all his people. To see them, one would have taken them for dutiful children round their father. His orders were so just and so moderate, that not one of them ever had a thought of disobeying him. Harmony reigned amongst them as amongst brothers. If ever they disputed, it was which had most zeal in the service of their master, and most attachment to his interests. Mr. Fulmer, who was formerly an intimate of Captain Flood's,

and had like him retired to his estate in another county, stopped one day at his house, in passing that way on his road to London. After a variety of discourse, the conversation fell at last upon the disagreeable circumstances frequently attending the care of a family. Mr. Fulmer complained of the fatiguing employment of watching over servants; that he had never found any but such as were insolent, idle, or inattentive to their master's business. As to that, said Mr. Flood, I cannot complain of mine. For these ten years I have had no weighty subject of displeasure. I am very well satisfied with them, and they are the same with me. That is a happiness not very common, said Mr. Fulmer. You must have some particular secret for making good servants, and for keeping them in that perfection. The secret is very simple, answered Mr. Flood; and here it is, continued he, pointing to a small desk. I do not understand you, said Mr. Fulmer; but Mr. Flood, without making any reply, opened the desk. It contained six drawers, with these titles:—*Extraordinary expences.—For myself.—For my wife.—For my children.—Servants wages.—Gratuities to them.*—As I have always by me, resumed Mr. Flood, a year's rent of my estate beforehand, I make six portions of it at the beginning of every year. In the first drawer I put a certain sum, which is inviolably reserved for unforeseen occasions. In the second what I intend for my own expences. The third contains the money necessary for the domestic charges of the family, and my wife's pin-money. The fourth sufficient for the proper education of my children. The wages of my servants are in the fifth; and in the sixth are the gratuities that I bestow them. It is to this last drawer that I owe the happiness of having never had bad servants. Their wages are for what their duty requires of them: but the presents that I distribute to them occasionally, are for the performance of what is not strictly comprized within their duty, for services in which their affection to me outstrips my orders and my wishes."

ALFRED AND DORINDA.

ON a fine summer's day, Mr. Vernon had promised to go a walking with his two children, Alfred and Dorinda, in a very fine garden a little way out of town. He went up to his dressing-room to prepare himself, and the children remained in the parlour. Alfred, delighted with the pleasures that he promised himself from his walk, jumping and running carelessly to and fro in the room, brushed the skirt of his coat against a very valuable flower that his father was rearing with infinite pains, and which he had unfortunately just brought in from before the window, in order to preserve it from the heat of the sun. O brother! what have you done? said Dorinda, taking up the flower which was broken off from the stalk. She was holding it still in her hand, when her father, who had finished dressing himself, entered the parlour. How, Dorinda, said Mr. Vernon in an angry tone, do you pluck a flower that you have seen me take so much pains to rear in order to have seed from it? Dear papa, answered Dorinda, trembling, pray do not be angry! I am not angry, replied Mr. Vernon, growing more calm; but as you may take a fancy to pluck flowers too in the garden that I am going to see, and which does not belong to me, you will not take it amiss that I leave you at home.

Dorinda looked down, and held her tongue. Alfred could not keep silence any longer. He approached his father with tears in his eyes, and said, It was not my sister, papa; it was I that plucked off the flower: so it is I that must stay at home. Take my sister along with you.

Mr. Vernon, touched with the ingenuous behaviour of his children, and their affection for each other, kissed them, and said, You are both dear to me alike, and you shall both come with me.

Alfred and Dorinda leaped for joy. They went therefore to walk in the garden, where they saw plants of the most curious sorts. Mr. Vernon with pleasure observed Dorinda press her cloaths on each side, and Alfred take up the skirts of his coat under his arms, for fear of doing any damage as they walked among the flowers. The flower that he had lost would, without doubt, have given

him a good deal of pleasure ; but he enjoyed much more in seeing mutual affection, candour and prudence, flourish in his children:

THE FROWARD LITTLE GIRL.

O Ye children, who have had the misfortune to contract a vicious habit, it is for your comfort and encouragement that I tell the following story : in which you will see that amendment is easy, whenever one forms a sincere and courageous resolution.

Rosalind, until her seventh year, was the joy of her parents. At that age, when the growing light of reason begins to shew us the ugliness of our faults, she, on the contrary, had contracted one, which cannot better be described to you, than by the example of those snarling curs that growl incessantly, and seem always ready to run at your legs and bite them. If any one, by mistake, touched her play-things, she would give that person a side-look, and grumble between her teeth for a quarter of an hour. If any chid her, though ever so gently, she would start up, and stamp with her feet, and throw the chairs about the room. Neither her father nor mother, nor any one of the family, could bear with her now. It is true, she sometimes repented of her faults ; nay, she often shed tears in private, on seeing herself become the aversion of every body, even to her parents. But habit soon got the better of her, and her temper became more cross every day. One evening (it was New-Year's Eve) she saw her mother go towards her room with a small basket under her cloak. Rosalind would have followed her, but Mrs. Faulkener ordered her to go back to the parlour. Upon this she put on the fullenest face that ever she shewed, and clapped the door to so violently that she made all the windows rattle. Half an hour after, her mother sent for her. What was her surprize, on seeing the room lighted up with twenty candles, and the table covered with the most elegant toys. She could not utter a word, transported as she was with joy and admiration. Come hither, Rosalind, said her mother, and read on this paper for whom

whom these things are intended. Rosalind went to the table, and saw amongst the toys a slip of paper, on which she read the following words written in large letters:—
For an amiable little girl, in return for her good behaviour.

She looked down, and did not say a word. Well, Rosalind, said her mother, for whom is this intended?

Not for me; said Rosalind, with the tears in her eyes.

Here is another paper, said Mrs. Faulkener; see if this does not concern you.

Rosalind took it, and read, *For a froward little girl, who is sensible of her faults, and in beginning a new year will take pains to amend them.* Oh! that is I, that is I! said she, throwing herself into her mother's arms, and crying bitterly. Mrs. Faulkener also dropped tears, partly of sorrow for her daughter's faults, and partly of joy for the repentance that she shewed. Come, said she, after a moment's silence, take what is intended for you, and may God, who has heard your resolution, give you force to execute it!

No, mama, answered Rosalind, the whole belongs to the person meant in the first paper. Keep it for me, until I am like her: you can tell me when I am so. This answer gave Mrs. Faulkener much pleasure; she therefore immediately put all the toys into a drawer, and giving the key to Rosalind, said, There, my dear child, you shall open the drawer when you yourself shall think it the proper time.

Near six weeks passed without the least instance of ill-humour from Rosalind. She threw her arms round her mother's neck, and sobbing, asked, May I open the drawer, mama? Yes, my dear, you may, answered Mrs. Faulkener, clasping her tenderly in her arms. But pray tell me how you have managed to get the better of your temper so? I studied it continually, replied Rosalind; it cost me some trouble, but every morning and evening, and a hundred times in the day, I prayed to God to keep up my courage.

Mrs. Faulkener shed the most delicious tears; and Rosalind became mistress of the toys, and soon after, of the affections of all her friends.

Her mother related this happy change in presence of a little miss who had the same fault; and she was so struck with it that she immediately formed the resolution of imitating Rosalind, in order to become amiable like her.

This attempt had the same success: and thus Rosalind was not only more happy herself, but rendered those also happy who chose to profit by her example. What child of spirit would not wish to enjoy the same honour and the same happiness?

THE USEFUL DISAPPOINTMENT.

ONE fine morning, in the month of June, Ambrose prepared to set out with his father on a party of pleasure, which for a fortnight before had taken up all his thoughts. He had risen, contrary to his custom, very early, in order to hasten the preparations for his jaunt. However, just as he thought that he had reached the object of his wishes, the sky darkened all at once, the clouds grew thick, and a violent wind bent down the trees and raised up a tempest of dust. Ambrose went down every moment into the garden, to observe how the sky looked: he then skipped up the stairs three at a time, to examine the barometer; but the sky and the barometer were both against him. For all this, he did not scruple to give his father good hopes, and to assure him that these unfavourable appearances would disperse in a moment; that presently it would be the finest weather in the world; and he concluded, that they ought to set out directly, to have the benefit of it.

Mr. Powell, who did not repose a blind confidence in his son's prognostics, thought it more prudent to wait a little. Just then the clouds burst, and discharged a heavy shower of rain. Ambrose, who was doubly disappointed, began to cry, and obstinately refused to be comforted. The rain continued until three o'clock in the afternoon. At length the clouds dispersed, the sun resumed his lustre, the sky its clearness, and all nature breathed the freshness of the Spring. Ambrose recovered his good humour by degrees, in proportion as the sky brightened. His father took him out a little way, and the calmness of the air, the singing of the birds, the fresh green of the fields, and the sweet perfume that breathed all round him, restored peace and satisfaction completely to his heart. Do not
you

you remark, said his father to him, the agreeable change just now produced all round you? Recollect how dull every thing yesterday appeared to us; the ground parched up by a long drought, the flowers without colour and hanging their languid heads, and in short, all vegetation seeming to be at a stand. What must we suppose to have so suddenly made nature appear young again? The rain that has fallen to-day, said Ambrose.

The injustice of his complaints, and the folly of his behaviour, struck him sensibly as he pronounced these words. He blushed, and his father judged that his own thoughts would be sufficient to teach him another time to sacrifice, without reluctance, a selfish pleasure to the general advantage of mankind.

T H E P A G E.

A D R A M A, in O N E A C T.

C H A R A C T E R S.

THE PRINCE OF ———.

MRS DORFFEN.

ELDER DORFFEN, - *an Ensign,* } *Her Sons.*
YOUNGER DORFFEN, *Page,*

CAPTAIN DERENHOFF, - - *Her Brother.*

MASTER OF A ROYAL ACADEMY.

ATTENDANT.

The stage represents an anti-chamber in the palace. Beyond appears a bed-chamber with folding doors open; within a camp bed, at the foot of which, on a stand, is a lamp lighted, and a watch.

S C E N E I.

The Prince (in a morning gown, lying upon a camp bed and covered with a large cloak.) The Page (asleep in an arm-chair in the anti-chamber.)

The Prince } **T**HIS is something like rest.—This is
(*awaking.*) } the happiness of peace.—One can now
indulge sleep, without being aroused by the noise of arms.
(*Looks at his watch.*) Two o'clock? It must be later! I
have slept more than two hours. Page! page!

The Page. (Starting from his sleep, half awake, and falling back into the arm-chair.) Eh! who calls?—I'm coming—presently.

The Prince. Is any body there? What, no answer?

The Page. (turning himself and yawning.) Oh dear! I was in such a fine sleep!

The Prince. I hear somebody speak. Who is there? (He turns the lamp, and sees the page.) Is it possible? What! that child here? Should he watch by me, or I by him? What could my people mean?

The Page. (rising up half asleep, and rubbing his eyes.) Sir!

The Prince. Come, come, my little friend, awake! Tell me what o'clock it is by your watch: mine is stopped.

The Page. (supporting himself on the arms of the chair, and still half asleep.) Eh? what, sir?

The Prince. (smiling.) You are fast asleep. What a comical little face! He would afford an excellent picture as he is now. I bid you see what o'clock it is by your watch.

The Page. (approaching slowly.) Watch, sir? I beg your highness's pardon! I have none.

The Prince. You are dreaming still; or have you really no watch?

The Page. I never had one.

The Prince. Never? How could your father send you hither without a thing so necessary, and indeed the only thing for which, in your case, you have an absolute occasion.

The Page. My father? Ah! if he were alive!

The Prince. You have no father, then?

The Page. He died, Sir, before I was born. I never saw him.

The Prince. Poor child! But your guardian, your mother should have taken care—

The Page. My mother, sir? Ah! does not your highness know it? She lives very poorly indeed. What money she had she laid out upon me, but she had not enough to buy me a watch.

The Prince. Who is your guardian?

The Page. My uncle, sir.

The Prince. (smiling.) That is good. But there are so many uncles in the world! What is your uncle's name?

The

The Page. He is a captain in your highness's guards, and on guard to-day.

The Prince. You are right: I recollect him: it was he that brought you to me. My little man, take this taper; hold it fast. In that bed-room (*pointing*) there, on that side, you will find two watches hanging by the glass. Bring me the one that you find on the right-hand, and take care to set the room on fire with the taper! Make haste!

The Page, (going.) Yes, sir.

S C E N E II.

The Prince.

What a sweet child! what amiable simplicity! Ah! if there were a man like this child for sincerity, and that man my friend!—It is a pity that he is so little: he will never answer; I must send him back to his mother.

S C E N E III.

The Prince, the Page.

The Page, (holding the light in one hand, and the watch in the other.) It is five o'clock, sir.

The Prince. I was not mistaken: it will soon be light. (*Taking his watch.*) But is this the one that I sent you to bring? Was this on the right hand?

The Page. Is not that it, sir? Indeed I thought it was.

The Prince. Well, my little friend, supposing it was, if you had known your own interest properly, you should have taken the other; for this, set round as it is with brilliants, cannot be proper for a child to wear. Is it possible that covetousness directed your choice? or are you like those who lose all, by trying to gain too much? Tell me!

The Page. I do not know what your highness says.

The Prince. I must explain myself then more clearly. Can you tell the right from the left?

The Page, (looking at each hand by turns.) The right and the left, sir?

The Prince, (patting him on the shoulder.) Well, my little friend, perhaps you distinguish them as little as good from

evil. Pity that you cannot preserve that happy ignorance ! Go, run and tell your uncle, the captain, to come to me. (*The page goes out.*)

S C E N E IV.

The Prince.

How ingenuous ! how amiable a child !—An additional reason for restoring him to his family. The court is the center of corruption. I will not suffer him to fall a victim to it. Yes, I will send him home. But where must he go, if his mother be so indigent, as he says, and not able to maintain him ? I must enquire about it. Derenhoff can give me every information that I desire.

S C E N E V.

The Prince, the Page.

The Page. My uncle, the captain, is coming to your highness.

The Prince. Well, what is the matter ? You look quite heavy. Perhaps you would wish to have a little more sleep ?

The Page. Why yes, sir, a little.

The Prince. If that is all, go and fix yourself again in your arm-chair. I have been a child myself, and know how agreeable rest is at your age. Go seat yourself, I tell you ; I give you leave. (*The page sits in the arm-chair, and settles himself to sleep.*) I thought he would not need to be bid twice.

S C E N E VI.

The Prince, Captain Derenhoff, the Page, (asleep.)

Capt. Derenhoff. Your highness—

The Prince. Come in, captain. What do you think of the little messenger that I sent to you ? What use shall I make of him ? to attend me in my chamber ?

Capt. D. (*shrugging up his shoulders.*) I confess, sir, he is rather little.

The Prince. Or to go on horseback on my business ?

Capt.

Capt. D. I should be afraid that he would never come back.

The Prince. Or to watch here at night?

Capt. D. (smiling.) Yes, provided your highness sleep.

The Prince. What can I do then with this child? nothing; that is plain. So that in bringing him hither, you probably did not intend that he should be of use to me in his service, but that I should to him in his fortune. You told me, I recollect, that his mother was not able to bring him up; but is it true that she is reduced absolutely to indigence?

Capt. D. (laying his hand on his breast.) Yes, sir, it is the exact truth.

The Prince. And by what misfortunes?

Capt. D. By this very last war, which has enriched so many others. It is true, her estate was something encumbered, but at present it is taken totally out of her hands. Every thing is pillaged, burnt, utterly destroyed. Besides all this, law suits: they follow war as the plague does famine. Happily for her, her children are settled for the present. The youngest is page to your highness, the eldest, ensign in your highness's guards. As to the mother, she lives as she can.

The Prince. Wretchedly enough, no doubt.

Capt. D. True sir. *(Coldly.)* She has retired to a cottage, where she lives quite alone and retired. I never go to see her. I am her brother, and could not bear the shocking sight of her distress.

The Prince. You are her brother?

Capt. D. Yes, sir, unhappily.

The Prince, (with contempt.) Unhappily? and you never go to see her? I understand you, sir. Her distress would make you blush; or, if it affected you, to relieve her, you think, would cost you something. *(Capt. Derenhoff appears confused.)* What is your sister's name?

Capt. D. Dorffen, sir.

The Prince, (musing.) Dorffen? Had not I a major of that name in my troops?

Capt. D. Yes, sir.

The Prince. Who was killed at the opening of the first campaign of the war?

Capt. D. True, sir. He was father to the ensign, and to this child; a man of honour, and perfectly brave. He
mour

mounted a breach with the cheerfulness of one going to an entertainment. He had the heart of a lion.

The Prince. Of a man, captain; that is saying more. I remember him very well, and could wish—

Capt. D. (drawing near.) What would your highness wish?

The Prince. To speak with his widow.

Capt. D. Your highness can do that immediately. She is here.

The Prince. Is she here? send to her; let her come to me as soon as she rises. I desire to see her, and to return her child to her.

Capt. D. Sir—

The Prince. I forbid your mentioning it to her. Go.
(*Captain Derenboff goes out.*)

S C E N E VII.

The Prince, the Page, (asleep.)

The Prince. What! reduced to so distressful a situation by the war? Dreadful scourge! how many families has it plunged into misery! Still, however, it is better that they should be unhappy by the war than by me. It is necessity, and not my choice, that has made me take up arms.

(*He rises, and after walking about a little, stops before the Page's chair.*) Amiable child!—how he sleeps at his ease!

It is innocence in the arms of sleep. He thinks himself in the house of a friend, where he ought not to be under constraint. Perfectly in nature! (*walks about again.*)

His mother? But indeed I should not concern myself much for her, if she were like the captain. I will put her to the proof, in order to know her; and then—then it will be time enough to take my measures. (*He leans over the back of the arm-chair, and looking fondly at the Page, perceives a letter hanging out of his pocket.*) But what is this? a letter? (*opens it, and reads at the bottom.*) “Your affectionate mother, Catharine Dorffen.” Ah! it is from his mother. Shall I read it? I wish to know her character. She will not dissemble with her own child. Let us see. (*reads.*)

“My dear son. The difficulty that you find in writing, has not, I see, hindered your complying with my request;

quest; and your letter is even longer than I could expect. This willingness in you convinces me that you love me. I am sensible of it, and thank you sincerely for it. You tell me that you have been introduced to the prince; that he has been so good as to approve of you; that he is the best and mildest of masters, and that you love him very much already." (*He looks at the page.*) What, my friend, you have written so to your mother? I only do my duty, then, in making you a return, and in seeking to give you proofs of my friendship. "You have reason to love him, my dear child; for without his generous assistance, what would be your lot in this world? You have lost your father; and although your mother be still living, you are not the less to be pitied. Fortune has put it out of her power to fulfil her duty to you; that is my greatest grief, and the most cruel of my distresses." While I had only to think of myself, misfortunes could never affect me; but when your image offers itself to my thoughts, my heart is ready to burst, and my tears never cease." Much tenderness, much sensibility appears here; and if she be as excellent a woman as she is a tender mother—And why should she not? She is, I have not a doubt of it. "I cannot, my dear, lead you myself in the road to fortune, as I could wish; I am obliged to remain here in solitude and retirement; but I shall never cease to give you my advice with all the earnestness of affection; and while my voice can reach you, it shall constantly entreat you to follow the paths of honour and virtue. As a fresh proof of that obedience which you have hitherto shewn to me, I request you always to carry this letter about you." (*Looks at the page.*) Well, he has been obedient. "If ever you should be in danger of failing in your duty, or neglecting the advice that I gave you when I kissed you at parting, and bedewed you with my tears, then my dear son remember this letter; open it; think of your mother, your unfortunate mother, who is only supported in her solitude by the hopes that she builds on you." What has he not a brother? "Think that she would die with grief were you to behave amiss, and that you yourself would stab the heart that loves you above all things upon earth." She sees his danger. She is right, for he is much exposed here. Ought she to have sent him hither? "It is not suspicion or distrust that make"

me speak thus. Your behaviour never gave me cause for them. No, my dear child; but your brother has made my tears flow; you, I hope, will spare the feelings of your mother more than he has done." So then, the eldest?—the ensign?—I must inform myself more of this.

"You have always behaved with duty and respect; I own it with tears of joy. Go on, my dear child; become an honest man, and your mother, be she ever so poor, ever so unhappy, will soon forget her misfortunes and distress." Very well. I like this woman; misfortune exalts her sentiments, instead of depressing them.

"You tell me at the end of your letter, that all your companions have watches. I know that you should have one too; however, you break off there, and do not express even a wish for one. This reserve pleases me, and I am unhappy in not being able to reward it. You know, my dear, that I cannot, and therefore you will pardon me. Business of importance calls me to the capital; I am going thither, and this journey will take from me what little money I have left. It is a necessary expence, and I cannot avoid it. But be assured that in the end I shall do every thing in my power to satisfy your wish. And should I even stint myself of necessaries, I will never suffer my heart's best beloved to want an encouragement to virtue. I hope soon to see you again, and am."—

This woman is worthy of a better lot. I will keep this letter, and shew it to my wife. But no, it is this child's treasure; why deprive him of it? (*He puts the letter into the page's pocket again.*) With what tranquility he sleeps still! Heaven, they say, prepares the happiness of its children while they sleep. (*He takes him by the hand.*) Ho! my little friend! (*The page awakes, and looks at the prince for some time.*) He is a charming child, upon my life! Come, my little friend, awake. It is broad day, and you cannot sleep here any longer. Rise.

The Page, (rising slowly.) Yes, sir.

The Prince. You are fast asleep still. Here, go into my bed-room. (*He goes in.*) Put out the light, and shut the doors. Now go to that place where you found the watch. Make haste! not there, this way. Here, straight on; quick; come back the other side. Well, are you awake now?

The Page. Heigho! yes, sir.

The

The Prince. Tell me, for I look upon you as a diligent child, and even clever; can you write letters?

The Page. Oh, yes; when I set about it. I have writ two long ones already.

The Prince. These two were to your mother, I suppose.

The Page. (*with a pleased, familiar air.*) Yes, sir, to my mother.

The Prince. Joy sparkles in your eyes when I speak of her. (*aside.*) What affection they bear to each other even in poverty! But is your mother very good?

The Page. (*taking the prince's hand between both his.*) Ah! if you knew her!

The Prince. I will know her, my little friend.

The Page. She is so good-natured, and so fond of me—

The Prince. I could wish her sons to be like her. Your brother the ensign? they say he does not go on well. But you?—

The Page. (*shaking his head.*) Ah! my brother the ensign—

The Prince. Yes, they say that he causes your mother much trouble. Is that true?

The Page. Ah! sir—But I was forbid to open my lips about it. If his colonel knew—(*with an air of confidence.*) Oh! that colonel is an ill-natured man.

The Prince. He shall know nothing of it, I promise you. Speak then; what has been the matter? what has your brother done?

The Page. A great many things. I don't know myself quite how it was. I only saw that my mother was mighty angry about it; and to hide my brother's fault, she gave away all that she was worth in the world. (*He goes near to the prince and speaks low.*) Only for that, she said, he might have been broke.

The Prince. Broke? for what?

The Page. Ah! sir, I cannot tell that.

The Prince. What, not to me?

The Page. They would not let myself know that.

The Prince. (*laughing.*) They were very right, I think. But as to you, since you have not a watch, I suppose you asked your mother in your letter to buy you one.

The Page. Only once, no more.

The Prince. Oh! then she was angry with you?

The

The Page. No, no, sir; so far from that, she wrote to me that she would spare from the little money that she had, and buy me one. I am sorry that I spoke to her of it. She can hardly live as it is. That grieves me very much.

The Prince. So it should. A good son should not be an expence to his mother. It is his duty, on the contrary, to seek all means of relieving her. As to the watch, if that were all, one might content you. (*He takes out his purse.*) Hold, my little friend; here are twelve guineas that I can spare. I will make you a present of them. Give me your hand.

The Page, (holding his hand, while the prince counts out the money.) Are they for me, sir?

The Prince, Yes, certainly; but tell me, what do you think to do with this money?

The Page. Could not I buy a watch with it?

The Prince. Yes, and a very handsome one; but however, when we consider the matter, you have no absolute occasion for a watch. There are enough here. (*While he speaks, the page looks earnestly at him.*) If I were in your place, I know very well what I would do. I would lay that money out better. However, just as you please. I am going to dress. Stay here until I come back.

The Page, (calling him.) Sir?

The Prince. Well, what do you want?

The Page. My mother is in town. She sets off this morning, and I could wish to take my leave of her. (*coaxingly.*) Will your highness give me leave?

The Prince. No, my boy; there is no occasion for that. Your mother shall come to you for this time. You shall see her; have a little patience. (*He goes out.*)

S C E N E VIII.

The Page.

She will come here? I shall see her here? what can be the reason of that? no matter; if she comes and sees me, that is enough. One, two, three—(*counts all the money.*) Twelve guineas to buy a watch! How happy I am! I think I have it already in my hands; I hear it click, and wind it up myself. But when the prince said
that

that he knew very well what he would do if he was in my place, what did he mean by that? what would he do then? Ah! he has watches in all his rooms; so he does not know what it is to want one. But he told me, too, that a good son should relieve his mother. No doubt he was thinking then of mine. Twelve guineas! (*looks at them.*) It is a great deal of money indeed; a great deal of money. If my mother had them, they would be of great service to her. (*He presses the money to his breast with both his hands.*) Ah! a watch! a watch! (*lets his hands fall.*) But then a mother too! and so kind a mother! Yesterday, too, she was so dull, she looked so pale, and so ill. I do believe that giving her this money would recover her at once.—Shall I go without it myself for her sake?—(*With resolution.*) Yes, I will.—But let her come soon, for I may change my mind. I have the watch at heart still! (*Puts his finger on his mouth.*) Not a word! Hush! somebody comes.

S C E N E IX.

Mrs. Dorffen, Captain Derenboff, the Page.

The Page, (running to meet his mother.) Ah! mama!

Mrs. Dorffen, (looks anxiously round, without minding the child.) I do not know, brother, but I am uneasy; what can his highness want with me?

Capt. D. There; look at that child. He is going to give him back to you. (*She looks at the child with surprise and concern, who meantime hangs on her, quite joyful.*) But in fact, it was nonsense to bring him here. What can the prince do with him? The other pages grow up, appear like men, and enter into the army. But he—(*with a look of contempt*) he is such a diminutive creature, he never will be good for any thing. The milk that you gave him was poisoned by your griefs. He is a plant that is spoiled at the root. He will never have strength or figure.

Mrs. Dorffen, (sorrowfully.) Oh! brother!

Capt. D. In short, when you see the prince, be sure not to say a word to him of this child. It would be to no purpose. Rather solicit him in favour of the ensign. He has some appearance at least; he is a man.

Mrs. Dorffen. In favour of the ensign?

Capt. D. Yes, he has sent for him.

Mrs. Dorffen. You frighten me. Can he have learnt?—

Capt. D. (coldly.) It may be so: nay indeed it is probable. (*Leaning upon his cane, and shaking his head.*) What do you think would be the consequence if he knew that the puppy meant to decamp, and had taken up money? and that it is only on my account, who settled the affair—(*with vehemence.*) I tell you, and you will see it, I shall suffer for my own good nature, and perhaps be put under arrest myself. I wish I had never concerned myself about your children. However, I never shall again—(*as he goes off grumbling, he turns back.*) No, I never shall as long as I live. (*goes out.*)

S C E N E X.

Mrs. Dorffen, the Page.

The Page, (seeing her concern.) My uncle is always in a bad humour. But let him talk on, mama, never fear.

Mrs. Dorffen. Be quiet, child; you don't know—

The Page. Oh! I know more than he does. The prince is not what he says. He never does harm to any body. So far from that, look, look here; (*shows the twelve guineas in his hand.*) see all that—and it was he that gave it to me.

Mrs. Dorffen, (astonished.) Is it possible? The Prince?

The Page. He took it out of a large, large purse that was full of gold, a little before you came. Ah! if the prince chose, mama, if he chose—Oh! he is rich, I promise you.

Mrs. Dorffen. But how was this? I do not understand it. He must have had some reason.

The Page. Certainly. His watch was stopped. He had been hunting all day yesterday, and forgot to wind it up; and this morning—(*he runs to the bed-room, and opens the door.*) There, mama; there is the place where he lay. So he called me, and bid me look at my watch; and as I had none—

Mrs. Dorffen. He gave you that money.

The Page. Yes, he gave it to me to buy one. (*Showing the money again.*) Twelve guineas, mama.

Mrs.

Mrs. Dorffen. Look at me. Am I to believe you?

The Page. Indeed you may. But I am not in a hurry for a watch. I shall have one some time or other. (*taking his mother's hand.*) Take this money, mama. Put it into your purse.

Mrs. Dorffen. (*with emotion.*) What, my dear? How?—

The Page. I am so sorry to see you always crying. Ah! mama, I wish I had a great deal of money, then you should never cry any more. All, yes every farthing you should have and welcome.

Mrs. Dorffen. (*leaning over him.*) What! you would, my dear!

The Page. How pleased I'd be to see you happy and contented!

Mrs. Dorffen. (*kissing him.*) I am happy, my love. I would not give the happiness that I feel this moment for all your prince's gold. Ah! you do not know how the compassionate tenderness of a son impresses the heart of an unfortunate mother.

The Page. (*taking his mother's hand again.*) But you will take this money, though; I beg you, my dear mama, not to refuse me.

Mrs. Dorffen. Yes, my dear, I will take it. As others may impose upon you, I shall take care to——

The Page. To do what? to buy me a watch?

Mrs. Dorffen. Why, if you remain with the prince, you will want one.

The Page. Oh! no, no. The prince has watches in every room. He told me himself that I should not want one.

Mrs. Dorffen. But what he has given you was to buy one.

The Page. That is what he told me, however.

Mrs. Dorffen. You are deceiving me my dear; and even your fondness for your mother should not make you tell a story.

The Page. A story? Then you do not believe me? Now I wish that his highness were here, I wish he would come. (*turning about.*) Ah; here he is himself.

S C E N E XI.

The Prince, Mrs. Dorffen, the Page.

The Page. (*running to meet the Prince.*) Is not it true sir, that you gave me twelve guineas at first, to buy a watch?

The Prince, (smiling.) Yes, my man.

The Page. And did not you tell me afterwards, that I should not want one?

The Prince. Yes, that is true too.

The Page, (turning immediately towards his mother.) Well, mama, now?

Mrs. Dorffen, (confused.) Your highness will be so good as to excuse the simplicity of a child who forgets the respect——

The Prince. Excuse it, madam! that simplicity delights me, and I could wish to find it in every body; it is so agreeable to nature. Well, my man, your mother would not believe you then?

The Page, (looking a little vexed.) No, sir. At first she would not believe me, and afterwards she would not accept the money.

The Prince. What do you say? accept? Why, have you thought so little of my present, as to give it away again? I cannot suppose that.

The Page, (hesitating.) Sir——

The Prince. If I thought so, I should not be very ready to give you more. Come then, tell me the truth; is it so?

The Page, (pointing to his mother.) Ah! sir, my mama is so poor!

The Prince, (chucking him under the chin.) Good little soul! Have you given up then the only object of your wishes, in order to relieve your mother? It would be very hard, indeed, that you should lose a watch for doing so. *(He takes out his own.)* There! if I had but this single watch, I would give it to you, to reward your affection.

The Page, (taking it joyfully.) Ah! sir. But does it go!

The Prince. Never fear; it goes very well. *(The Page runs to his mother, to shew her the watch.)*

The Prince. Come, my little friend, put up your watch. And since you have made so good use of the little that I gave you, *(gives him his purse,)* here, take this. There are a hundred guineas instead of the first twelve.

The Page (looking at him with astonishment.) Sir?

The Prince. Do you hesitate? Here, take them.

The

The Page. What, the purse, sir, and all that is —
(*Going to return it.*) Indeed it is too much.

The Prince. Yes, for yourself. But I give it to you, that you may dispose of it. And who do you think wants it most?

The Page. Who wants it? (*Looks at the Prince and his mother by turns.*) There mamma, take it.

Mrs. Dorffen, (*coming forward towards the Prince.*) Your highness,—

The Prince. Pray, no acknowledgements, madam. You will find that it is very little, and I fear it may be of more harm to you than advantage. But (*pointing to the Page*) I need not tell you that this child is too weak and too little for my service. At his age, children are hardly able to do much for others. In short, I hope you will have no objection to take him back again. You are silent.

Mrs. Dorffen. Your highness will excuse—

The Prince. What?

Mrs. Dorffen. I own, sir, I am wrong to blush for a poverty which I did not bring upon myself, and I may without disgrace ingenuously confess it to my sovereign. (*Coming nearer, and looking stedfastly at him.*) Yes, sir; my circumstances are too narrow to maintain and bring up my son. I have long looked forward to the future with an anxious eye; and now my fears are real. I shall be the victim of grief. Ah! if I must carry back with me into the sorrowful retreat of misery this child that your highness returns to me, who is the only object of all my concern; this child who is too young as yet—(*endeavouring to contain her tears*) to—feel the loss of a father— Ah! pardon a mother's weakness.

The Page, (*taking the Prince's hand,*) sorrowfully. Mama is crying, sir.

The Prince. Well! supposing that you were to live with your mother?

The Page, (*with a look of entreaty.*) Your highness won't send me home?

The Prince. No? Do you think not? This confidence, my little friend, pleases me. Madam, he may stay. And yet it would be a pity if his morals, his innocence— But, no. There is nothing to fear as yet.

Mrs.

Mrs. Dorffen, (looking at him attentively.) His innocence did your highness say?

The Prince. There is no fear, madam. You would imagine perhaps that I wish to draw back my word. But don't be uneasy.

Mrs. Dorffen, (fearfully.) Yet, might I take the liberty, without breaking through the respect that I owe your highness, to request you to explain yourself—

The Prince. Madam, what I meant was this. I have for some time past been extremely dissatisfied with my pages. Their company and example might perhaps—Yet after all it is but a perhaps, and one may try—

Mrs. Dorffen, (eagerly seizing her son's hand.) No, sir.

The Prince, (affecting displeasure.) No? As you please, madam.

Mrs. Dorffen. My son's innocence is too dear to me. I shudder at the dangers to which I was going to expose him.

The Prince. But consider—

Mrs. Dorffen. I consider nothing: I see my son in the midst of the flames; and if I can but save him, no matter, though he should be naked.

The Prince. But without fortune, without education, madam, what will become of him?

Mrs. Dorffen. Whatever it shall please heaven. I submit to the divine will. If he cannot support his birth, let him go labour in the fields; let him die in poverty, but retain his innocence.

The Prince (in his natural manner.) This is thinking nobly. Yes, madam, I see, you deserve every thing that I can possibly do for you. (*Coming nearer to her and speaking with earnestness.*) In what can I be of assistance to you? Tell me how I can serve you. Only speak, you see a friend before you.

Mrs. Dorffen, (with emotion.) Ah! sir——

The Prince. Tell me first of all what is your situation. How are you with regard to your estate?

Mrs. Dorffen. It will be absolutely impossible, sir, for me to save it.

The Prince. Your debts then are pretty considerable? You are at law now, I am told. Do not they give you any hopes?

Mrs.

Mrs. Dorffen. None, sir. One cause, concerning a small inheritance, should have been decided long ago in my favour. My title is indisputable. But interest and money are against it. Necessity brought me hither to town, in order to endeavour a compromise, but I could not succeed.

The Prince. So much the better. You shall have justice now, without making any sacrifice, I give you my word of honour; and accept moreover a pension of a hundred a year. I hope that it will put you above every necessity.

Mrs. Dorffen, (throwing herself at his feet.) Oh! sir, so much goodness! how shall I—

The Prince, (raising her.) What are you doing, madam? Rise, I request you. I only discharge what I owe to the memory of a man whose widow you are. I do for you no more than I would do for any one whose virtue I esteemed. Tell me, would you still hesitate to take back your child?

Mrs. Dorffen. Sir, could I so forget—

The Prince. And you, my little friend, would you like to go back with your mother?

The Page, (playing with his watch.) With my mother? Yes, sir.

The Prince. And yet now I know that you love me, would not you like as well to stay with me?

The Page. Yes, very well, sir.

The Prince. Now, if that be so, were I to give you back to your mother, it would be sending you away from me, and you have asked me so earnestly to keep you here. Besides, your mother has thrown you into my arms. I must therefore take another way to settle matters. Stop here, madam, I shall be with you in a moment.

SCENE XII.

Mrs. Dorffen, the Page.

Mrs. Dorffen, (throwing herself into an arm chair.) O blessed day! O unexpected happiness!

The Page. Well, mama; well, are you glad?

Mrs. Dorffen, (drawing him to her affectionately.) O my son, my dear son!

The Page. But you do not rejoice. You ought to be merrier, mama.

Mrs. Dorffen. Even my happiness makes me blush. It reproaches me for the little trust that I had in Providence, and for the sorrow that I felt when you came into the world. It was but a moment after I had heard of the loss of your father. I looked at you with pity, and lamented that you ever saw the light. (*She takes him in her arms and kisses him.*) Yet it was you that was to relieve your unfortunate mother! your young hands were to dry up her tears! O heaven! what can I now desire more? Nothing, nothing, but to be sure of your brother's lot, and then my happiness would be complete.

The Page. My brother's? Why, mama, what of him?

Mrs. Dorffen. If the prince knew what he has done—

The Prince. And if he did, there would be nothing of it. You saw how good and how generous he is.

Mrs. Dorffen. To us, my dear, who are not guilty of any crime.

The Page. Besides, he promised me that he would not tell, and that the colonel should know nothing of it.

Mrs. Dorffen. (*frightened.*) What! he promised you!

The Page. Yes, indeed: so you need not be afraid.

Mrs. Dorffen. I am thunder-struck. You have told him then?

The Page. Nay, hardly any thing. Only all that I knew. And then he asked me concerning my brother's behaviour, and so I could not tell a fib. You know you bid me never to do so.

Mrs. Dorffen. But, my dear child—

The Page. Why, mama, are you uneasy?

Mrs. Dorffen. Uneasy? O heavens! can you ask? Oh! if the prince should enquire farther, if he should be informed—You may ruin your mother and your brother! you may plunge us all into the deepest misery.

The Page. (*ready to cry.*) The deepest misery?

Mrs. Dorffen. Somebody comes—(*She kisses and encourages him.*) Say not a word. Dry up your tears. They will only, perhaps, make the matter worse. Do not be uneasy.

S C E N E XIII.

Mrs. Dorffen, the Page, the Prince followed by Captain Derenboff, and Ensign Dorffen.

The Prince. Come in, gentlemen. (*To the Ensign.*) You are ensign Dorffen, then? the son of that brave Major?

Ensign Dorffen, (bowing very low.) Yes, sir.

The Prince. That is a great recommendation with me. Your father was a man of honour and a brave officer. I have no doubt but his example rouses your emulation, and that you strive to make yourself worthy of him.

Ensign Dorffen. Sir, I only do my duty.

The Prince. That is doing every thing. The bravest man can do no more. There, sir, is your mother: her virtues, and the hopes that may be formed of this amiable child, have given me the most favourable idea of your family; and therefore I wished to see you all assembled here.

Ensign Dorffen, (still bowing.) Your highness does me particular honour!

The Prince. No more, certainly, than you deserve.

Ensign Dorffen. Your highness judges favourably of me.

The Prince. Really, sir, I only want to be confirmed in the opinion that I am tempted to form of you at present, in order to make your fortune: and yet that air of freedom and confidence that becomes you so well——

Ensign Dorffen. Ah! sir.

The Prince. Denotes (permit me to say) a heart either very noble, or very corrupt. The son of such parents cannot be suspected. Certainly not. Therefore, sir, what can we do to serve you? A step higher would not advance you much in rank. What think you?

Ensign Dorffen (rubbing his hands). No, certainly sir.

The Prince. Now, if we were to pass over this step? A Company! the rank of captain! It is the main object with you young gentlemen. But first—(*turning short round to Capt. Derenboff*) Sir, what is your opinion of your nephew?

Capt. Derenboff (*something confused*). Mine, sir? My opinion?

The Prince. One would think it to be unfavourable.

Capt. Derenboff. No, sir, rather much the contrary; I believe that he has courage, and will be a brave——

The Prince (*looking with satisfaction at ensign Dorffen*). Ay is that true?

Capt. Derenboff. Besides, he has a promising figure.

The Prince. He is a fine lad, I confess. But his behaviour, his morals? I am ashamed, indeed, to ask you about such trifles. In short, what is his character?

Capt. Derenboff (*smiling*). Oh! a little too airy, sometimes petulant. After all, sir, you know, that does not misbecome a soldier.

The Prince. I know? Really that is something new to me. I want now, madam, only your testimony. What will you say of your son?—(*After a pause*) Nothing?

Mrs. Dorffen. What should I say of him?

The Prince. What you think. The truth.

Mrs. Dorffen. But can I, sir? If I had reason to praise him, would you wish me to do it in his presence? or should I speak to his prejudice before him who can determine his fortune?

The Prince, (*smiling*). Excellent, madam. To the fondness of a mother you join the address of a woman. I cannot but admire you. (*In a serious tone*.) Sir, every one has his way. I have mine, when I mean to advance an officer, I begin with putting him under arrest. What do you think of it?

Ensign Dorffen, (*frightened*). Sir—

The Prince. Yes, that is my manner. Give up your sword to the captain. An air of more modesty would have excused all. But this confidence, this undaunted tone—What can be expected from a person who with your conscience is master of such assurance? who should be sensible that he has deserved my displeasure? who knows how unworthily he has treated the best of mothers? and who nevertheless—Sir, let him be confined for a month. I will have no explanation upon what is past, and that on your account, madam, and because of the manner in which I came by my information; but particularly be-
cause

cause circumstances make me presume that his fault is of a weighty nature—(*With a severe and determined voice.*) Captain, if hereafter any thing should happen, I desire to be informed of it immediately, you understand? immediately. I mean to advance this young man; and neither you (*to the captain,*) nor (*in a gentler tone*) you, madam, shall make me alter my plan—Never give him any thing, never the smallest trifle by way of present. His pay may serve him; and let him learn to contract his expences. (*Making a sign with his hand.*) Go, sir, to your confinement. (*The two officers go out.*)

S C E N E XIV.

The Prince, Mrs. Dorffen, the Page.

The Prince. Well, madam, you seem dejected.

Mrs. Dorffen, (respectfully.) Sir, I am a mother.

The Prince. But you are not one of those weak mothers, who, to spare their children a slight mortification, chuse not to correct them.

Mrs. Dorffen. That would be a very false tenderness. No, sir, I only fear that he may have lost for ever his prince's favour.

The Prince. Do not be uneasy, madam. My design is barely to make him worthy of the favours that I mean to bestow on him. His youth claims some indulgence, therefore I excuse his levities and indiscretion; but I shall not always do so. What in one person brings back the love of virtue along with repentance, will in another strengthen his inclination to vice. Upon the whole, make yourself easy. The young gentleman will come to himself, and I shall proportion my favour to his improvement. (*Turning to the page.*) As to this child, do you know what my intentions are?

Mrs. Dorffen. Whatever they are, sir, they will only aim to secure his happiness. O, sir! I have never let pass a day without paying to your virtues the tribute of my homage, but I now see how far it fell below them.

The Prince. What would you say, madam? You do not know me. My object is to give the state a worthy member.

member, and myself a faithful servant, and to raise up for my son a friend who may one day be ready to sacrifice his life for him as his father has done for me.

S C E N E XV.

The Prince, Mrs. Dorffen, the Page, Attendant.

Attendant. Please your highness, the Master of the Royal Academy.

The Prince. Let him come in. I hope, madam, that you need only to be informed of my intentions to approve them.

S C E N E XVI.

The Prince, Mrs. Dorffen, the Page, the Master of the Academy.

The Master, (bowing.) I am come according to your highness's orders.

The Prince. Your servant, sir, I am glad to see you. What do children of the first condition pay at the Royal Academy?

The Master. Of the first condition, sir? That is as parents agree.

The Prince. However, mention the terms.

The Master. Sixty pounds, sir.

The Prince. Very well. This child I mean to send to you. And as I shall be instead of a father to him, I propose to do as much for him as the best gentlemen do for their children. But tell me, who has the care of attending to these young persons? for that is the essential point.

The Master. The different masters, sir.

The Prince. Who are, I suppose, qualified for their employment. But I do not know them. It is on you alone, sir, that I wish to depend. You have gained my confidence. Would you be so good as to take this child particularly under your own care?

The

The Master. Sir, it is my duty.

The Prince. I do not mean to make it a duty to you. Will it be agreeable?

The Master. Sir, my duty is always agreeable to me.

The Prince. Very well. You may depend then on my gratitude. (*To the Page, as he takes him by the hand.*) Come hither, my man; do you see this gentleman? he is mild and good-natured; would you like to go and live with him?

The Page, (after looking a moment at the master.) Yes, sir.

The Prince. But observe, you are to look upon this gentleman as your master, as your benefactor. You are to shew him the greatest obedience, and the most dutiful respect; and if ever he has reason to complain of you—

The Page. Oh! sir, he never shall.

The Prince. You have seen that I can be as severe as I am gentle. So that at the smallest complaint—

The Page, (bowing respectfully to the master.) I hope, sir, you shall never have reason to complain of me.

The Prince. How do you like this child?

The Master. It is enough, sir, that I receive him from your hands; that will make him always dear to me as my own son.

The Prince. Well then, he may go with you. You have no objection, madam?

Mrs. Dorffen. Heavens, sir! objection?

The Prince. Go then, my dear; and never quit the paths of virtue and honour: I have only to add, that you may make yourself easy; you shall never want. But why so dull?

The Page, (taking the prince's hand.) I wish your highness all happiness.

The Prince, (tenderly.) And I you the same, my good little friend. God bless you, my dear. How grateful his heart is already! Now, sir, you may take him: and you, madam, accompany this gentleman, and see where your son is to be.

Mrs. Dorffen, (throwing herself at his feet.) Can I leave your highness without humbly—

The Prince. What are you doing, madam? I do not like this.

Mrs. Dorffen. Permit me to—

The Prince, (raising her.) By no means. Rise, madam. I cannot suffer that in any body.

Mrs. Dorffen. Well, I obey your highness, and take my leave—(*Lifting up her hands.*) I will bend then before my Maker, and pray him to protect for ever so generous a prince.

The Prince, (with condescension, accompanying her a few steps.) Farewel, madam, I wish you happy.

THE END OF VOL. I.





